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National Life of Canada

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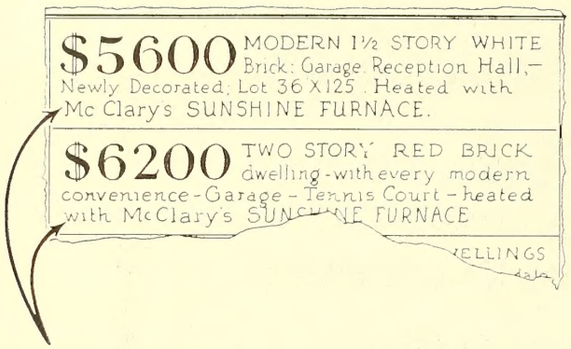
CHINAMEN-COCAINE-CANADIANS

A BAFFLING PROBLEM *By David Loughnan*

ILLUSTRATED SECTION FOR CHILDREN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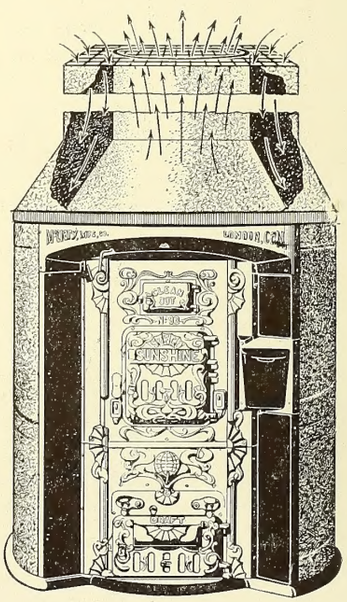

Winter will surely come—cold, bleak, blustery days, and the freezingly stillness of the midwinter night. Indoors will be inviting to you if, while summer is here, you take time by the forelock and provide against nature's change of season. Now is the time to do this—while the roads are good and conditions are favourable. Let McClary's dealer co-operate with you. Permit him to present to you facts and figures regarding his service. It is our privilege to stand behind this man and cordially assist him if your heating problem demands it.

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National Life

(THE ALL-CANADIAN MAGAZINE)

Clean, Educative, Instructive, Constructive

Founded on Ideals and Working for Ideals

NON-POLITICAL
NON-PARTIZAN
NON-SECTARIAN

The National Medium for the National Good

National Life was not originated as a money making project. Its prime object is the sincere desire to help the women of Canada, and also to help the people of Canada both in business and recreation.

If you are truly interested in the welfare of Canada and the betterment and prosperity of her people, arts and industry, the pages of National Life are freely open to you to voice your views, your hopes, your aspirations, your suggestions and your advice in the magazine

of the people
by the people
for the people

Women's Work and Activities specially reported by Canadian writers representing all parts of the Dominion.

Shopping Service Department

A special feature distinguished for sound common-sense advice.

A thoroughly clean, interesting and bright *eight page*

Children's Section

with

The Child's News of Current Events

In the September Issue

Bright Fiction, Current Poetry, Timely Articles.

The Rebel
By Archie Mckishnie
The Woman Who Never Wept
By A. G. Butcher
Get More Land and Beget Many Children

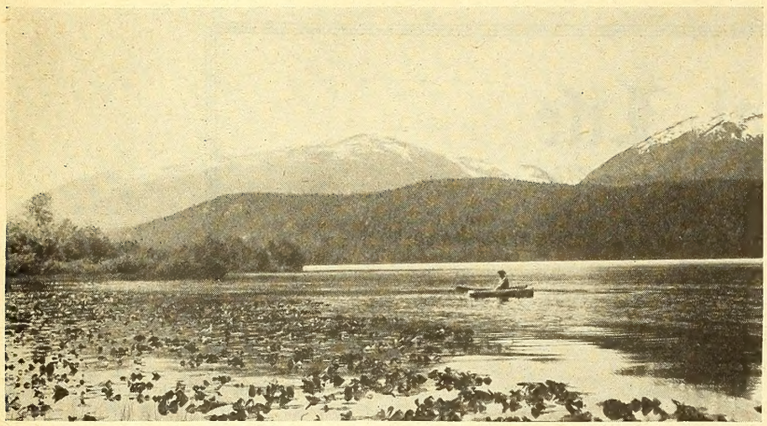
Nature Studies
By Pauline Ward
Distinct from the Crowd
Lillian Margaret Scott
By David Loughnan

Special

The New Age Page — For Girls of Teen-age.
By Nancy Gray.

When Summer Calls

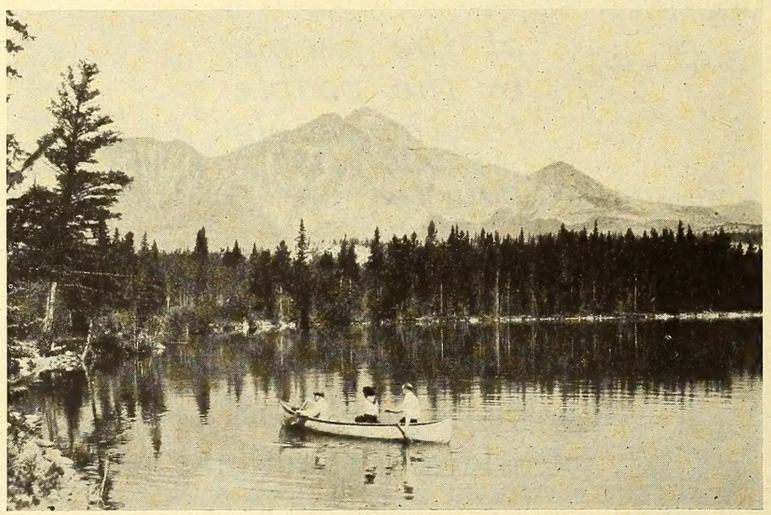
By Irene Todd



Among the waterlilies on Lakelse Lake in Northern British Columbia.

ONCE again Summer walks through the land wakening the wayside flowers, deepening the green of the great Canadian forests, sending the sunbeams dancing over the lakes and rivers and clothing the mountains with majestic beauty. And down in the noisy cities of our land the people hear her calling in the high wood, piping by the river, singing on the mountain side, and they are longing to be off with her—to leave the hot pavements and tread the quiet forest ways over the oozey moss and the slippery pine needles, to breathe again the woodland airs perfumed with cedar and balsam, to hear the melody of the bird choirs in the early morning, to plunge in the lake and feel the caress of cool clear waters and at end of day drift silently down stream in the long light canoes, watching the sun set behind the dark pines or some distant purple mountain. The thousands of city-dwellers throughout the Dominion have heard the call of Summer and are planning a vacation. But the old problem comes back again, "Where shall we go this year"?

Where shall you go? First decide that you will not leave Canada, for no country in the world has more beautiful or varied natural scenery to offer than this Dominion. If you long for the tang of the salt sea and the joy of surf bathing amid rugged coast scenery, there are delightful resorts along the south shore of Nova Scotia, where you have a choice between the fashionable seaside resorts and the quiet little fishing villages. There are choice spots in Prince Edward Island that has so aptly been called "The Garden of the Gulf," in New Brunswick and along the lower St. Lawrence River, and then for those of the middle-west there are Pacific Coast villages and lovely nooks on Vancouver Island. If, however, your choice is the dense, cool woodlands of the north where the singing birds abide, where crystal streams go laughing on their way, and gleaming lakes lie dreaming, you have that vast territory known as the Highlands of Ontario, the famous Nipigon territory whose white foaming waters are the home of the gamey speckled trout and where excellent accommodation is to be found in Nipigon Lodge set on the shore of Orient Bay. Further to the westward in the centre of Rainy Lake district lies the Quetico Forest Reserve, a Provincial park embracing three thousand square miles of virgin forest intersected by innumerable streams, rivers and lakes, an ideal spot for the fisherman, canoeist and camper who would yield to the lure of the untried paths.



Guests at Jasper Lodge in the Northern Canadian Rockies enjoy paddling on the gleaming mountain lakes. This scene is on Lac Beauvert.

Just one hundred and fourteen miles east of Winnipeg is another summer wonderland of cool, green forests, winding rivers and shimmering island-studded lakes known as Minaki which makes an excellent stopover point for tourists on the long transcontinental journey. Directly north of Lake of the Woods it lies where the Winnipeg River expands into lake after lake and sends out tributary after tributary, forming a perfect maze of crystal waterways. Here the disciples of I. Walton will find royal sport in combat with the shining beauties of these waters. Minaki Inn provides the best of accommodation and congenial companionship, while the boathouse in connection with the inn supplies gasoline launches, skiffs, sailboats and canoes. There are excellent bathing beaches, a six short-hole golf course, a good dance pavilion and every facility to provide a worth-while holiday no matter what your taste may be.

If, however, the majestic snow-clad mountains with their green, glistening glaciers, flowering valleys and wild mountain torrents call to you, you will find within the precincts of Jasper Park, in the Northern Canadian Rockies, some of the most sublime virgin mountain scenery in the world. This park, which has been set apart by the Dominion Government as a sanctuary for wild life and a vast playground for man, is 4,400 miles in extent, comprising something like two or three Switzerlands rolled into one.

Here, set among the pines and aspens on the shore of Lake Beauvert, in the shadow of the great mountain cathedrals that rise dome upon dome, on every side, is Jasper Lodge, a rustic alpine chalet which was opened on June 15th by the Canadian National Railways for accommodation of tourists in this mountain kingdom. It consists of a large lounge building with a stone fireplace, a dining hall, dance pavilion and a number of sleeping cabins, each containing four bedrooms and a sitting room. All are of log construction, rustic and harmonious, fittingly furnished and electrically lighted. Here guests may procure ponies, pack-horses and guides and make dozens of delightful journeys to various mountains, valleys, canyons and lakes in the park. Parties wishing to climb will be provided with the best of guides.

Those of the Viking blood who long for stiff breezes would enjoy a cruise through that labyrinth of silver waterways, extending up the North Pacific coast from Vancouver to Prince Rupert, known as the "Fiords of America." Sublime snow-clad mountains are forever in view. The palatial Grand Trunk Pacific steamers, "The Prince Rupert" and "The Prince George," wind in a serpentine course amid myriads of islands and through long winding natural canals between walls of living green. The sunsets behind the distant snow-clad mountains of Alaska as you near Prince Rupert are unforgettable and the entire cruise makes one of the most fascinating water trips in America.

So, then, let us answer the call of Summer, but also let us answer the call of Canada and plan to spend our summer rest days in one of the great playgrounds of our own country with its picturesque coast line, majestic mountains, luxuriant forests, noble rivers and beautiful lakes. Let Canadians stay in Canada, spend their money in Canada, learn to know their native land and help to build up the great heritage that is theirs.

A typical scene on the beautiful St. John River, down in New Brunswick.

To Advertisers, Agencies And All Others Whom It May Concern;-

All persons soliciting advertising for "NATIONAL" LIFE carry an authorized identification card or letter issued from this office and signed by the Managing Editor.

Unless this card or letter is produced no business should be transacted with any person claiming to be in the employ of this Office.

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Editorial

THE OPTIMISTIC VIEW.

JUST about two years ago Sir Robert Borden informed the House that his Government was thoroughly alive to the urgency of the coal situation and would have to consider how to make the almost inexhaustible supplies of coal of Eastern and Western Canada more readily available to the people of the rest of Canada. Sir Robert also stated that Canada contained 80% of the coal resources of the British Empire, but the question was one of transportation and also of utilizing the lower grades of coal by a process that would facilitate its handling. The bulk of fuel used in Ontario for turning the wheels of industry and warming the homes in winter is imported from the States, where, at the present time, approximately 610,000 miners are on strike in the bituminous and anthracite coal fields.

We have no doubt that now, as heretofore, our Government is "thoroughly alive" to the situation, and in this fact, those of us who anticipate freezing to death during the coming winter, will be able to find much consolation.

AN ELEGY.

WHILE thinking of the coal situation and its attendant woes we were reminded of that charming parody which appeared in the press last fall from the pen of some anonymous and witty writer. To the best of our recollection the verse ran as follows:—

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COAL BIN

The furnace tolls the knell of falling steam,
The coal supply is virtually done,
And at this price, indeed, it does not seem
As though we could afford another ton.

Now fades the glossy, cherished anthracite,
The radiators lose their temperature
How ill avail, on such a frosty night,
The short and simple flannels of the poor.

We trust the approaching winter will not again witness the poor finding their short and simple flannels of ill avail.

DISAPPOINTING.

AT the recent conferences of the various women's organizations we were much disappointed to note the entire abscence of any constructive ideas bearing on the immigration problems of the Dominion.

From the speeches, we gathered that the women were very much alive to both the urgent need of Canada for suitable immigrants and the difficulties attending the selection and admission of the desired class, but the gatherings appeared to be absolutely barren of any constructive ideas for legislative action.

By reason of her position as guardian of the home life (the environment of which makes or mars the future citizen) the woman is peculiarly fitted to exercise wise judgment in matters pertaining to immigration, and with the strong and wonderful organizations which women now command, we look to them to evolve a satisfactory solution of our problems in regard to the immigrant who seeks the hospitality of the Dominion.

THE WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

WE are very glad to note that Lloyd George has decided to send a woman along with the British delegation to the League of Nations' Assembly. The announcement was made in answer to a question in the British House of Commons by Lady Astor, who wished to know if the Prime Minister could see his way to add a woman to the delegation in an advisory capacity. With all due respect to the men, we believe the presence of women at the Assembly will bring a high moral tone to the meeting. In the main man's vision has become fogged with mercenary humor and he recognizes values largely by the dollar sign. With the woman it is otherwise. In the main her ethics and ideals are not contaminated by monetary considerations, her motives are above the suspicion of profit or selfish gain, and we have no doubt but that her salutary influence in the Assembly will more than justify the wisdom of those who gave her a place in the League.

NO MORE WAR.

A HUGE demonstration to further the crusade against war was recently held in Hyde Park, London, England.

Among the legends displayed on the banners of the demonstrators one read "The Only Way to End War is a World Brotherhood," and perhaps this would be the sanest method to lure humanity from the accursed madness of war. But while it is a simple matter to vision a world brotherhood the consummation of the vision is an almost inconceivable task. The veneer of our so called civilization is extremely thin and, however, unpleasant the fact is, one cannot help remembering that it was the professing Christian nations of earth who staged the late war, just as to-day the professedly Christian people of Ireland are murdering each other. The hope for a world-wide brotherhood appears somewhat forlorn. Given an aggressor one naturally postulates a defender and then the fight is on, but if it were possible to bring home to the combatants the truth that neither victor or vanquished gain by the conflict, doubtless the struggle would never mature.

In the late war, beyond the few who wrung handsome profits from the blood and tears of their fellow creatures, not a single fighter gained anything. The peoples of the fighting nations are—without exception—all bitterly suffering from their late folly and the common people—the cannon fodder—are the greatest sufferers. If the "cannon fodder" of the nations—not one nation, but all the nations—would pause from wailing their misery long enough to let this cruel fact sink into their intelligence the problem of war would be solved. Unfortunately the day is far distant ere the "cannon fodder" of the nations will realize that their portion of war can never be anything outside of blood and tears and ruination, moreover, we are quite sure the powers that be would never countenance the spread of such knowledge. Sober thinking people of to-day have no illusions as to which side God fights on, and the guns must be fed.

THE CHILD'S MIND.

ON page 48 of this issue appears a protest by the father of a young Canadian.

While this gentleman blames the motion pictures for the extraordinary behaviour of his young son in shooting his little pal, we are inclined to think that the blame does not lay entirely in this direction.

As a contemporary writer has pointed out, the flood of so-called comic pictures which sweep over the border from the organizations of the yellow press (whose god is William Randolph Hearst), serve up for the delectation of our children a mass of crude and vulgar cartoons whose main suggestion is invariably along the lines which we spend our time teaching the child to avoid.

In these vile productions mean, unkind and cruel actions are portrayed as jokes, and as such they find an easy lodgment in the impressionable brain of the child, who, with such suggestive examples in mind, goes out and ties tin cans to the tails of dogs and generally plays the hooligan. We are sure much of the deplorable increase in juvenile delinquency is traceable to this unsuspected source.

Hockey On Horseback

By "Stonecrop"

"I tell thee this—when, starting from the goal,
Over the shoulder of the flaming foal—
. . . . . .
The ball no question makes of ayes or noes,
But right or left, as strikes the player, goes."
(*From the Persian of Omar Khayyam.*)

HORSE-RACING is termed the sport of kings. Then, surely, polo is the game of princes. Indeed, in the case of our own Prince of Wales and his brother, the Duke of York, it is literally so. They are excellent players. It has been called reproachfully, "only a rich man's pastime." That is not altogether true; but, even then, what of it? So are ocean yacht-racing and other glorious sports. Is the poor rich man to be grudged all pleasures because he has—what we all covet—money? But, rich man's or poor man's, polo is no weakling's game. Believe me, it needs a cool brain, practised hands and a perfect seat, to take the whirling ball fighting down the field, or pick it out from under the dancing heels of a doughty opponent's steed. One needs more than merely cold cash. Consummate horsemanship and iron nerve are indispensable, as well as ponies that know the rules of the game and can read their master's thoughts.

My Lady Dainty, watching in the shade, thrills with excitement as Blueshirt follows the ball down the centre toward the distant goal-posts, with Whiteshirt, grim and determined, hanging like a panther on his flank. She may not understand the intricacies of the game; what she knows is that it is superb riding and a ding-dong race, and her heart goes pit-a-pat to the thud of the galloping feet and stops with a throb when the ball shoots through the posts. Is it any wonder that my lady's pretty cheeks are flushed and her eyes glowing, when young Blueshirt, breathing just a little hard, leads Red Foxy to the paddock for his rub-down and his cloth; where Dandy Dick, already saddled and bandaged, is waiting with ears cocked and one impatient forefoot pawing for the fray?

What do the ponies think of it? Ask Foxy and see him roll that great brown eye back till the blue whites glisten. Why, you can plainly hear him say, "We got that goal, Blueshirt and I. We showed 'em the way." Why does Plunger trot from the field of victory with black muzzle pointed high, snorting through blood-red nostrils and lifting his shapely limbs like a park hack in the ring? They know, bless 'em! Gallant gentlemen all!

So, because polo encourages the breeding of high-class horses, and, above all, because it fosters keen, clean and honest sportsmanship, it is, in very truth, a princely game.

Polo is very old. The name itself comes from the far east, where *pulu* is the Thibetan word for *a ball of willow wood.* Our earliest records of the game are from Persia, where it was played six centuries B.C. Thence it spread eastward to distant Japan and westward into Turkey. It was known in India in the sixteenth century, but seems to have died out there until the early part of the last century when it was being extensively played in the Punjab. It was introduced into England from India by the redoubtable Major St. Quentin of the Tenth Hussars in 1869, and was formally recognized by the Hurlingham Club in 1873. The first public match was played in 1872 at Hounslow Heath between the Ninth Lancers and the Tenth Hussars. They played seven men a side and the game, according to a report of the period, was "chiefly remarkable for the strong language used by the players." On this occasion the Hussars outswore the Lancers by three goals to two. However, the match served to show Englishmen the possibilities of "hockey on horseback," as it was aptly, but irreverently dubbed. And, indeed, hardly a better name could have been given; for hockey, to all intents and purposes, it is. It really had its inception at Aldershot Camp with croquet balls and a billiard ball; but the earliest regular club in England was the Monmouthshire, founded by a Captain Herbert in 1872. Of course, when the celebrated Hurlingham Club took up the game its success was assured.

At first the rules were varied and elastic, as many as eleven players a side being used. This made for confusion and danger and, gradually, the number was cut down to four as at present played. Fancy eleven a side! with fantastic names such as "Wings" and "Rovers," for all the world like football. Football, forsooth! Tell it not in Gath.

But I must hasten on. I have been riding in Cloudland along boundaries boarded with sunny memories, the scent of sweet clover everywhere and the warm, stably odor from my horse's neck mingling with the flying wind that races past my cheeks. It is time to return to earth and explain to the uninitiated the general rules of the game.

First and foremost, it is hockey mounted. The rules are practically the same. Four men on each side are defending their own goal and endeavoring to capture their opponents', and, like Pears' soap babies, they won't be happy till they get it. That is the whole purpose of the game. The players are known by numbers. Numbers One and Two are the forwards, while the other two play behind; number four being the back or goal-keeper. Team play can be altered to suit the varying conditions of individual contests, but there must always be one player assigned to each of these positions.

A full-sized polo ground is 300 yards in length by 106 in width. The side-lines are boarded with planks ten inches high, usually banked with earth on the inside, so that the ball, after striking the board, may roll back into play. Should the ball be struck out of the field, it must be thrown back at the exact spot where it crossed this boundary, as in football. The goal-posts, ten feet high, are in the centre of the end lines with a space of eight yards between them. Through this space the ball must be sent to score a goal. The game begins by the players lining up facing each other in the centre of the field, the two number fours a little in the rear of the rest. The ball is thrown in by the umpire and the fun starts.

The game is played in eight periods, or "chukkers" (from the Hindu, *chakkar,* a circle), consisting of seven and a half minutes each. At the end of each period a gong sounds to stop play and there is an interval of two or three minutes to change ponies, et cetera. At half-time a longer rest is permitted. These periods of time are arranged with the consent of both parties and can be changed to suit conditions.

There are a great number of technicalities which would take too much space to enumerate. They chiefly refer to crossing, "crooking" sticks and "riding-out" an antagonist. You may not cross in front of a player in possession of the ball, except at a distance that will not compel him to check his pony's speed. No player may "crook," or impede, his adversary's stick with his own, unless that adversary be in the actual act of striking the ball. In "riding-out," which means pushing an adversary to one side, the hands and arms must not be used; except that you may push with the arm above the elbow, provided such elbow is held rigidly against the side. There are punishments for infringements of rules, varying from penalty shots, as in football, to deducting a quarter or half a goal from the score. Thus, if my lady wonder why the scoreboard reads "5½ to 3," she may understand that one side has broken some rule and been penalized. If a player is unhorsed the umpire will blow his whistle to stop the game and ascertain if the fallen man be hurt. Should he be disabled by injury from continuing, a man shall be dropped by the other team and the game continued with three a side. Should the other side refuse, they lose the match. Polo is a sportsman's game, played with all the courtesy and consideration for others. The desire for victory must never over-ride the instinct of fair play. A player is not allowed to strike his pony with his stick, or ride with pointed spurs.

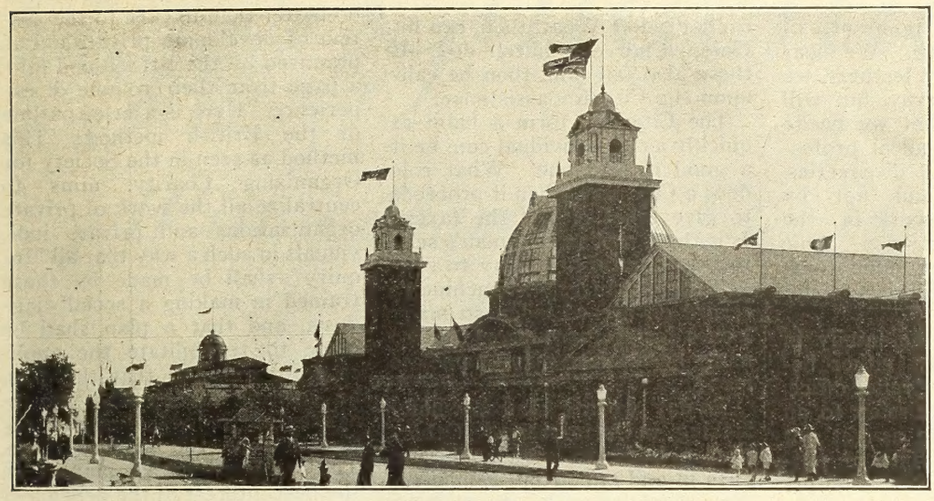
The size of the ponies was originally limited to fourteen and a half hands; but a new rule permits of horses of any height being used. How this will work out time alone can show, but it is beset by many pitfalls. Up to now, however, the larger horse has been found too clumsy and the pony is still mostly used. The passing of the pony, if it ever happens, would be greatly regretted. Not only are the hardy little chaps from the west of England, Scotland and Ireland, and the lightly built thorough-breds of Arabian and Indian descent, clever and adaptable, but they are gallant comrades in the fight and pets at home. There is little demand for them in other lines, and it is sad to think of them finding a hopeless future in peddlers' wagons—our once valued chums. No more would Lady Dainty lay her cheek against the soft, wrinkly muzzle of Starlight. Instead, she would stand on tiptoe to pat timidly the Roman nose of some rangy Behemoth with his head in the clouds. Oh, the pity o't! Long live the pony!

Polo has been played in Canada for more than a quarter of a century and has produced some notable performers. The old Pincher Creek team in the West had a number of good, hard-riding members, mostly belonging to the North-west Mounted Police. At present, polo activity is principally confined to Montreal and Toronto, who are engaged in a triangular duel with the stalwart riders of Buffalo. All the clubs have been very generous in admitting the public free to their practice matches and deserve encouragement. Even as the visored knights of old rode more fiercely in tilt and tourney when fair ladies watched from the galleries and tender fingers tied the gage in a love-knot round their arms; so our modern knights of the pigskin need the inspiration of bright eyes and applauding hands to bring out the best that is in them. The royal game is well worth watching. The woman who loves picturesque surroundings, fine horses and splendid riding, will assuredly find them at the polo ground; together with many thrills in the game itself, goodly company and pretty clothes. What more can any one want on a sunny afternoon?

The gong sounds. The last chukker is over. I hope I have said enough to enable my Lady Dainty to understand what the circling horsemen are doing, when next she watches them with kindling eyes, and I, perchance, with dreaming ones, am watching *her.*

The World's Greatest Exhibition

By F. G. Camm



Two of the Many Massive Buildings

IT was 91 degrees in the shade when the Editor came in and cocked a casual eye over to my desk. "As the Canadian National Exhibition has now become one of the seven wonders of the world," said she, "we ought to give our numerous foreign subscribers some idea of its immensity and magnificence. Just tell them about the things they are missing in about 500 words" and with that she strode off to take the joy out of some other unfortunate scribe's life.

Phew! THE EXHIBITION in 500 words, how absurd! The bright person who left posterity the advice to "see Naples and die" little dreamed of the millions who "see Canada's National Exhibition and live" and thus offset his pious admonition. However I am wasting precious space, the mercury is climbing and the Editor, is ramping, so to the impossible task.

Gooderham Fountain and Manufacturers' Buildings

Standing on 264 acres of ground valued at $5,000,000, with over 80 buildings worth $6,000,000, having a mile of picturesque waterfront on the beautiful Lake Ontario, the Exhibition, a scenic marvel in a province of scenic marvels, is without a rival.

This wonderful Exhibition City set in a magnificent park adorned with thousands of blooming semi-tropical flowers and domestic plants has none of the showy mushroom structures common at most exhibitions. Wrought in stone, brick, concrete and steel the massive buildings are an architectural delight and the cupolas, minarets, spires and domes give an inviting and impressive aspect to this vast show-case of the nations' products.

This is the WORLD'S FAIR INCOMPARABLE wherein man's achievements and discoveries in the factory, farm, mine, stream, lake, forest, school, ocean, studio, and office are displayed in a lavish scheme of educative interest.

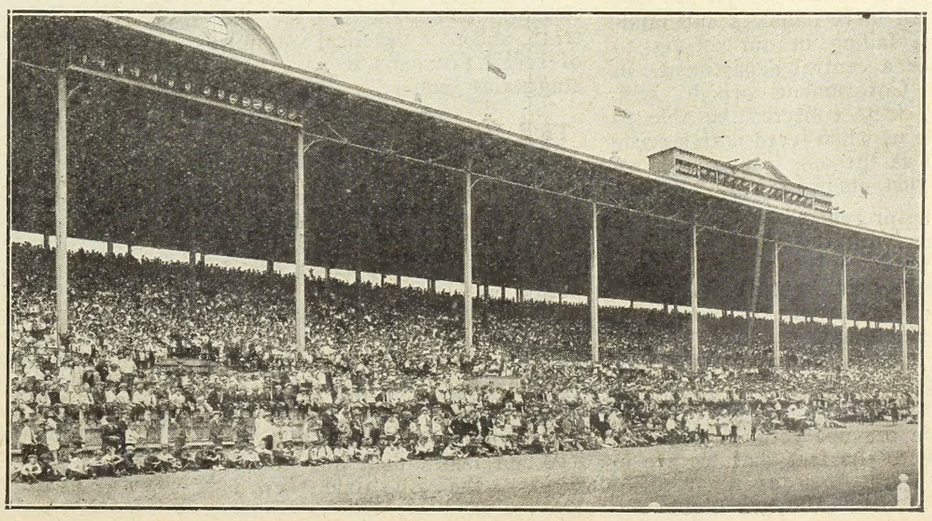
In this self-contained City with its own post-office, lighting and power plant of 80,000 lamps, customs house, telephone exchange, telegraph office, police and fire stations, branch bank and every other modern facility, exhibits and government displays from all Canada, the United States, Great Britain, and other countries astonish the visitor with their extraordinary variety and interest.

Last year 1,242,000 visitors poured through the gates from every corner of the civilized world and after marvelling at this wonder returned from whence they came to spread its salutary influence abroad.

Manufacturers and producers generally regard this Exhibition as the gateway to the Canadian market, through which, as through no other medium they can be brought into touch with the distributor and the ultimate consumer, and as a testing ground for the artistic, technical, cultural, industrial and commercial activities of the nations, the Exhibition is unrivalled.

Apart from the educational end, however, those seeking recreation will find in the Canadian National Exhibition everything the heart could desire — Hippodrome and vaudeville performances, a giant midway, wonderful fireworks and spectacular displays,—in fact, in the matter of special attractions the Exhibition has the field all to itself. Every night in front of the grand stand a vivid, colorful, thrilling and mighty spectacle is given that costs more than $50,000 to stage. The performers number 1,500, the stage is 800 feet long and there is accommodation for 25,000 people. Truly, as I have said before, "See Canada's National Exhibition and live."

The Canadian National Exhibition is complete from the opening day each year, and any day is a good day to come. Approximately $600,000 is spent annually largely for special attractions. Hundreds of thousands of people who make Toronto their annual rendezvous during Exhibition find hospitable reception. Toronto is proud of its big institution, and the spirit which has made the Great Fair the world's biggest event of its kind, has had its effect upon the entire population. There is no maelstrom of humanity; it is a healthy current of travel; there is room for everybody, because Toronto is accustomed to large annual accesses of population; the railways handle them; and the city swallows them up.



Afternoon in the Grand Stand

The Relief Problem of Canada

By Barbara Wilkie

"BREAKING THE ROAD"

THE task of "breaking the road" has been a challenge to the human race since the beginning of time. It has been the only way to progress and to truth in every walk of life. The man who first laid before us the wonders of the circulatory system of the human body, had a task similar to the man, who, following in the footsteps of the discoverers of this continent, cleaved the forests and opened for us roadways to its wealth and marvels. In medicine, in commerce, in law, in literature, the "road must be broken" and the way made plain with knowledge that will add to the happiness of the whole human family.

For many reasons, the most difficult "way to find" amid the multitude of distractions is the way leading to a science of social, or shall I say human relations. A science which will show us the truth unfailingly in matters pertaining to the human being who, for reasons not understood, has become a menace to the well being of society. A science which will help us to act fearlessly and to end experiments and guess-work in all our dealings with those whom we term prisoners, delinquents, dependents, feeble-minded, etc. A science built upon facts as medical science or physical science has been built upon facts, tried and tested and weighed over a long period of years.

As a nation we are today beginners in the task of searching for facts, and truth in matters pertaining to dependency. When we distribute millions of dollars for relief, we need a policy built solid on facts and not theory.

The great and important question for us to ask and fearlessly answer is, "Are the people who dispense the public funds weighing facts, sifting mistakes and watching results, or are we one and all mere dabblers and muddlers, failing in our efforts to create a central department in our Government which will, from facts collected, be able to guide us when faced with a crisis such as the one from which we are just emerging?"

The present situation impresses us with the necessity for a knowledge of the technique of relief. Lacking this technique we merely satisfy the human being if he is in need, put him in jail if he is delinquent or into a hospital at the public expense if he is ill.

We are not yet, in Canada, alive to the fact that we are in the Dark Ages as regards Social Work. We are highly organized, we are a people of numberless committees, but, we are as yet completely ignorant of how to go to work. We hear lectures and we give lectures, we consult and we survey, but will that accomplish what we need? To turn to the medical profession, we find that discoveries are made by toil and not by talk, by ceaseless work in the laboratory and in the clinic where chart is piled upon chart and where test follows after test.

In dealing with the family in distress for instance either before the Courts, in a relief office or applying for admission to an institution, we have as yet not adopted a definite line of procedure. We are investigators searching for facts merely to determine the amount of money to give or not to give, and we do not settle down to the task of helping our fellow man to overcome some defect of character, to unlearn some evil habit, to learn how to succeed, how to meet his particular circumstances or how to become a helper rather than a seeker for help.

If we are to enter seriously into the field of Social Work, we must revise our present methods of procedure and be willing to admit our mistakes. In Relief Work, in Mothers' Allowance Work, in Prison and Court Work and in Children's Aid Work mistakes are being made for the simple reason that we have no set standard either in method or work. Our knowledge of the factors entering into each particular case are such that we cannot use them to draw conclusions which will be either of particular or general value.

It is possible for us to so adjust this task we are undertaking for dependents, delinquents, and for those in distress of one kind or another, that the facts obtained will show the way to a clearer understanding of the truth, and to a practical solution of social problems we are now staggering under.

THE PRESENT POSITION.

A REQUEST for relief reflects the conditions of a man's purse as well as his ability to shift for himself. If he can stand unemployment for a period without applying for relief, we assume that his purse was in a fairly good condition when work ceased, or else that his friends, both personal and through his Union, Clubs or Church were ready to help.

When many men are out of work at the same time, there is the possibility that a man's friends are suffering the same ill luck as he himself and therefore cannot help. What, then, can his Union, Club or Church do? If these also fail him, then he calls upon the City for assistance.

The City can form a habit as quickly as an individual can, be it a good or bad one. What role does a City play when it proceeds to give relief out of the taxes? Is it the guardian of a man's self-respect pointing the way to self-help, or is it merely a machine to record on a card index so many loaves for so many people, or so many beds for so many homeless men?

To-day we are almost wholly lacking in imagination. Otherwise a homeless man could not pass in and out of our public refuge without a brother's keen inquiry and insight into the causes of his homelessness. Years must have elapsed since he began his trip to a state of homelessness, yet we let all the information which would aid the man in tracing the way back pass out with him. What an ignoble deed this is to our brother man! No doubt we act in kindness, but we are in ignorance of our task.

The granting of City relief usually means that friends have failed and Churches have failed to such an extent that one must go outside one's community, outside the circle of private aid, to seek food and shelter. Or it may possibly mean that the person has thoughtlessly come to the City for aid first, and that the City failed or did not know enough to point the way back to enlist private aid from his own circle or from his Church.
of private agencies with central funds, a central office for that most delicate of all work, "Inquiry," and then when inquiry has been completed for that equally important work, the proper distribution of "Treatment" so that the proper private organization will carry out the plan of the central office. Or it may mean merely a clearing house or a scattering house. Under the first method, no willing individual need feel that helping one's brother is tied up with red tape, and yet the brother is protected from help which may be his undoing.

We have, then, to meet a relief crisis, three main avenues of service. The City, by aid granted from the taxes, private individuals as brother to brother, and private individuals in an organized group who before giving or planning relief turn to a central office for direction and instruction.

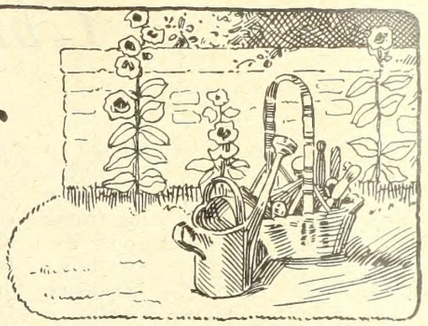
The great problem we have to face is when and how to use these avenues of service, how to relate one to the other, and through what machinery each may work for the benefit of all. We cannot do better than to turn to the system of developing private aid as practised by the British and take a page from their volume of experience. Here is a brief outline of the British method: This method as seen in the Society for Organizing Charity, aims to centralize all the work of private organizations and private individuals in such a way that all "Inquiry" shall be made by those trained in making a social diagnosis, and that a plan shall be made to rehabilitate the applicant for aid, and that this plan be carried out by the private agency or individual under the direction of the central office. Thus all inquiries are made with the best interest of the dependent one in mind, not with the idea of getting the other fellow to do the work. Years of experience in every large city throughout the world demonstrate the value of this plan of "Inquiry" first, and then "Distribution" after "Inquiry." The assistance of private individuals and private organizations is used to the utmost in carrying out the plan for each applicant for aid, but no plan is put under way without "Inquiry" first. Thus, any Church, any individual or any organization may refer an applicant for relief to the central office and the central office will make th einquiry and advise in carrying out the plan. One of the resolutions passed by the Committee in the early days condemned the practice of subsidizing families by public funds when aided by private charity.

The system of private aid in almost all the large cities of Canada may be taken as an example of a system directly opposite to that known the world over as the Society for Organizing Charity. The daily press of February 2nd in one of our large centres showed the following charitable activities. Labor planning relief through funds raised by a Tag Day. A soldier organization, governmental in function, lining up the churches for relief of ex-service men. A private organization, not in any way affiliated with the Headquarters for private aid, dealing out relief for the city from funds granted from the taxes to the extent of thousands of dollars, in a lump sum grant. A section of a city department whose function is entirely outside of relief, distributing relief to soldiers (single men) from funds contributed partly by the city, partly by the province and partly by the Government.

In the above we have an example of terrible confusion, but no doubt, of honest desire to aid. Each of the above efforts repre-

(Continued on page 37)

Gardening



With Adam and Eve in the Garden

(By Eve and Adam in Collaboration)

IN August there comes a pause in the year's occupations for enjoying the things that flower.

Weeds, if well chased during the previous weeks have grown a trifle weary, one can afford to take one's eyes off them and take time to admire the results of labors accomplished during the burden and heat of the day. Early in the year there is an unrest about the garden—for the gardener. One can hardly kneel before the loveliest things in May and June, raising one's eyes in quiet contemplation of their beauty and make prayer-poems to them because one's mind is distracted by helleborish thoughts and one's anxious eyes are a search for weeds and slugs.

But in August—

Draw a long, dew-distilled breath in the morning. It will be laden with the luscious scent of the Phlox—those gorgeous pink and white perennials that ask so little and give so much—that grow in great clumps, needing no staking up but sturdily holding up their own heads to show the individual flowers, big as a 50-cent piece, (if you plant the right variety) on each truss of bloom.

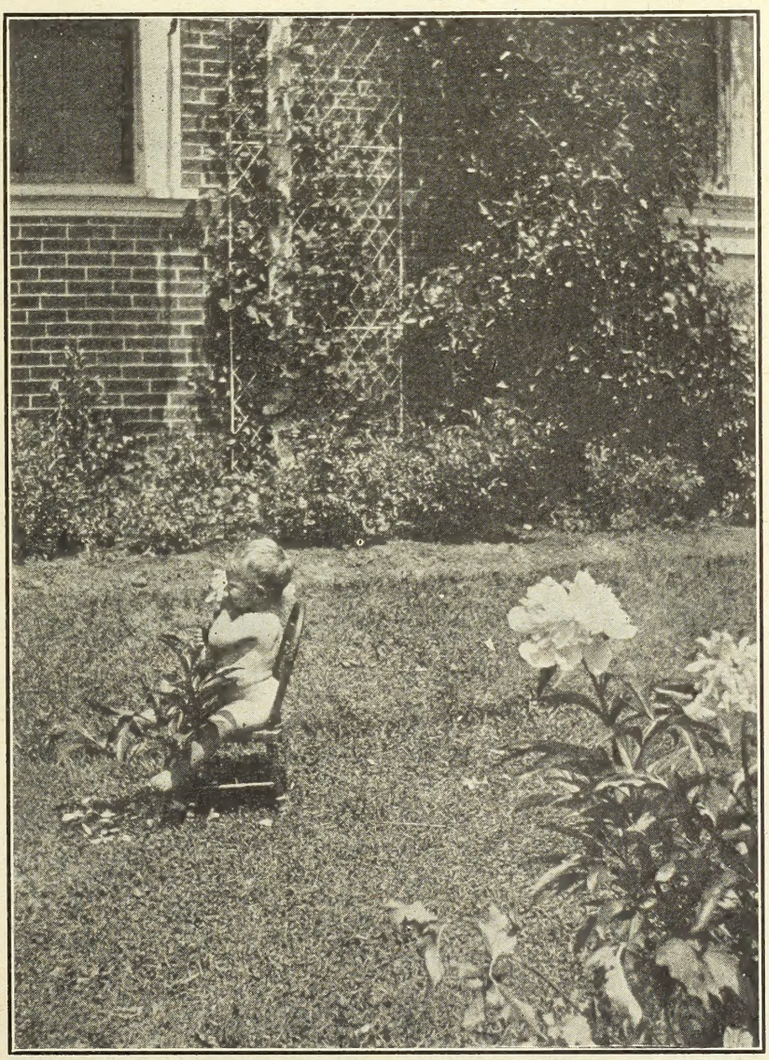
And at night—

Lady Nicotine in form to which even the most ardent reformer could not object, holding up white fingers in the moonlight.

"Do you grow biscuits in your garden? My daddy does" and the small person led the amazed visitor to a corner full of tall stems among whose luscious leaves appeared bell shaped flowers of a delicate pink color, shaped like gigantic morning glories. "There they are" said the small person proudly "High Biscuits." —(Hibiscus).

Hibiscus or mallow marvel, hardy and easily raised, are equally appealing whether their petals are pink or white and are especially welcome in the August garden, when so many beautiful blooms are over. One or two of their great stalks set in some heavy vase or glass of plain pottery form a whole decoration for a room if one appreciates the restrained floral art of Japan.

When cut the ends of the stems should be burned (hold them for a moment over the gas jet) to seal up the juices and keep them from bleeding to death. If this is done they can be kept in water for four or five days. Once established they bloom year after year and never seem to be attacked by blight or pests.



Hollyhocks—lovely indoors or out—can be made to last in water by the same method as can the delicate Shirley Poppy; though half the secret of coaxing the latter to retain their petals is to pick them early, before the bees have blundered into them, disarranging their silken array and bruising their delicate gossamer wings.

A few late Irises, more welcome now than in early June, should be found in every August garden and nothing is lovelier than the great six-foot spikes of deep blue Delphinium unless it is the Bella Donna blue of the more delicate spray of Larkspur that are like pieces of tangible sky among the foliage. The bloom may be prolonged for weeks by cutting down each stalk at the root as soon as it has finished flowering. Another will then spring in its place.

Now too, come the great glowing Gallardias and a quantity of other yellow flowers, Coriopsis, Golden Glow, Sunflowers, large and small, and the great white Marguerites with golden hearts as big as pin-cushions—chrystallized sunshine for the gathering.

And if the Fruit-farmer-of-the-family is not too practical (or the house decorator dares to brave him) what is so lovely as some trailing canes of raspberry against the indoor house wall? Blossom and fruit will hang together from the same stem and the lovely leaves bronzed a little at the tips are an exquisite harmony in color. If you are not allowed to take the whole cane, take all of it you are able. The rosettey sprays at the top are a lovely garnish for a basket of fruit and in later Autumn the canes, which the Fruit-farmer-of-the-family would cut out anyway, may be used for massing decoratively in brass bowls or filling an otherwise empty fireplace.

Now too, come the heavenly Hydrangeas, satisfying from the first moment of green-tinted budding amid lovely leaves, all through their mellowing lives till the great trusses of lilac-like flowers turning from ivory to pink to russet then finally just before the sharper frosts they may be gathered, stripped of all leavage and set in bowls or vases without water where they will delight the eye all winter.

Yes, if you are one of that commiserated community who has not gone to the sea or the lakes or the mountains but are camping at home—with the other husbands!—you may echo the sentiment of the "Minum pate" who said

"You may haunt the hedgerows
When the June stars shine,
But August is the moon-month—
The moon-month for mine."

NOTE.—"Advice on gardens and all pertaining to them, will be given for the asking to those who care to write to this department, enclosing a stamped, self addressed envelope. Suitable lists of seeds, plants, etc., for individual gardens will be compiled on request, and addresses given of seed houses for specialties, garden utensils, etc., etc."

Chinamen-Cocaine-Canadians

By David Loughnan

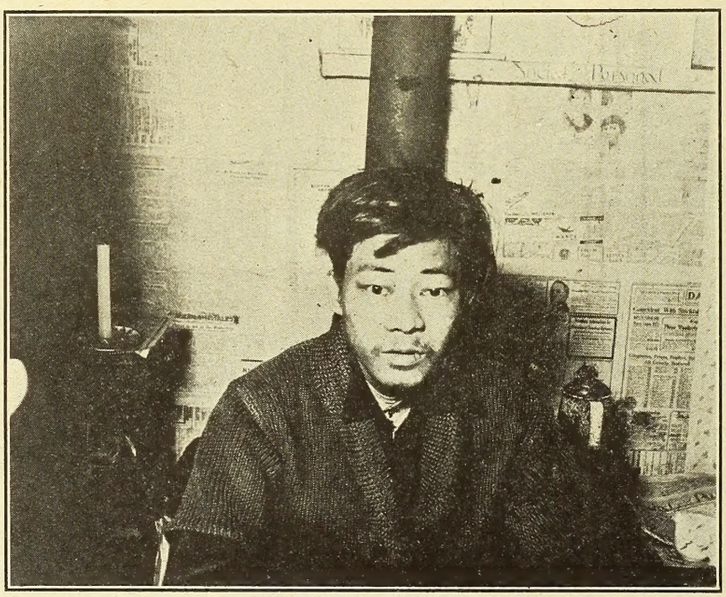
IT would be a misstatement of fact to ascribe to the Chinese full responsibility for the spread of the narcotic drug traffic in Canada. Investigations extending over the past year, however, give conclusive evidence that Canada's Chinese population —a part of it, at least—is heavily implicated in the nefarious business. Yet so cunning are the Orientals engaged in the illicit sale of "dope," and so widespread the ramifications of the drug rings, that the problem becomes one of almost baffling proportions. The spotlight of publicity should, therefore, be focussed upon available information as a matter of protection and in order to arouse public opinion to a knowledge of the true state of affairs and the necessity for drastic action.

The roundabout methods employed to smuggle "dope" into Canada indicate the enormous profits made and the ingenious daring of the traffickers. Dope is usually sent from Germany, Turkey, India and Japan to China, from whence it is smuggled across the Pacific on the various passenger liners and freight boats. While the boats are loading at Oriental ports, cocaine, morphine and opium is brought down on freighters and surreptitiously passed through the port holes of the liners as they lay alongside the wharves. The small packages are given to various members of the crews, who receive payment for each package smuggled over and a bonus on the amount they land. If conditions on this side prevent them from landing the drug they take it back and await the next trip. Larger consignments are packed in water-tight barrels which are thrown off at the quarantine station outside Victoria, B.C., Port Townsend, Wash., or near any port by prearrangement. These barrels are picked up by fishing boats or fast motor boats in the employ of the dope rings. Once ashore, the distribution is comparatively easy. Longshoremen, and even customs officials, sometimes assist in the actual landing. One competent investigator asserts that thousands of dollars' worth of drugs are brought over by almost every Pacific boat.

The peddlers may be divided into three groups: the higher-ups who constitute the inside ring; the middle man who acts as a go-between or agent; and the actual peddler. The drugs used are morphine, cocaine, heroin and opium, the first-named being the most sought after. The peddlers are Japanese, Hindus, Caucasians and Chinese, the latter, however, forming the decided majority.

The men who control the drug rings—the "higher-ups"—are exceptionally capable and clever. Since fabulous profits accrue from sales an elaborate system of distribution has become possible. Drugs for which there is such a keen demand that a turn-over of $900 or $1,000 on $100 worth may be made, become an enticing commodity to deal in, and the profits provide ample funds for efficient methods and precautionary measures. The business is very thoroughly organized in consequence. From the top to the bottom, the gang consists of: financiers, importers, wholesalers, retailers and the common peddlers. When a consignment is picked up at sea it is taken to some quiet spot—often among the islands between Victoria and Vancouver—and from there it is wholesaled among the regular distributors. Those who engage in the business of distributing drugs are not addicts. With a full knowledge of the ghastly consequences attending the use of narcotics, these fiends ply their deadly trade with ghoulish indifference to the unspeakable suffering, crime, misery, and debasement they create in the human wrecks who become their victims.

Among the army of vendors and peddlers it is impossible to estimate the number of addicts. Generally speaking, however, the white drug peddler is an addict himself and sells drugs to other unfortunates to obtain his own supply. The Chinese peddler, on the other hand, is usually far too shrewd a business man to partake of his money-making "dope." If he uses anything it is opium, but the Chinaman's boast is his hypnotic power with morphine over white women. Drug peddlers pursue their calling in a hundred different ways. Those who are "in the know"—the drug fiends—can purchase their particular form of narcotics over the telephone, over the counters in laundries, tailor shops, jewelry stores and other business establishments conducted by Chinese. In the city of Vancouver, "dope" can be purchased on the streets from peddlers vending flowers or some such innocent article. The prevailing price is ten dollars a dram, or three dollars for a quarter dram. Street peddlers prefer the fifty cent package, which is very popular among the poorer addicts. It is estimated that there are upwards of two thousand drug addicts and illicit drug peddlers in the city of Vancouver to-day.



Typical Chinese "dope" peddler in his shack. (Note the society column pictures on wall) Photo by McAlpin

One would imagine that the drug rings would be content with ordinary methods of illicit selling, but this vile business reaches down to the very dregs of human depravity and wanton greed. With inconceivable cunning Chinese drug dealers have devised a horrifying method of increasing their sales. When cocaine has been exposed to the air it loses some of its strength and thus becomes unsaleable. To prevent loss, and, at the same time, extend the market by creating new addicts, what are known as "snow parties" are held. A Chinaman of great wealth installs a white woman in one of his luxuriously furnished houses or apartments. This woman, who is an employee of the Chinaman, holds periodical parties to which young girls are invited. Sometimes it is a dance, sometimes a card party or other seemingly harmless function. These parties are attended by a sprinkling of drug addicts—people trained to inveigle others into the use of drugs—who mix among the young guests and induce them to "sniff te snow" by daring them to do it, coaxing them, and setting a harmless example of the "harmless effect" by using it in demonstration. It may be offered on a knife or spoon or in a flower. Although the cocaine so used is below strength it only requires one or two visits to such places to break a boy or girl into the awful habit. And every new addict increases the sales and profits of the cold-blooded, calculating fiend who thus deliberately destroys the bodies and souls of his victims. In every case the result is practically the same. One or two doses and the innocent victim is lost to honor, decency, ambition. In an incredibly short space of time the addict becomes a living corpse, dead to all the finer instincts, intent only on securing increasing doses of the deadly drug and ready to commit any act which will gratify the insatiable longing.

The average person regards "dope fiends" as belonging to an outcast class, uneducated, and denizens of the underworld. Yet a thorough investigation in Vancouver discovered the fact that many of the young addicts came from good homes, some of them from exceptionally fine homes. Taking but three from one list there was found a minister's daughter, a former Sunday school teacher, and the relative of one of Canada's prominent public men. In just over twelve months the investigating committee came into personal contact with over fifty boys and girls ranging from fourteen to twenty-two years of age who have become confirmed drug addicts. From the revelations made by these young people as to the subtle ways in which they were first induced to take drugs, it would almost appear as if no boy or girl, however carefully guarded by their parents, is safe from the menace. Apparently, the desire of every addict is to persuade his or her companions to the use of drugs, and the start is generally made by sniffing cocaine. After using it in this form for a few weeks it is swallowed. Both these methods, however, are too expensive for the average addict, in which case the hypodermic needle comes into play. In a month or two after commencing to use morphine injections the victim is unable to sleep, but the drug then has such a hold that it cannot be dispensed with. So, the doses of morphine

are continually increased. It is but a matter of time before the user becomes a physical, moral and mental wreck. Boys and girls who have been examined have shown running sores on their bodies from ankle to neck. Apart from the physical ruin, however, is the moral degradation that inevitably follows the use of drugs.

Dealing with this phase of the drug evil, Mr. Charles E. Royal, who has rendered untiring and extraordinary service to the investigating and reclaiming committees in Vancouver, states that: "Almost without exception, drug addicts lost all sense of morals and degrade themselves until the girls cohabit with Chinese, Japanese, Hindus, or anybody who will give them the wherewithal to get drugs. We find," he says, "that most of the boys will steal or resort to any method to get drugs and many of them are living off the returns of prostitution. Invariably both boys and girls have venereal diseases. In some instances we find white girls with babies from Chinamen."

Habitual drug addicts are incapable of performing any useful work. Neither can they retain a position in any occupation. Their physical and mental subjection to drugs prevents them from earning an honest living. It therefore follows that illegal and immoral methods have to be resorted to in order to obtain money to satiate the drug appetite. It is known that from $2 to $30 a day is spent by addicts for "dope." The drug evil, in consequence, is responsible for much begging, a great deal of thieving and crime, and a terrible trail of immorality.

As pointed out at the commencement of this article, the Chinaman cannot be blamed entirely for the drug traffic. Sixty-six per cent. of the convictions for illicit drug dealing last year were, however, those of Chinese. Six hundred and thirty-four Chinamen were prosecuted by federal department officials. So rapidly is the drug traffic increasing in Canada that parliament recently voted $115,565 as against $85,000 last year for the enforcement of the Food and Drug Act. Statistical figures, of course, do not convey the unbelievable proportions to which "dope" peddling is carried on for it must be remembered that convictions only relate to those who happen to be caught at their nefarious business. For every peddler the police trap there may be a hundred undetected. Neither are they frightened by fines. The Chinaman who is caught and fined $500 or $1,000 can usually depend upon a "higher-up" in the ring paying his fine. In any case, the money is quickly recovered, with compound interest, in so profitable a business. If deportation, or imprisonment and the lash, were the certain sequence of conviction Chinese drug peddling would receive a strong setback. To this end efforts are being made by the British Columbia members of the Federal House on the initiative of Mr. Leon J. Ladner, M. P., of Vancouver, at this writing to amend the law so as to provide:

1. Elimination of fines and imposition of prison sentence, not less than six months, not more than seven years, and, at the discretion of the magistrate, lashes upon entering or leaving prison, or both.

2. Deportation for aliens in addition to prison sentence, or, if they cannot be deported, they must report periodically.

The drug traffic has been quietly investigated in the city of Vancouver for over a year. Particularly active in the investigations were the Parent Teachers' Association, the Rotary, Kiwanis and Gyro Clubs, Board of Trade, Churches and practically all public institutions. As a result of the enquiry many cases were brought before the investigating committee. Out of scores which were fully enquired into, the following give some idea of the misery and degradation which follows in the wake of drug taking. The worst cases, however, are so revolting that they cannot be printed. Names are, of course, omitted:

Girl of 16. Morphine and cocaine addict. Venereal disease. Acquired habit from going with boy about the same age. Cohabiting with Chinese, Japanese and Hindus. Appeared before committee and confessed to having yielded to Asiatics that morning to secure money to buy drugs. Committee took charge of her and cured her, but Chinese drug peddlers got her to use drugs again.

Girl of 17. Daughter of a wealthy business man. Educated in private schools. Her father's financial reverses compelled her to secure employment with a large firm. Three other girls with whom she worked were drug addicts. After she started her wages would not pay for the drugs she required; found immoral means of securing money. Contracted syphilis and with a big sore across her lip, ate in restaurants. Was cured of drug habit by committee but is dying of loathsome disease.

Girl of 20. A former Sunday School teacher, now a cocaine addict.

Woman of 28. A minister's daughter, accomplished in music and well educated. Came under the influence of Chinamen. Became a bad drug addict—cocaine and morphine—lived with Chinese. Now serving a jail term.

Boy of 21. Morphine and cocaine addict, diseased, jail record. Three boys in one family all drug users, showing how one addict will start others. Their mother is now fighting to get her 16-year old boy away from a drug peddling prostitute.

Dead to the world. A victim to the drug traffic sleeping off a dose.
Photo by McAlpin

Girl of 15. Uses cocaine. Mother a widow. Girl being incorrigible was placed in a detention home from which she escaped and has never been heard from since.

Boy of 19. Son of a prominent business man. Cocaine addict. Told committee that eight of his boy companions started using "dope" in one month.

Boy of 17. Given drugs by a Chinaman. Died soon after from overdose after receiving treatment.

This list might be continued almost indefinitely, but it suffices to show the cruel straits to which the drug addicts are rapidly brought. And, let it be remembered, though the drug traffic is largely if not entirely controlled and financed by Chinese, the unfortunate victims of this terrible scourge are, in a very large number of cases, Canadians — the growing generation—young men and young women in their teens.

Quite recently the following typical press items appeared on almost the same day, the first from a Vancouver paper, the second from a Montreal sheet:

At the spring assizes here the heaviest sentence was seven years, handed out to Hoy Ching, for having $15,000 worth of cocaine in his possession.

Found dying in her room a girl known as Anita passed away before medical attention could be given. It is suspected that the girl died as the result of drug poisoning, and the police are looking for a Chinaman, who is an alleged drug peddler, and who was with the girl some time before she died.

The connection between Chinese and drug trafficking needs no further proof, for it has been abundantly established all over the Dominion during the past few years. Nor must it be supposed that Vancouver is the only place where the evil exists. Police records show that drug usage is increasing at a very alarming rate thoughout Canada.

Fortunately, drug addicts can be cured. Medical authorities state that simple, uncomplicated drug addiction can be cured in practically every case. If the drugs are taken away by rational and humane methods and the patients are kept from procuring drugs they can be cured of the actual physical need and craving in a few weeks. But temporary curing and complete restoration are very different matters, and the problem is accentuated by the persistence with which drug peddlers follow up their former victims in an attempt to lure them back to the old habit.

As yet the work of curing and reformation has been discouraging owing to the ease with which drugs may be obtained after a return to the old environment and temptations. Hence the necessity of tightening up the laws which govern importation and distribution of narcotic drugs. Hitherto the subject has been more or less ignored. It is, admittedly, an unsavory problem, but it is fast becoming one which affects the life and welfare of the nation, for the drug habit strikes at the very root of home and family ideals. Moreover, it is the most devastating and demoralizing force opposed to moral, physical and mental well-being. It is a curse which must be stamped out by society. There are no half-way measures. There is no safety zone. The drug traffic must be rooted up and obliterated. Its vile traders must be dealt with under the sternest laws known to mankind. Its revolting victimizing must be por-

(*Continued on page 49*)

SPORT

"For now am I in a holiday humour."
(As You Like It)

NOTES OF THE MONTH

* * *

ARCHERY.

I WAS greatly interested in a letter (which I unfortunately mislaid) in one of our daily papers, advocating the revival of Archery. This excellent sport was very popular in mid-Victorian days, and some of the lady-archers were exceedingly proficient. It has all the romance of olden times, bringing to one's mind the intrepid bowmen of the Battle of Hastings; the picturesque poachers of Robin Hood; and, later, visions of naked Indians, riding in ever narrowing circles round the ill-fated wagon-camp, and pouring their flint-tipped shafts among the terrified women and children of our early settlers. As a thoroughly attractive and refined amusement for summer evenings, Archery is well worth resuscitating.

AQUATICS.

In the Yachting World things are jogging along in the old sweet way. The same yachts sail the same old races on windless afternoons at the same old spots. It is remarkable how few new yachts are being built. Judging by the performance of one or two of them against veterans like Scrapper, the designers do not seem to be improving their models.

The Molson Syndicate boat, Anaetis, Capt. Patterson, and Red Patch II., Capt. Hamilton, both of Montreal, are competing at St. Paul, Minn., with The White Bear Club, for the Royal St. Lawrence Challenge Cup, held by the latter club. Good luck to them!

The Victoria Yacht Club Building at Ottawa, a highly popular resort, was destroyed by fire July 5th.

At Henley Regatta, England, Walter H. Hoover, of Duluth, U.S.A., won the Diamond Sculls somewhat easily from J. Beresford, Junior, England, having previously beaten Arthur Baynes, the Australian star.

The "gap to gap" swimming race, Toronto harbor, will be held August 5th. Buchanan will not be able to swim, so it looks like a struggle between Mendelson, the champion, and Jones.

The Canadian Amateur Swimming Association will hold a Dominion Championship Meeting at High Park Club, Toronto, Aug. 12th. At the end of the month, Victoria, B.C., will have a meet for other title events. The 50 and 100 yards, ladies' free-style championship will be held this year at Winnipeg.

Sybil Bauer, of the Illinois Athletic Club, made a new world's record for 440 yards, at Manhattan Beach, July 6th, swimming it in 6m. 38 1-3s. This makes the ninth record held by that young lady.

On July 9th, Edwardina Kranitch, of Detroit, won the central womens' A.A.U. championship one mile swim in the Detroit River. The second and third swimmers used the breast stroke the entire distance.

ATHLETICS.

The track and field championship meeting, Ontario Division, of the A. A. U of C., will be held at Orillia, Ont., August 12th.

The first batch of Canadian contestants in the Irish Olympic Games have sailed for Dublin. Advices say that conditions in the Emerald Isle will not interfere with the holding of the "Aonaon Thailltean." Is it not a remarkable country?

A letter has been received from Pekin, China, by the Canadian Amateur Hockey Association, saying that a team of Chinese hockey players are desirous of touring Canada and the U. S. A. this coming winter, and are willing to meet any club. This is good evidence that the Celestial Empire is waking up.

The following official records of men and women track and field athletes are interesting: — 100 yards—men 9 3-5 sec.; women 11 4-5 sec. 220 yards—men 20 4-5 sec.; women 30 3-5 sec. 440 yards—men 47 sec.; women 1 min. 7 1-5 sec. High jump—men 6 ft 7 5-16 in.; women 4 ft. 9 1-8 in. Broad jump—men 25 ft.; women 18 ft. 2 in. Pole vault—men 13 ft. 5 in.; women 7 ft. 2 in. Javelin throw—men 216 ft. 9 3-4 in.; women 136 ft. 3 in. Without question, man, the fighter and hunter, was endowed by Nature with greater strength and agility. These heart-breaking contests of speed and endurance are not healthful to the more delicate organization of women and are of little use. Woman's sphere of sport is in those lighter games that call for skill and dexterity.

CRICKET.

The Cricket-week, held in Toronto the beginning of July, was one of the outstanding sporting events of some years. The first big match—a two-day one—was a sort of test between Mr. Seagram's touring eleven and a strong team of All-Toronto cricketers. It ended in a somewhat unexpected win for the Tourists. The deadly bowling of Wookey in the second innings wrested an almost certain victory from the city players. He performed the "hat trick," and in many ways had his opponents guessing. The batting of W. Greene (Rosedale) and Moyston, the West Indian player, for All-Toronto, were good examples of correct form. The Seagram side, as expected, performed well; but Lounsborough's dashing 41 in 20 minutes in the first innings, was all that saved them from an ambiguous position. The fielding of the Tourists seemed to lack the snap and precision of the local men. It is to be hoped they will pay attention to this part of the game; because, on the level and well-trimmed fields of England, the ball takes the ground at great speed. There were several minor games; but the match of the week was between Ontario and Quebec, which the latter won by 7 wickets. The Ontario team was far from representative and quite out-classed by the visitors. Some of them were hardly second-rate men. The saving points were Marsden's bowling and Moyston's delightful exhibition of batting. For style this small batsman has few equals and no superior in Canada. It is curious, that, although Ontario makes much more noise in the sporting world, when it comes to grips with old Quebec, it gets many an unkind jolt—not alone in the cricket field. Which goes to prove the truth of the old negro saying: "Dem dat shouts de loudes' don't allus sell de bes bananas." Altogether, the week was a great success and speaks volumes for the growing popularity of cricket in Canada.

We await news of our boys in England; who, by the way, go as a private team, not as representing the Dominion. Mr. Norman Seagram wishes it known that Mr. W. G. Gooderham, a lifelong lover of the game, is associated with him in financing the tour—a thoroughly sportsman-like act. "Good cricket."

GOLF.

The Leitch sisters arrived at Montreal July 8th, on a tour of Canada and the U.S.A. Only Miss Edith, however, will be able to play, as Miss Cecil's arm still troubles her. Miss Edith seems to have plenty of confidence, but will miss her celebrated sister in the tournaments.

On July 14th, at Stokie Country Club, Ill., Gene Sarazin, a young professional from Pittsburgh, won the National Open Championship with 228 for the 72 holes. He is only twenty-one years old and was hardly considered a possibility by the "gallery." Bobby Jones, the amateur "boy-player" of Atlanta, tied John Black of Oakland, Cal., for second place with 289. George Duncan of England was sixth.

Miss Joyce Wethered, English woman champion, confirms the report that she will be able to come to this side this year.

The Hon. Michael Scott, of the Royal North Devon Club, won the Amateur Championship of France, at Le Touquet, July 7th.

The Canadian Open Golf Championship meeting starts July 28th, at the Mount Bruno course, Montreal. Sarazin, the new champion, is entered.

Gananoque Golf and Country Club opened a new course July 13th.

TENNIS.

I said last month that our Canadian girls were going to bring home championships. Mrs. Harry Bickle of Toronto, on July 8th, won the United States Womens' Clay-court Championship. She followed this up on July 15th by winning the Canadian Ladies' Singles at Toronto, defeating Miss Hutchings of Bermuda 6-4, 6-1. Now, Mrs. Bickle, kindly oblige by going hot-footed after the American Grass-court title. You are good enough to hold your own in any company, and all Canada will "root" for you vigorously.

Suzanne Lenglen, World's Woman Champion, at Wimbledon, England, vindicated herself by "putting it all over" Mrs. Mallory, the American Champion. There was only one in the match from start to finish—score, 6-2, 6-0. Mrs. Mallory was outclassed. Now, perhaps, certain sporting(?) writers of the U.S.A. will have the grace to apologize to the French lady. There are no excuses to be made.

W. Crocker of McGill, Montreal, is the new Open Singles Champion of Ontario, having defeated Leroy Rennie of Toronto 6-4, 1-6, 6-3. Later he beat Faframboise, Quebec Champion, 6-1, 6-3, 6-2. The Doubles also went to Montreal, Laframboise and Cassils winning them. Mrs. Wright and Wright of Rideau, Ottawa, won the Mixed Doubles and Mrs. Wright and Miss Rykert, Ottawa, won the Ladies' Doubles. What the Toronto experts won at Ottawa was chiefly sympathy.

Frank Anderson, junior, of New York, captured the Men's Open Singles of Canada, on July 15th, at Toronto by defeating Robert Baird of Toronto in the finals, 6-3, 6-4, 6-3. His brilliant play outmatched his opponent. He and his father also won the Doubles. What is the matter with our boys?

Gerald Paterson, the Australian veteran, is World's Single Champion by defeating Randolph

(*Continued on page 16*)

A Study in Non de Plumage

Introducing Janey Canuck

By William Arthur Deacon

Judge Emily F. Murphy

"Who put the overalls
In Mrs. Murphy's chowder?"
—*Irish-Canadian Folk Song.*

* * *

OF all the inspired moments of this gifted author—and their frequency is a matter for marvel—none transcends that in which she chose the name by which she will live in the annals of Canadian Literature. To assume as her own the name of her country, to identify herself with half a continent, might seem at first an over-bold and a vainglorious thing for her to do. The ardent patriotism which is so evident in her writings would not, of itself, justify the audacity. But I find complete sanction for it in the fact that Mrs. Murphy approximates the typical Canadian more closely than anyone else whom I know. No person could possibly embody all the qualities and characteristics which develop naturally in our people, subjected as they are to the most varied conditions of climate, occupation and so forth. In endeavoring to analyse the Canadian temperament my own guess was that the characteristics of the national arch-type are: a sense of proportion, self-reliance, generosity, candor and buoyancy. All these are strongly marked, indeed predominant, in Mrs. Murphy; nor has she any quality which is not as indigenous to our soil as is the potato.

Harry Leon Wilson, in "The Seeker," tells of the little girl Nancy, who on learning that a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, immediately took for herself the excellent name of Lillian May. Mrs. Murphy was not quite so prompt. Her first book, published in 1910, was called "Janey Canuck in the West," and was "by" Emily Ferguson (Mrs. Murphy's maiden name). "Open Trails," appearing in 1912, was also by Emily Ferguson. Numerous articles in various periodicals were signed indifferently Emily F. Murphy, Madam of Alberta, or any other name that no one else was using for the moment. But in 1914, when "Seeds of Pine" came out, it was sensibly inscribed "by Janey Canuck," a name to which the author has clear title, not only by prescription, but also according to the clearest principles of Justice.

In experience, as well as by temperament, Janey Canuck is in perfect alignment with her country. The great move westward, and the opening up of the new provinces, has been the outstanding feature of Canada's development during the present generation. Janey Canuck showed no originality in being born in Ontario; coming to Manitoba in 1904 was no solitary adventure; nor have her further successive migrations westward any claim to uniqueness. She has lived in all the prairie provinces. With the true pioneer spirit she always kept a little in advance of the railways. When she settled in Edmonton the lure of the North became overpowering. What led her to drive to Athabaska Landing, and to gad about all over the Peace River country was not so much her indomitable curiosity as an instinct in direct sympathy with that great inner urge which has caused the whole nation to turn eyes that way; and those who could manage it, their footsteps also. Experience is the foundation of all true writing, and the High Powers have seen to it that the Chronicler of the West should know whereof she wrote. Janey Canuck has ridden the trails, explored the mines, driven over the timber limits, sailed the rivers, lived among the Doukhobors, visited the construction camps, sat with the engineer in his cab on initial trips—everywhere observing, everywhere assimilating—body, mind, heart and soul one with the land and its people—with the artist's sensitiveness absorbing them, that she might fit herself to be their first great interpreter.

By the Holy Bones of Saint Patrick! I know not where to begin this essay, which I longed to call "The Impudence of Emily" but did not, lest it sound disrespectful. For Janey Canuck is a provocative writer. At the end of every few paragraphs I want to stop and answer back; cap jest with jest; kiss her; or slap her back with a heartiness of approval which it would be most undignified in a magistrate to tolerate. And it is one of God's fair mercies to this land that judicial gravity and composure of mien had not to be assumed by her until these three books had been printed. In them is revealed a rich personality, much shrewdness, and withal a most luscious wit rising at times flush with the line of propriety.

With the same astuteness which guided her in adopting a pen-name, Janey Canuck selected the descriptive essay as her particular literary form. No other would have been flexible enough for her purposes. For sometimes she is the reporter recording routes, modes of travel, topography and the like. Hired girls and lumber-jacks, political and financial grandees, farmers and prospectors, the good, the bad and the indifferent all find places in her pages. Each is noted in his proper environment, snapped in some characteristic attitude. A phrase introduces the real estate agent, a sentence or two from his lips, and we know all about him; a shrewd word or two of comment by the author on the ethics of his calling, and we are ready to converse with the next chance acquaintance, an Indian. . . Otherwise her chapters fall into diarizing of a high order. There is more genuine adventure in Janey Canuck's reading the Bible on a wet morning than most people get out of disobeying its injunctions. Again, she wishes to record a bit of handmade philosophy. True Canadian that she is, these observations are generally keen though seldom profound. The objective side of life holds and satisfies her as it does the vast majority of her countrymen. Or, at other times, she will break into rhapsody: "With what joy I ride over the land this morning! In God's great blue all things are possible, and all things are fair. I am possessed with a pagan love of life." Where could all these things be done except in the essay?

Any study of Janey Canuck must, therefore, be undertaken as a duality. There is the picture of western life, made up of multitudes of figures sketched rapidly against a background which is no less than a panoramic view of Canada from Lake Ontario to the Rockies. And we must also consider the author as an artist working with the essay as a literary instrument.

As stylist Janey Canuck succeeds in the one cardinal point. Her prose is adequate. It says what she wants to say. All other tests are arbitrary, and partake of what Brander Matthews refers to as "schoolmastering." And I do not propose to begin now to teach Janey Canuck to speak a language which she was using with fluency and considerable accuracy many years before I learned to howl for my milk-bottle.

Style—as I have sagely remarked elsewhere—style is the grammatical expression of the personality. Or, as Buffon put it, "style is the man." As individuals differ so should their syntax. Because Janey Canuck's books leave one with the impression that their author has imparted life to them; that she might as readily have spoken the words; that her diction harmonizes with her real thoughts and feelings, I claim for her a good literary style, though I cannot remember any writer of antiquity whose constructions resemble hers. Because she has achieved a singular unity of spirit with the people of whom she writes, that style incorporates colloquialisms, and usages which are not "literary" in the traditional sense. "What odds how your fish is caught so long as it is caught?" she queries; and all the rough utilitarianism of the West is in the very phrasing.

The outstanding characteristic of Janey Canuck, and hence of her style, is virility. That leads naturally to directness of utterance and vigorousness of epithet. Interfused with these qualities is a certain quaint whimsicality, an obvious inheritance from her Irish ancestors. Coupled with this is a tendency to gather and quote unusual bits of information gleaned from older writers. This seems to be chronic with all genuine essayists, and in direct ratio to the homeliness of their respective styles. Thus great "natural" writers like Montaigne and Thoreau are forever bringing out for our inspection and delight weird things which they have brought down from the dusty attics of the world's libraries. Janey Canuck has a mind well stored with the thoughts of master penmen, which she uses with a skill alone sufficient to distinguish her work from the great mass of ephemeral productions.

We do not love our friends, or our books for their sinlessness—nor, alas, even for their virtues. So I turn from "Seeds of Pine," which I admit to be the "better," to acknowledge shamelessly my preference for "Open Trails." In it Janey Canuck had not the sophistication revealed by "Seeds of Pine." "Open Trails" has not as many thrills but more laughs, and

they, I think, more spontaneous ones. It is the middle book. I have chosen to consider Janey Canuck the typical Canadian, writing of common Canadian life, and I, as an average Canadian, like the middleness of it. It is appropriate that it should be so, that this writer of the people using the "common words and common deeds" should put into her mean or middle effort, the best mettle, the purest gold. "Open Trails" makes an ideal "bed" book. Its short chapters can be read conveniently in snatches; its frequent jests make a satisfactory close to the day that, perhaps, has not been "perfect." But if you adopt this practice do not wake the household as you read of the author admiring the paintings on the ceilings of the capitol at St. Paul, Minnesota: "While gazing upward at these allegorical figures, I was thrice brought back to literal things by falling over spittoons." And may it be your good luck, as it was mine, to come across on a Sunday morning her definition of the *summum bonums* "For my part I greatly desire a heaven where there will be no telephones; where none need stop writing for the sake of dinner; and where it is not criminal to stay abed of mornings and read." Truly I do not wonder that "Open Trails" has had a sale of 60,000 copies and only regret that a respectable percentage of these were not sold in Canada.

The advertising which Canada has received abroad, particularly in other parts of the Empire, through the distribution of Janey Canuck's books, leave us greatly in her debt. We are especially fortunate in that she has been faithful to the facts. Entertaining as her books are, the pictures given of Canadian life are true, accuracy never being subverted to mere cleverness. This is the more strange because of her ingrowing humor. Her Irish blood must often have tempted her to overdraw, or at least to write burlesques. Now that we are looking somewhat into the earlier Canadian writers Susanna Moodie's "Roughing it in the Bush" is receiving serious attention on account of its historic value. I believe that it will not be long before the settlement of the prairies will be accomplished, and that in a generation or two Canadians will be turning to Janey Canuck's books, and blessing her for her veracity.

In public life Mrs. Murphy is as prominent as she is as an author. A list of the honors conferred upon her, and important positions she has held fill a typewritten page. Most of the items I leave to her biographer, and pause only to mention that she is Canada's first woman police magistrate; president of the Federated Women's Institutes of Canada; and that she is likely to become our first woman senator. It is solely as an author that I wish to write of her.

While Janey Canuck has been largely moulded by her environment, it is equally true that her influence, particularly on younger writers, is bound to be far-reaching. Liberal in her views rather than radical, she will infuse into her readers something of her own wholesomeness and good sense. She is a creator of precedents rather than a follower of them, and has already done a truly great service in teaching us to be true to type and to set up native standards. But even more noteworthy and valuable is her faith —a faith not in any institution or dogma—but in life itself, a faith in people, and in people's Gods. That basic faith it is that lies behind her optimism, an optimism which finds its literary expression in a fund of humor seemingly inexhaustible. Out of that come those myriad anecdotes, so distinctive a feature of her writing, and of which the following is a good example:

"The railroad contractor when he rejects a tie, 'crosses' the end of it with a blue or red pencil. Once an acquaintance of mine, by name Jerry Dalton, took out 'a cut' of ties in the Province of Saskatchewan. One day Jerry—an accurate man rather than a placid one—was stamping about somewhat more rampageous than a baited bull.

"What is the matter now, Man Jerry?" I asked, "you are always having a big sorrow."

"Sorrow ith it?" lisped Jerry at the top of his tall voice. "Look at them d— ties! Does that turkey-faced, muddle-headed idjit of a contractor think I'm running a Catholic themetery? Crosses ith it? It's crosses he's after giving Jerry! Troth! an' its a crown I'll be puttin' on him."

LADY OF QUIET STRENGTH

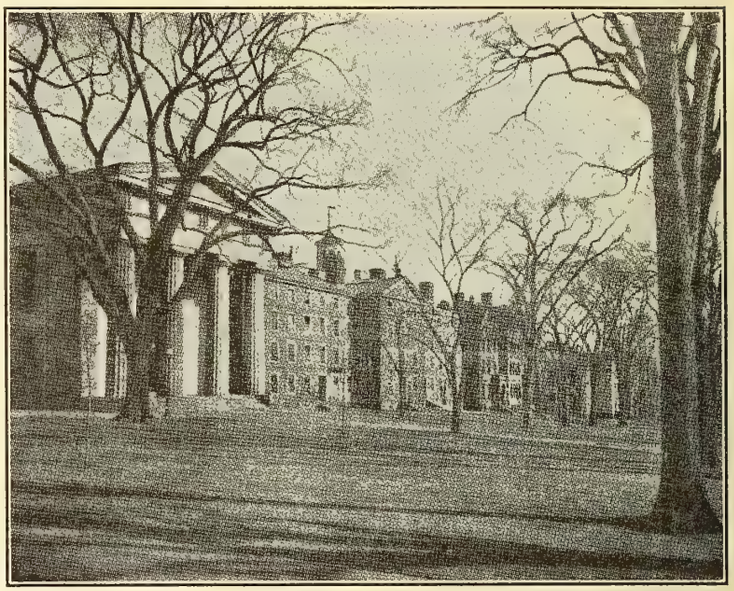
Lady of quiet strength, whose charms adorn,
With wistful grace, a soul, aloof, austere,
Dwelling above the murk of shallow mere,
Like pale, pure flow'rets in an Alpine clime,
Whose spirit sets to music as a chime
Of silver bells heard in the frosty morn
From hill-top church, remote, but very clear,
A church to which the footpaths are not worn.

Teach me to find a path that leads beyond
The confines of thine outer, baffling grace!
Let me not believe the wish is all too fond
That I may see but once, unveiled, thy face!
That I may see the soul that is my sun,
Not hidden 'neath a cloud, like a shy nun! (Hilda Ridley.)

Social Work

Notes on the National Conference

By Barbara Wilkie



Brown University Campus

The National Conference of Social Work, which was held on June 22-29 last, in the historical and beautiful buildings of Providence, R.I., links together mighty forces for good from all parts of the United States and Canada.

The programme is bewildering in its scope and when crowded into the space of one week emphasizes the fact that although many hundreds of workers are called together each must devote his or her energy to special subjects.

The world is the great school and the workers like students, flock together once a year to give and receive and carry back to their little circle something very tangible but quite inexplicable from the great volume of inspiration, and help which, after all, is the chief end of conferences. It is fitting that this great and notable conference should be held at an University.

A word about Providence. If you have not been there, its streets named Peace, Plenty, Benevolent, Benefit, Washington, Weybosset, What Cheer, bespeak the age of the Puritans, the early Americans and the Indians. You may lunch at the "What Cheer" cafe, ride in a "What Cheer" bus, or live at the "What Cheer" House. This now famous greeting of the Indian to the white man is a pertinent greeting for the white man to his brother man today.

The opening "Division" of the Conference dealt with "the family," —"The Family as a factor in Social Evolution," by Arthur J. Todd, labor manager for B. Kuppenheimer & Co., Chicago. The "Division" Children, by Grace Abbot, Director Children's Bureau, U.S. Department of Labor, Washington, D.C., and Prentice Murphy, Children's Bureau, Philadelphia.

The "Division," "Health," and "Mental Hygiene," by Geo. E. Vincent, Director Rockefeller Foundation, and Dr. Wm. White, Supt. St. Elm. Hospital, Washington, D.C., "Division," "Industrial and Economic Problems," "Neighborhood and Community Life," by Prof. E. C. Lindeman, Director of Sociology, University of N. Carolina, and Allen T. Burns, Labor Adjustment Board, Rochester, N.Y.

These Divisions give the main outline of the discussions and show the practical aspect of the conference.

All the valuable papers "read" or "given" at the conference can be obtained separately or in a volume from the General Secretary and Editor of the Bullete, Wm. Hammond Parker, 25 E. Ninth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

COMING OF AGE

Cupid was a merry lad
When the summer came.
Always laughing, always glad,
I was just the same.
Boy and Girl we played together
All the laughing summer weather.

Summer still was in the land
When I found—well—I
Don't pretend to understand
Or to tell you why.
But—believe it if you can—
Cupid's grown into—A MAN!

Kathleen K. Bowker

Saving The Country

By Elizabeth Elliott

THIS is the story we tell, in these after-election days, as we sit before the fire again, darning and sewing on the buttons, the humble work that went so deeply into oblivion and inconsequence, during those strenuous days when we were saving the country.

"We" are the women—alas that we should have to tell it—who took our place in the firing line of the last election campaign. We are the sadder but wiser women, who believed as we were told in those first stirring days of election organization, that it would be the "Women's Vote" that would save the country.

We had chosen our candidate, irrespective of parties, for we did not believe in parties. We were out for the best man, and he happened this time (so we said and believed), to be a Grit. We voted as we would choose a husband (in cool, reasonable, lofty moments), one with high principles, a good business man, a good provider, a good family man.

We believed to the uttermost that we had picked on the right man—(we still believe that). It was our duty to get him in, because the salvation of the country, which was going to the dogs anyway, lay in the hands of just such men. Nothing else mattered. Buttons, darning, meals, all faded into insignificance. Like Joan of Arc, we gathered our recruits and marched forth to save the country.

Could we afford to take a chance in these days of unrest by putting in a young, inexperienced man? (The Tory candidate was young and good-looking.) Could we afford to support the Progressive candidate with his doctrine of class legislation? We called him a peddler of theories: the phrase was original and we liked the sound of it.

The men accepted us enthusiastically. They extended the right hand of good fellowship, but one that was first and for all time a Liberal hand. They gave us carte blanche of the Grit committee rooms. They allowed us to linger in the vicinity of subdued committee meetings, where they smoked and spat with horrible abandon. To some of these meetings they even invited us. Each time they talked at length of the grand old days of Sir Wilfrid—of the grand old principles of Liberalism, that would never die. They urged us to study the enthralling contents of the voters' list, to mark those who were "all right," with red, the Liberal color, and above all to get them out on election day!

"Ladies only" meetings were held—at which gentle, melancholy men addressed "you mothers," and wept with us. We wept about the poor deal the soldiers had got. We wept about the whiskey. We wept about the orphans and every weepable thing.

We got stirred up. We started on a high plane. We would clean up the old-time politics. We were the housekeepers of the nation. After all, running the country was political housekeeping.

It has seemed always that men have reserved for themselves, in the neighborhood of their political campaigns, a deep, dark well of scandal. This well has no place in the ordinary affairs of life. It is in an election crisis that it is uncovered. But then, in that hour of necessity, every man a-fishing goes. And the mildest, most humane of men can fish and bring home a choice story about his opponent. He brings it home winking as he exhibits it, intimating, were he so minded, he could fetch out something still more choice. The most honorable contestant who ever stood on a platform must feel as he stands that the opposition is a-fishing, a-fishing, and that ultimately from the slimy depths will come something. It may be a mere odor. It may be forty years old. It may concern his grand Aunt Sarah. But in the well of the dark, dead past lies something for every man.

So, this time as at all times, the men fished briskly, with good-natured, rascally twinkles in their electioneering eyes.

But the women, unofficially, of course, were the serious, indefatigable little Waltons, peddling their spoil with the fanatic, humorless zeal that is so heart-breaking in women (not all women, just some women).

It is for this purpose of peddling that our high-powered phone system is especially installed, and it must be said for our telephone system that it stands up nobly under the strain.

The most bitterly contested section of the town lies in no man's land—known as the Flats. There abide the wash-women, the Russelites, the foreigners, the laborers and all those who are neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, politically speaking.

Most of us began the campaign on the slowly-vanishing washwoman. It is foolish to speculate on the reasons why wash-womaning is so productive of babies. But such is the case. And the babies grow to voting age, and, lo! the erstwhile wash-woman controls six votes. She has more honor than the Virtuous Woman of Holy Writ. She is wooed. She drinks gallons of tea at thirty-five cents an hour and lectures on the joys of Russelism at the same price. The wistful longing eyes of handsome men follow her Cobb-like figure. Darn it, who wouldn't be wistful with six votes in full view! Terrible alternatives are placed before her. Does she want the very bread wrested from her mouth? Does she want to become a mere toy in the hands of the rich and big interests?

The edict went forth that nothing but a personal house-to-house canvass would bring results on the Flats. So we started. We began Monday morning by bursting on the wide-eyed women. The open door was all we wanted, and we began. "We know you are doing your washing, but we are on a very important mission. We are saving the country. It is up to us women. The men have been at it long enough. We want your vote. You must do your bit, and vote for the best man, and we named our candidate.

They eyed us coldly. They bristled at the last sentence. Yes, John had got them registered. They would talk it over with him. They didn't need no car to call for them. They'd vote and vote right.

If it were Tuesday, we said, "We know you're ironing." If Wednesday, "We know you're cleaning," and right on down the list. Nothing stopped us, unless it was the dog that refused us a dignified access to the door.

One colored lady expressed amiable willingness to go a-voting with any "gemmen" in any car on any day but Monday,—this being wash day.

Mrs. Nicholas Nicholson beamed on us with the news that she had already voted with us—there being a man of the same name as our candidate who ran in the provincial election six months before.

For days we gave ourselves up, body and soul, to the cause. We never lost an opportunity. As we ordered the butter, we sounded out the grocer who answered readily that he was sure voting for the best man. We knew he was with us. He always was a fine fellow anyway, that grocer, so obliging.

Between times we attended every

bazaar (it was the season of bazaars). We teaed and lunched every woman who was a vote prospect; as we teaed we gently enquired of the waitress how she stood. One particular recruit, on learning we were on the Grit side, exclaimed enthusiastically, "Oh, I was just batty about Laurier. He made such cute little speeches. Count me in on this."

One day our canvassing was given a boost. It was the day when the morning paper "told the world" in blazing headlines that the Tory committee rooms had been raided and beer—real beer—found there. Things hummed. Doors were opened. The W.C.T.U. was aroused. The Russelites prayed for us. The God-fearing people rushed to the committee rooms with names of "sure votes." We were told how even the editor of the Opposition paper lay down his pen in despair and exclaimed, "We are licked. We perked up, with the confidence of victory at hand.

Then came the society scoop of the year. Word came that the great unmarried leader, the noblest Roman of them all, would be with us. Everything was dropped. Wild exultation reigned at the committee rooms. A monster women's reception was planned. We took the telephone book and phoned every woman (with particular attention to the Flats) that she was "specially invited" to this social event of the year. And as the society editors chronicled, "Amid the playing of soft music and at the end of an avenue of palms," we martyred our victim to the shaking of hands of women by the tens and dozens, grave old plodders, gay young friskers—all turned out to see the great man who had not succumbed to women's wiles—the man that Galli Gurci would choose for a husband. Yes, looking backward we can see ourselves taking our places in the ever-moving, endless lines of "glad hand-shakers," then handed on to Mr. King labelled as, "Some of our best workers."

At this stage we found we had acquired a strange new language. We talked in terms of "What Canada needs is markets—markets." We counted our bridge scores in majorities. We fixed our glittering eyes on any would-be opponent with these questions, "Do you know our national debt per capita?" She never did, and even now we've forgotten it. Why was it our cattle and grain stood unmarketed? Why were so many unemployed? Some thing had to be done—done at once. We needed a change of government.

To our everlasting credit let it be known that we didn't touch the tariff. It was too much of a maze of statistics—too complicated.

By this time we grew quite expert at diagnosing votes along strictly feminine lines. We could sit at a meeting and figure on the women's votes by the angles at which their feathers slanted. Liberal feathers backwards, Conservative straight up, Progressive in the ornery head-on slant. We knew by the expression on a woman's back what she was saying at the front. All interesting in one way but leading us in the depths.

The great day came. We knew if we could get all those out whom we had red pencilled, we would win. In fact, the men told us that we didn't need to worry any more. Victory was ours. It had been a hard fight, but we had won, and it was the women's vote that did it.

All day long we outside scrutineered—before daybreak until the shoemaker's wife had polled the last vote. At our poll we had eighty-five women "sure votes" to get out. Indefatigably we plied our cars, tearing mothers from their children, tearing them from their meals, bringing them in.

The wash-woman and her six votes arrived gloriously enthroned in a limousine. The grocer voted. The colored lady voted. Indeed, nearly every woman on the voters' list voted. Only those escaped us who had moved away or were in bed of pain and under the doctor's orders. We knew we had got the vote out. We had done our best and at six o'clock nothing remained but to count our glorious victory.

We didn't give up until the end. The count showed that only sixty-five men and women in that poll of over three hundred voters had voted for our candidate, and we had personally chaperoned eighty "sure votes" to the poll. The lowest of all!

We were levelled in the dust. The men had expected too much of us. We were licked.

Now we knew the wash-woman and her six had spoken. She had chosen not to be the toy of the rich. She had voted against us. Afterwards we heard she boasted about it. The beer drinkers had spoken. The working men wanted their beer.

When ordering the butter next day we remembered the grocer. At least here was one friend firm as the Rock of Ages.

"That was an awful beating we got," was our remark.

"Let me see," said the grocer, "You were a Tory, weren't you?"

Slowly, sadly, we have come back to the socks and the buttons.

Truly, women's place is in the home!

SPORT

(*Continued from page 12*)

Lycett of Great Britain, July 10th, at Wimbledon. The Englishman's play was beautiful; but Paterson's deadly service beat him.

The next great Tennis event is the Davis Cup. France and Australia play their match in the States. It is too early to prophesy, but I repeat my opinion that the final issue lies between the Aussies and the United States, with chances fairly even after the Antipodeans' exhibition in England.

POLO.

Our one and only Prince of Wales, playing for the Templeton team, which is visiting the States, scored two goals against the King's Dragoon Guards at Roehampton, England, July 12th. He is an energetic young man.

Toronto Hunt and Buffalo Country Clubs set the willow rolling at Buffalo, July 15th and 17th, when each side won and lost alternately. It is too early in the season to criticize; but J. Casa Equia of Buffalo and Allan Case of Toronto, were noticeable for even more than their usual dash. The excellent judgment and stick-work of the Canadian player were especially fine. All the clubs look to a busy season. I again remark that the game of polo is well worth watching.

"STONECROP."

$2,000 in cash prizes

Many people have discovered that 2 in 1 Shoe Polishes are good for other things than for shining shoes. *For example:—*

2 in 1 BLACK—Good for polishing motor cars; refinishing suit cases, kodaks, black gloves, rubbers, hats, etc.

2 in 1 WHITE—cake or liquid—Good for cleaning hats, stains in white skirts, white kid gloves, auto tires, etc.

2 in 1 TAN PASTE—Good for polishing furniture, hardwood floors, etc.

For the Best List of New Uses for 2 in 1, We are Awarding Cash Prizes as Follows:

1st award	$500.00	—for the most acceptable list	20 Prizes of	$15.00	—for the next twenty
2nd "	300.00	—for next best list	50 " "	5.00	—for the next fifty
3rd "	200.00	—for third best list	50 " "	2.00	—for the next fifty
10 Prizes of	25.00	—for the next ten	100 " "	1.00	—for the next 100 lists

Try to find new uses for any of the 2 in 1 Shoe Polishes, either black, tan, oxblood, or brown paste, white cake or white liquid, black or tan combination.

Write on one side of paper only. List uses according to colors. Awards will be made according to decision of special committee, and payment made on or before October 1st, 1922. All lists submitted to become our property. Address:

Prize Editor,
F. F. DALLEY COMPANY OF CANADA LIMITED,
HAMILTON, CANADA.

2 IN 1 Saves You Money

"Port of Heroes," -- St. John, New Brunswick

By Katharine Hale

Monument to Samuel de Champlain on Queen Square.

STEEP streets and the ringing of church bells; the distant sea; sunset, and the lovely irregular lines of masts and spars and rigging; the view of a hazy hill topped by a martello tower—these are some of my pictures of St. John.

An old town, long ago linked by trade relations with the West Indies, a port filled with foreign sailors, it contains bales of romance never yet unpacked. I remember crossing Queen Square on a lovely Spring morning with a lover and historian of his city who spoke not of "beauty spots," but old buildings. "I could show you some shacks, hardly taverns, just shacks—where rum was stored and barrels were opened, and the tales of far lands that came in with the cargoes, the songs, the gestures of the South were all a part of the old days of St. John."

When this city plays the pageant of her past she will have nearly every romantic element of the early days to draw from. As she is the oldest incorporated city in British North America such pictures mean history. Four years before Quebec was founded, Champlain cast anchor at the mouth of the river and christened the region in honor of the saint whose day it was. That was on the 4th of June, 1604. Before that the site was known to the prehistoric peoples, the Micmacs and the Maliseets loved it; "Glooscap," greatest of their demi-gods, had favored it. Their descendants wondered as they saw a white man plant the golden lilies of France.

The next picture has to do with the Lady of St. John. Her husband, Sieur La Tour, who had taken a desirable site for his French fort, was a friend of Louis XIII. Lady La Tour was a Huguenot, and her dream was to found a colony. D'Aunay Charnisay, an enemy, opened a campaign against them. La Tour slipped away to Boston for help. Charnisay entered the fort. And then occurred the heroic defense by Madame La Tour, who pitted all her slender resources against the enemy, only to meet with tragedy. Her garrison was hanged and the lady herself died a few weeks following her husband's return. Her dream lives on in a poem by Whittier and a story by Harriet Chesney. La Tour married his rival's widow, and for "diplomatic reasons" became a British subject.

The story of St. John is cast in barbaric colors during the hundred years that it was a trading post, visited by passing sailors and soldiers of fortune from many lands, and for ever the scene of the jealous little wars of fur traders.

Then French Arcadia was given by the Treaty of Utrecht to Great Britain. In 1762 came the first valiant Loyalists—a few families from Massachusetts under the leadership of Captain Francis Peabody. A little later arrived James Simonds, William Hazen and James White, all notable pioneers. The old Hazen house, built in 1773, is yet standing, much renovated, at the corner of Simonds and Brook Streets. In 1783 there landed twenty shiploads of United Empire Loyalists. Market Slip, where they disembarked, may look more picturesque to-day—a ribbon of water lined with shipping, great buildings as a background—but to the Loyalists it was a hope. They built St. John, and built it well.

Pictures of this era would show robust gentlemen like the renowned James Simonds, of whom the Venerable Archdeacon Raymond writes in his record of Pioneer Days, who brought the first English bride to the port. She was one of the three lovely daughters of Captain Peabody, who himself served with distinction at the siege of Quebec a few years before. Early marriages were the rule, and so were large families. Sarah Le Baron, of Plymouth, Massachusetts, was only sixteen when she married William Hazen, and James Simonds' wife was little older. They filled their long lives full of the many interests of fast-growing families and the adventure of a young and thriving community.

There was a motley crew encamped about this post. The Indians, the original French Arcadians, and the workmen who had come with the Loyalists, were, on the whole, wonderfully friendly with one another. Hard times threatened, but they did not overcome them. The Loyalists believed that they could conquer the land, and even defeat the tides. A pageantry of labor ensued.

For always the land had been harassed by the tides of the Bay of Fundy; murmuring, menacing all-devouring tides, full of mystery and fate for the first comers. James Simonds and his companion White organized a tremendous enterprise with the result that an aboideau was built, dykes were made and the great marshes of Tantramar were redeemed from the water. Industry was encouraged and paid for. Building operations were begun, and the first warehouses raised in expectation of the industry in shipping. The Loyalists also made themselves stately homes of the colonial type. There were bursts of social gaiety, as when the Duke of York moved his Court for a short time from Halifax to St. John. And there was the "old Coffee House" where the merchants of those days used to gather. To-day the Bank of Montreal stands on a spot that they say was originally bought for a Spanish dubloon and a gallon of old Jamaica. As the city of the Loyalists grew rich through its enormous lumber trade, and famous for fast sailing ships, one can imagine how far reaching became the stories told in the taverns.

In 1874 New Brunswick, which had been a part of Nova Scotia, became a separate Province and a Royal Charter was granted to the city of St. John. It was a quaint document. To the Mayor was given the office of "Garbling of Spices, and the right to appoint the bearer of the great beam," while the important clauses regarding fishing and fowling rights are set out in language suitable to the Letters Patent of the Hudson Bay Company. Ward Chipman, the maker and recorder of this same Charter, was also Counsel for the Crown. We hear of his successful attempt to abolish the practice of slavery in New Brunswick. Thus did the "adherents of despotism," as the much abused Loyalists were dubbed, accomplish a reform sixty years before the people of the United States. In the stately old Trinity Church there is an interesting memorial of these days in the Royal Coat of Arms, removed by the expatriated Loyalists from the Council Chamber of the Town Hall of Boston.

To-day there is not a great deal in the outward aspect of the place to remind one of a romantic past. St. John is sufficiently picturesque in herself, and beautiful enough in natural surroundings to make one fully content with the present. Still at the foot of Middle Street, in West St. John, may be seen the remains of earthworks marking the site of Fort La Tour, erected in 1631. But, alas, the Electric Light Station now stands on the site of the old French burial ground, where lay Governor Villebon and the heroic Lady La Tour. Indeed, the city does not even possess a statue in honor of the latter. Everyone goes to see the old burial ground lying near King Square, once on the outskirts of the town and still tree guarded, where many of the founders of St. John are buried. The Court House is an elderly and dignified building that fortunately escaped the fire of 1887 which destroyed two-thirds of the city.

In the two beautiful city squares, King and Queen, a good deal of the life of the city centres. Many of the prominent houses are nearby and still on summer evenings that almost archaic entertainment, a band concert, may be enjoyed.

King Square, which in any other town would be called a park, is that level plot situated at the head of King Street, and extending to Sydney. Therein the visitor finds a splendid monument erected to the memory of Sir S. L. Tilley, who was twice Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick, and at one time Finance Minister of Canada. The statue is the work of Phillippe Hebert, of Montreal, the Canadian sculptor. There is also a statue to a brave youth who, during a wild storm, lost his life in a fruitless effort to save a boy from drowning. The Court House faces on this square.

In Queen Square, Champlain, eager even in cold stone, points triumphantly to his harbor, and the old French cannon from Fort La Tour has been set up here.

The Harbour of St. John.

Martello Tower, St. John.

On Carlton Hill a Martello tower was erected to mark a certain preparedness in 1812. It is one of several examples of a romantic type of architecture to be found in Canadian towns and cities. This one was built by the Royal Engineers, then stationed in St. John, who made its walls of stone fully six feet thick.

Visitors to St. John may some day enquire about a book shop kept in the '60's by "Messrs. Fillimore and De Mille." That is, if they are admirers of "The Dodge Club Abroad." Some day a literary or historic society may go even farther, and actually look up the house in which James de Mille was born, in 1833, if by chance it still remains, and note it by a name-plate. For here lived a pioneer of literature in this land who served well his day and generation. It was in 1868 that the Harpers published a serial which is believed by authorities to be a forerunner of Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad." The work reappeared in book form, running through thirty or forty editions. For fifty years the publishers have steadily sold it, and are still selling it. Like the work of Haliburton its life is in its humor. But De Mille wrote a more notable work in "The Strange Manuscript Found in a Copper Cylinder." As Canada then had no publishing houses he sent what he wrote abroad, and found a wide public. But he lived and worked in his own country. His father was a well-to-do shipowner and merchant of St. John, and a Puritan of the Puritans. A student of Acadia College, De Mille afterwards married Anne Pryor, a daughter of the first President of Acadia, and two years later was called to the Classical Chair, which he resigned two years later to take that of English Literature at Dalhousie, Halifax.

But after all, the permanent pictures of St. John have to do with her unique setting. She can transport you by a morning's drive through Rockwood Park to Scottish hills and gemlike lakes. An hour later you are on the Atlantic seaboard, facing its waves, or black rocks and tawny sands if the tide is out. The fascination of her rivers is inexhaustible. "The Reversing Falls" is, of course, one of the wonders of the world, and any guide book will explain the action and reaction of the swirling waters in the winding gorge. But to be interesting they should remain a mystery. I remember two great bridges, shelter houses, and rainy weather. I remember that waiting for the tide, staring at red mud where I had imagined glittering waters, seemed more awesome than the spectacle itself, and the rocks, like those of Niagara, more wonderful than the waters.

We sailed out of the harbor for Boston, as so many from the shores of New Brunswick have sailed, bound by the friendship of many a year. I thought of Bliss Carman and his love for his "port of heroes"; "the barren reaches by the tide," "the long dykes with uneasy foam," "the marshes full of the sea." Footsteps of beauty haunt one here, partly because his poetry had haunted one's childhood, so in departing we journeyed with him—

Past the lighthouse, past the nun-buoy,
Past the crimson rising sun.
There are dreams go down the harbor
With the tall ships of St. John.

The League of Nations

A Simple Outline of its Work and Accomplishments.

By Lady Foster

YOU all know that the monthly papers have very great advantages in that they reach the class that has more leisure time to read—consequently their readers are more able to think over, and analyse and study its subjects than the ordinary busy rushing man of town life, who often has only time for the head lines. This gives to the monthly press an immense power if rightly and tactfully wielded Subjects introduced by them may prove of untold help to their provinces—nay, to their country itself—and assist in the settlement of great questions. Subjects vague and mere shadows can be dealt with at the present time than the peace and freedom of the world, as personified in the League of Nations.

Now there has been a good deal of unbelief in the League—some say impossible, others Utopian—and the general question is what is the League of Nations and what has it done? Well let me give you in simple language a very brief and sketchy outline of the League of Nations and what it has done. You all know that the Peace Conference desired to find a way of settling International disputes, other than by war. When the Conference met it discussed and formulated a Covenant for the League, then proceeded to form a League of Nations based on that Covenant, of which the following is the preamble:

THE HIGH CONTRACTING PARTIES

In order to promote International peace and security.

by the acceptance of obligations not to resort to war,

by the prescription of open, just and honorable relations between nations,

by the firm establishment of the understandings of international law as the actual rule of conduct among Governments, and

by the maintenance of justice and a scrupulous respect for all treaty obligations in the dealings of organized peoples with one another,

Agree to this Covenant of the League of Nations.

This Covenant has been agreed on and been incorporated into every peace treaty which has since been signed with Germany, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria and Turkey, though the latter Treaty has not been yet ratified.

The League consisted at first of thirty-two nations—now it numbers fifty-one, which means that seventy-five per cent. of the total population of the world and sixty-five per cent. of its area has joined the League and accepted its tenets—this surely is some argument for the League.

The organization of the League consists of a Council of eight—one representative for each of the great powers, Great Britain, Italy, France and Japan. It had been hoped that the United States would come in, so far that hope has not been realized, but time may bring that to pass. Then there are four other members to represent the other nations of the League. These are chosen by the Assembly. This Council meets whenever necessary, it is the great executive body of the League and since its inception has already held eighteen meetings.

Then comes the Assembly, which consists of three delegates from every nation with one vote for each nation. So that every nation, large or small, has an equal chance and unanimity is necessary to pass any measure. These two bodies work through a Secretariat, consisting of a Secretary-General (Sir Eric Drummond) who selects and appoints, subject to the Council's approval, all the working staff which is gathered from twenty nations of the world. This is briefly the origin and organization of this great League.

It was my good fortune to be in Geneva in November and December, 1920, and to be able to attend the first assembly. It was held in the noted "Salle de la Reformation," a spacious simple building at one end of which was a platform in two tiers—the upper the tribune where the President Mons. Hymans sat, with the Secretary-General on his left and the Chief Translator on his right; the lower the rostrum from which the delegates addressed the Assembly.

The delegates were alphabetically seated at long rows of desks down the body of the Hall and the languages decided on were French and English—so that all speeches were translated. Here were gathered together the representatives of the forty-seven nations. The potentates of the East Indies, Prince Ranji, Sir Ali-Iman, the dignitaries of China headed by Mr. Wellington Koo, a Prince of Siam with his lovely daughter of twenty-one, who acted as his secretary and spoke fifteen languages; Nansen of Arctic fame; Paderewski of melodious memories pleading for Poland; Mons. Viviani, France's greatest orator; Mr. A. J. Balfour, England's greatest living parliamentarian and Lord Robert Cecil—the man of the moment—and many others. The whole Assembly radiated good will with a desire for definite work and

speedy results. Its motto might have been the final words of Lord Robert Cecil's opening speech—"Be just and fear not."

Now the question is often asked me, what has the League done? Well, let me tell you a few things that it has done. Let us take the work of the Saar Basin. During the war you remember the ruthless destruction of the coal mines of France, destroyed not for any military purposes but merely to cripple France and its industries. In compensation the Peace Treaty allotted to France the coal mines in the region of the Saar Basin in Lorraine, a district rich in coal. These mines were to be in the absolute possession of France for fifteen years and during that time France should have every right and freedom to work these mines. The population of this district is 750,000, practically all Germans. It was impossible to put a French administrator in charge, it was equally impossible to put a German in charge, so the matter was placed in the hands of the League of Nations, which appointed a Delimitation Committee and afterwards nominated an Administrative Commission of Five. This Commission has rendered splendid service and one of the ablest of the five is a Canadian, Mr. Waugh of Winnipeg, who has done most efficient work. At the end of the 15 years of French occupation a plebiscite will be taken to see if the people wish to remain under the League or go to France—or to Germany. Then comes the matter of Dantzig. Poland as you know is an island state, having no seaports for the passage of her exports and imports. The Peace treaty decided that she should have the advantage of a port, so Dantzig on the Baltic was chosen, a corridor was opened through Eastern Germany from Poland—Dantzig was made a free city, the people thereof having the right to formulate a constitution, which had to meet the approval of a High Commissioner, who acts under the supervision of the League. Then there was the more intricate dispute of Upper Silesia. This is a district inhabited by Germans and Poles, all seemingly inextricably intermixed in their affiliated industries, and productive agencies. For two years the great allied Powers tried unsuccessfully to solve the problem. France and England held very definite opposing opinions so no progress could be made. Then the great Powers called in the League of Nations and agreed to abide by its decisions. What happened? The League set to work and appointed a Head Commissioner, Mr. Colonder, a Swiss ex-president, a man noted for his wisdom and clear judgment. He proceeded to the disputed district, and formed a Commission of German and Poles, and within two months a satisfactory agreement was come to, and since then, in that formerly disturbed area every thing is going on peacefully and prosperously under the direction of the League of Nations.

There was also the matter of the Aland Islands, in dispute between Finland and Sweden—happily settled under the League's rule.

Time does not allow one to enter even into sketchy details,—as I want to touch on the subject which is very near to women's hearts, namely the traffic in women and children. It is impossible for you to realize its extent and horrors—heart breaking reports are to hand from Miss Cushman and Miss Jeppe, who are on the Commission of enquiry, which was framed by the League of Nations during its first Assembly. Two thousand three hundred children have been rescued from Mussulman houses where they had been taken and hidden. Fifty per cent. of the Armenian children have been lured away and hidden—innumerable women, mostly young—have been forcibly taken from their homes and compelled to perform most degrading tasks, or shut up in harems where it is impossible to enter. This is just a fragment of the horrors of the traffic—and it is estimated that over 300,000 women and children, mostly Christian, have been forced into this slavery. The League of Nations has taken this up, has formed a Commission of enquiry and the members thereof in face of terrible difficulties have started their work of reclaiming, where possible, and re-instating the victims—of the despoilers. Drastic measures are being taken to root out this evil, and drastic punishments are meted out to the traders in this nefarious work.

Let me touch on the Typhus and epidemic subject. This scourge, which in 1920 ravaged Central Europe, and threatened the world at large, was an aftermath of the great war, and seemingly hopeless of cure. The League stepped in and in conjunction with the Red Cross, took the matter in hand. At the first League of Nations Assembly Sir George Foster made an impassioned appeal for the suffering humanity under its scourge, and the nations contributed two millions towards work of suppression, and now under the League these pestilences have been brought under and Eastern Europe is practically free.

Time forbids me to do more than mention the International Court of Justice, a Court of Judges chosen by the Council and Assembly which meets at the Hague to settle disputes, and whose judgments are compulsory. And now to an end—this brief necessary account of this wonderful League, its objects and its work already done, will bring hope to many for we want no more war, and this League so far is the one movement that has progressed on the lines of peace and freedom from wars. Those of you who have been overseas know of war's horrors and terrors. I was sent in December, 1914, and January, 1915, to the Marne Valley with Headquarters at Senlis, the place where Germans were checked in their advance on Paris. It was a town in ruins, the only building intact being the Hotel de Cerf, which had been managed by a German. There I saw maimed women and children and stood by the graves of the five men shot at dawn for loyalty. Later in the Spring of 1915 I was at Soissons during the bombardment and saw its toll of destruction and dead and wounded. In 1917 my work took me to Switzerland in connection with the military records of the prisoners of war, English and Canadian, in German camps. The horrors of some of these camps, no one can imagine. Stories told me by those who came over to Chateau D'Oex were almost unbelievable. I will not sadden you by telling you more; their memories sear one's soul, and again we all feel we want no more war.

Now, cannot we all take part in this great movement? We women wield untold influence and have innately high ideals. Let us show our ideals to the world and lead the way in doing work for this great ideal of peace—a peace that will heal broken and bruised humanity, and bring again prosperity to the world and to this great and glorious country, so full of riches and possibility. We can work for these ideals feeling that in so doing we are building up a glorious future, not for ourselves perhaps, but for those who follow, whilst we have the satisfaction and reward of knowing that our feet are on the pathway leading to the millenium of the world.

* * *

Sensible Nonsense

By **K. L. R.**

Every boy knows that when blackberries are red, they are green. You may seem to be talking nonsense when you say so, but it is the truth.

That great man, G. K. Chesterton, writes a great deal of sensible nonsense and he likes to use his words to make those things called paradoxes. His sense of incongruity is very active, and you will not get lost in his puzzling lines if you remember that,

"The rule of the road is the paradox quite:
If you keep to the left, you will keep to the right."

It was he who wrote those delightful lines in the little book which he was sending to a child—

"You will not understand a word
Of all the words, including mine;
Never you trouble, you can see,
And all directness is divine—

"Stand up and keep your childishness,
Read all the pedants, screeds and strictures;
But don't believe in anything
That can't be told in colored pictures."

Someone has described the paradox as a manner of "standing TRUTH on its head." A contradiction the paradox may appear to be, yet it is the highest form of truth. Knowing the truth is there, yet appearing queer and sounding strange, do we twist and turn and take a good look at it from all angles? If truth is standing on its head in the paradox, we may by the very oddity of its appearance take more note of it.

Another has called the paradox, "words turned inside out," and has added that to understand them, we must "turn ourselves outside in."

Paradoxes are always turning up. Alice in her Wonderland was turning them up all the time. But they are never found by certain people,—those who always insist on calling "a spade a spade." Such will always miss these delightful discoveries of sensible nonsense.

The Man Without

By Madge Macbeth
Author of "Kleath," etc.

Chap. III (contd.).

HE imagined his confession, the uproar, the indignation, the violent abuse that would follow; he saw himself as the despised outcast of a noble profession, an example of carelessness to students for years to come. But worse than all this, was the knowledge that a certain class of people would pity him; pity him for his disgrace, for his utter loneliness, for his Quixotic concession to the demands of conscience. "That poor Dr. Bragge," they would say.

He groaned aloud, unconscious of the fact that he had done so.

A hand dropped upon his shoulder and startled him unpleasantly. The Oyster stood beside him, looking with sympathetic intelligence into his haggard eyes.

"Have a drink, old fellow," he suggested quite rationally. Then, with an affectionate pat on the shoulder, he returned to his chair, to silence and his pipe.

The look, the words, the act turned the channel of Bragge's thoughts and set him at a renewed consideration of The Oyster. Was he a congenital idiot, or was his mental derangement recent and temporary? What prompted those infrequent outbursts of speech, upon subjects so diverse? Had he limited his remarks to snakes or motors or any other single topic, Bragge would have seen nothing extraordinary in the case. The fixed idea is one of the first symptoms of an unbalanced mind. It was The Oyster's versatility that mystified him, and the fact that his observations, though brief, were not made at random. Especially pertinent was his last suggestion. He seemed to do the right thing, instinctively.

Bragge produced a bottle and set it on the table between them, hoping that the potency of its contents would stimulate further conversation. Again, however, he was disappointed. His guest evidently knew when he had enough, and could be induced neither to guzzle nor to talk. But he watched the doctor in a peculiar sort of way, somewhat like a dog might have watched his little playmate who had burst into tears.

"Dashed if I don't think the fellow knows I'm in trouble," thought Bragge, and he took a little comfort from the thought.

Patiently, he put questions to The Oyster; all sorts of questions touching upon locality, names, business enterprises, brands of whiskey, tropical animals, the Jamieson accident. But although the young man smiled and nodded pleasantly, he refused to take the bait Bragge threw. Could anything be more baffling?

Nothing! Unless it was that the disappearance of a personable young man, belonging obviously to the better class, could cause no comment and no search.

The telephone rang.

"Police Headquarters speaking," said a voice.

Bragge's head swam. "They've got me," he thought, forgettng all about The Oyster.

"The Chief had to go out," continued the speaker, "but he thought you'd like to know that we've had no call for your little friend. Do you want us to take him, tonight?"

Bragge could afford to be generous. "I'll give him another night's lodging," he said. "Surely, some one will miss him by morning. He must belong to somebody, be wanted somewhere!"

The Sergeant was of the opinion that there wasn't a keen demand for 'nuts,' at the moment. "If you were depriving anybody, you'd be sure to hear of it. People don't let their treasures escape without raising an awful howl—believe me, doctor!"

Bragge observed that the fellow did not look as though he had been neglected.

"Oh, well," returned the Sergeant, "you never can tell about some folks. Kicking him out is one thing, but hunting him up, once he's strayed, is quite another matter. However, we're keeping our eyes open. Can't make a house-to-house canvass, you know," he went on, jocularly. "Why don't you give the story to the papers? They'd eat it up. Always glad to get something new."

With his hand on the knob, Bragge paused."

"I don't see anything new about it," Bragge objected.

"You don't? Why it's new even to us! Baby-on-the-doorstep, now, is old stuff—in cold weather, especially. But a full-grown man is a novelty, I'll say so, doctor! Consider it, yourself! Not even a locket around his neck, the Chief said. Who ever heard of such a thing? I suppose you've been down to Kingdom Come?" he asked.

With a pounding heart, Bragge admitted that he had not visited the morgue. "Had my hands full looking after this chap," he said by way of explanation.

"I'll bet my shirt you're the only doctor in the city who hasn't," returned the Sergeant. "Better have a look—by glory, it's a sight you'll never forget!"

The doctor mumbled that he didn't doubt it, and thought he would go down on the following day. Then he asked if anything new had developed.

It was probably due to his overwrought imagination that the Sergeant's answer seemed so long in coming, and so sinister when it came.

"They know something," he thought. "Every doctor in the city down there. Oh, my God!"

"Well, I haven't anything to give out," came the reply, at last, "but when we say the word, you sit up and prepare for the surprise of your life. Believe me, doctor, there isn't anybody down here who's asleep on his job. No, sir!"

Bragge hung up the receiver convinced that he was under suspicion. He would confess. He would rather confess than be watched, trailed and finally arrested. And yet, he asked himself, how could he be suspected? What clue was there connecting that unidentified man with him? Carefully, he reviewed every detail of the visit. With a throb of hope he remembered that the patient had paid his fee in cash and had not taken a receipt. In what other way could he have been traced?

No satisfactory answer presented itself, and yet Bragge knew that clues are obtained from the most unexpected sources. Some one might have seen the patient entering or leaving the office; he might have mentioned his proposed visit to someone earlier in the evening—he might have cried out Bragge's name in the hearing of some one—even a small child—as the first spasms of agony seized him.

Back and forth, round and round, he went over the situation, until he felt that he had plumbed the nethermost depths of wretchedness. Worry, that he had previously ignored and likened to a knapsack in the cellar, now leaped up the steps, two at a time, and fastened itself heavily upon his shoulders. He knew at last, why some people wear that broken, spiritless, hunted expression, although none could bear a trouble so harrowing as this!

Mrs. Hicks opened the door and fixed a malignant eye upon him.

"I can't stye to get supper," she announced. "But I've lyde the tyble wth a plyce for the Inkhog, if you've a mind to feed 'im."

Bragge had not. He and his guest dined down town. The Oyster's wounds had progressed so satisfactorily that he was able

to dispense with his turban-like headgear, and save for an odd bit of adhesive plaster, almost hidden by his thick hair, he looked like any other well-groomed young man engaged in the serious business of refreshing debilitated tissues.

He behaved with pleasing distinction, handing the menu to Bragge as though he were host of the occasion. This courtesy observed, however, he seemed to forget all about the necessity of ordering the meal, and looked intently at the opposite wall until food was set before him. Bragge essayed a few random remarks more for the sake of appearance than because he felt like talking. For the first time in his life he was at a loss for something to say. He felt that silence was easier than speech, and he was conscious of a distaste for the sound of his own voice.

Much to his relief there was no one present whom he knew. Everyone was discussing the latest developments of the Jamieson tragedy — the case of the murdered man.

"Father says the murderer hasn't a chance in the world," announced a young girl at the table next to Bragge. "Poison is one of the easiest things to trace."

"He ought to know," returned her companion, "but I must say I can't see how. Suppose the meds. agree that the man died from a dose of strychnine, how in blazes are you going to trace the murderer with a hundred or more druggists selling the stuff?"

"Father doesn't think it was a druggist. He thinks it was a doctor, or maybe some one who posed as being a doctor. Or," she continued, "as I said, some one may have put poison in his food. That's often done, you know. Anyway, Dad says he might as well give himself up . . and you know how many criminals he has tried."

Bragge's food stuck in his throat. He was a doomed man. Futile was all his wondering whether or not to confess. Already, he was suspected! "Father doesn't think it was a druggist. He thinks it was a doctor . . ."

Had Fenniman been in the room, Bragge would have blurted out the whole miserable thing to him. The prospect of being taken, after an unsuccessful effort to hide his guilt, was intolerable.

The voice of the young man at the next table broke in upon his suffering.

"Still, you know, he may not have done the thing deliberately."

"The result is the same."

"Not to him—poor devil!"

"Perhaps not. No, of course not! If he didn't mean to . . . Oh, Tony, how I should pity him!"

With difficulty Bragge suppressed a groan. She would pity him . . this girl who, as yet, looked at life over the rim of a tea cup and the surface of a ball room floor!

Beneath the table, his nails bit into his palms. He imagined the atmosphere of the room if all of those smug diners knew. He fancied all those faces turned toward him with the morbid curiosity so characteristic of the human race. He pictured forks poised in the air and mouths unbecomingly dropped as some one pointed out the latest sensation. He saw himself pointed at, whispered about, followed with accusing eyes all his life.

"Good God," he cried within himself, "anything but that!"

Insane thoughts of flight, of burying himself in Tasmania, Patagonia, Nigeria, crossed his mind. Then, a curious idea popped into his head. What, he asked himself, would the Penfields say? How would the garrulous Bobby regard his crime; or Mrs. Penfield, who had placed her daughter so unsuspectingly in his hands; or Bernice, whose pansy eyes throbbed with some hidden trouble of her own—what would she say if she knew that he had inoculated a fellow being with four minims of deadly poison? Would she despise him, shrink from him, pity him?

Although he was in anything but an analytical mood, Allison Bragge was surprised, astounded, to realize how much Bernice Penfield's opinion meant to him. He recalled the faint flicker of amusement she flashed at him, the mute invitation to share her confidence, with the first pleasureable emotion he had felt for hours. He remembered his determination to discover her trouble, and try to relieve it. He experienced a distinct shock in imagining the Penfield home closed against him. Somehow, it seemed natural that Bernice had come into his life to stay! Suddenly, everything blurred before his vision. The lights swam, the china crashed, people shouted.

"I can't say much for your first treatment," whispered Mrs. Penfield

He felt as though he were sliding down, down, down—. He clutched at the table, and spilled a glass of ice water over his hand. Then, gradually out of the confusion, he saw The Oyster, opposite, searching gravely through the pockets of his borrowed clothes for money with which to pay the bill!

CHAPTER IV.

The first sleepless night that Bragge had ever experienced, crawled slowly away and hid itself in the glory of a wonderful autumn morning. Birds chirrupped merrily from tree to tree, milkmen whistled blithely as they made their clinking progress from door to door, the youth who flung the daily news into Bragge's vestibule, advised all who cared to hear that he had "luft his luve in Avul-lun, bee-si-hide the ba-hay," and seemed inordinately proud of having put one over the poor unsuspecting girl. Even The Oyster hummed something like a tune as he prepared to partake of Mrs. Hicks' culinary failures.

But all this gaiety mocked Bragge's tortured spirit. Through the night he had writhed in the grip of demons, and the morning found them still unconquered. He couldn't believe he had done that horrible thing..he could find no convincing proof to the contrary. He couldn't make up his mind to confess—he dared not withhold his confession! The irresolution, the suspense was hideous. He took his shower possessed by the thought that another twenty-four hours of such a struggle, would find him in an asylum for the insane..a finish to his career that he had never previously considered.

He searched the paper for any Quebec news that would throw light or hope upon his problem. Evidently no passenger for that city had died in the sleeper. Evidently, too, no one had come forward to claim the victim of the recent motor tragedy. Equally unsuccessful was he in finding any enquiries for a man answering The Oyster's description. It was obvious that the death of one person and the disappearance of another caused no distress to their respective family or friends. He simply could not understand it!

The Oyster's condition was practically unchanged. His eye may have been a little clearer, his glance a trifle less indefinite, but he showed no symptoms of loquacity even in its incipient stages. Only once during breakfast did he speak, and then with his habitual brevity. Mrs. Hicks brought him a cup of murky fluid that bore a close resemblance to the River Thames after a hard rain. She approached no closer than absolutely necessary when placing it before him. She retired to a distance and regarded him with a suspicious eye.

The young man looked into his cup. His manner became a little more concentrated, mildly curious. He smelled the beverage, tasted it, frowned and remarked:

"The bean has not been ground half fine enough, old fellow, if I might mention it, you know."

At the sound of his voice, low-pitched, pleasantly modulated, unmistakably English, Mrs. Hicks gasped audibly. Her eyes bulged, her lower jaw dropped to the greatest possible distance from the upper part of her

(*Continued on page 54*)

DRESS

By Kitty Hardcastle

DESPITE the joys and attractions of summer, one's mind will occasionally turn to the things of early autumn, and among them, one's clothes. And it's not a bad thing to begin early to plan for the cool weather; if one does, in all probability, the result will be more satisfactory than if left till the last minute, when one buys in haste and repents at leisure.

The first step in planning for autumn is to take an inventory of what one has on hand, how much of it will do without alterations and how much can be salvaged. In all probability, there will be much letting down of skirts, especially if you have been following the recent fashions closely enough to have been wearing yours very much abbreviated. Canadians will not of course be going to the extremes of length which I hear they are wearing in Paris, but I certainly think we shall be adding a little to the length.

Evening dresses will be longer than day-time ones. Ankle-length is predicted for evening and a little shorter for suits and day-time dresses. Dresses still have the uneven hem-line, and one-side tight hip drapery is the feature to be noted with the opening of the season. These are some suggestions that you may be able to incorporate in last year's gowns if you are making alterations in them.

One of the things most of us are prone to leave till the last possible moment, is the repairing and renovating of our fur coat. This is a mistake. If we do not send it to the furrier to put in cold storage for us in the spring, we should get it out at once and see what kind of order it is in. If it needs repairs, take it to the store where it was purchased and ask the merchant to give you an estimate of putting it in good shape for you. If the sum is satisfactory, give instructions to go ahead with it at once, for if you leave it till later, the probability is that some cold and frosty morning you'll waken up to wish you had it, and there will be several others ahead of it and you'll have to await your turn. If you do this, don't blame the store—blame yourself for not attending to it early. Anent your fur coat, I might mention that cord and jet girdles are to be worn with fur coats and wraps this winter instead of fur belts, especially on long coats. Composition buttons are also taking the place of fur buttons. Both shawl and choker collars will be worn on the new coats, and the sleeves are very large with nice cosy wind-shields inside.

You might take the same advice in regard to your cloth coat. If last year's is good for another season, but needs relining, cleaning, pressing or any other little attention, take it to your tailor at once. Very likely he is having all he can do to find enough work to keep his staff busy now, and will welcome your work, whereas, if you wait till he begins on his fall orders, why, you'll just have to await his convenience and perhaps he won't want to do it at all for you.

If you are going to have a new coat, you'll want it early, very likely, and there is a very practical type of coat that every woman should have. It is a mannish looking tailored coat made of a plaid-backed rather rough, surfaced cloth, showing a heather mixture. You can have your choice of English, Scotch, Irish or Canadian cloths—at least they are being made in all these cloths, and your local merchants will likely have an assortment of them. They are patterned after the English tourist coat, and are tremendously popular. If you want to spend a little more money, just have a raccoon collar on yours, and you'll have the last word in fashion.

I have just been looking at samples of the new fall dresses, and perhaps a few details concerning them may interest you. They are graceful. Short skirts may be smart looking, but long ones are graceful, if of course, they are worn by one who has poise and grace of carriage. The street dresses are made of tricotine, broadcloth or duvetyn, navy and the brown and beige tones prevailing. The bateau neck of the present season has been so well liked that autumn has made it her own. The waist line remains low and the one-side drapery is considered newer than when both sides are draped. The manner of draping is that of a wrapped around skirt, the overlapping side caught up at the waist with a cabochon and the fulness in front. These ornamental cabochons, buckles or double clasps are very fashionable; so are jet or metallic ceintures (girdles), which have deep fringe rather than pendant ends such as have been in fashion. These are sometimes composed of gun metal and jet beads and are very elaborate in their construction.

Sleeves are as capricious as the weather in April. You can never be sure whether a model is going to have three-quarter, full length or exceedingly long pointed ones till you see them. The more capricious they are, the better they conform with the mode of the moment. In dinner dresses and in evening dresses also, they are draperies rather than sleeves and

A Youthful Fur Coat Made of Muskrat Skins and Lined with Bordered Pussy Willow

Photo by Tornello

fall quite to the knee or even farther.

In silk weaves, crepes are the order of the day, both Canton and Georgette are featured and both are so soft and supple that they lend themselves admirably to the mode which calls for drapery and panels.

Laces must be considered. First there is Chantilly, a pretty fine lace which never really goes out of fashion for one purpose or another. This is draped over a soft metallic foundation and makes a very rich gown. More popular priced are the radium laces which come in all the flower-like tints and shades that fashion so much loves in this day and generation. And then there are the wool and silk laces which have had quite a vogue in Paris and New York. These are very pretty and effective and while many of the patterns are heavy, there are others quite as cobwebby as one could desire. They are really a kind of wool embroidery on net and also come in all the modish colorings. These are used for blouses as well as for dresses and make very pretty panels and trimmings for a dressy model such as are expected to be fashionable for semi-formal wear the coming autumn.

* * *

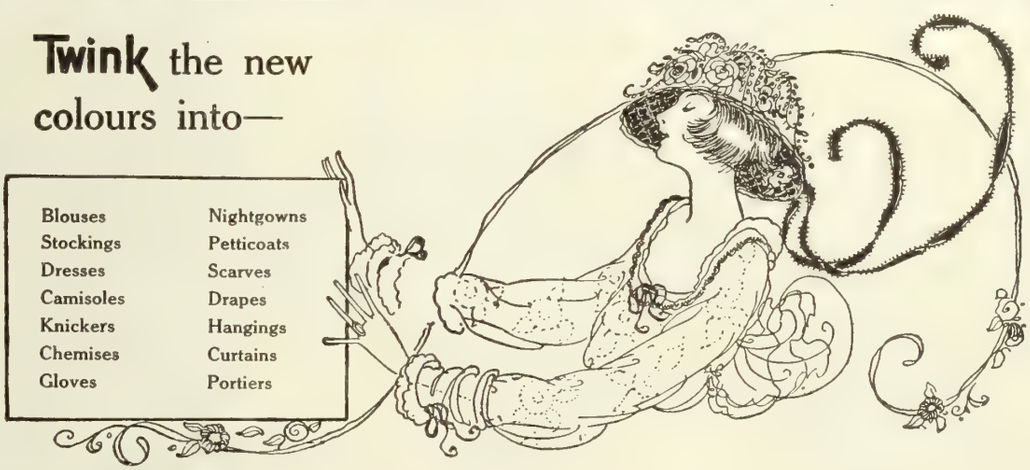
THE CO-OPERATIVE SPIRIT

Sir Joseph Flavelle, in a recent speech, laid much stress on the need of social unity. Co-operation between all classes, work with hand or brain for every able-bodied adult, and economy in our living, were his three suggested remedies to recover the world from the waste, in body and spirit, of the War.

Surely, when at last men have called women to their side, to help to disentangle the complicated social and political problems of the world, we can hope that Labor and Capital will draw nearer an understanding with each other?

Against the Red madness of the Bolshevik idea, frantically declaring that no class but its own must be trusted, or hardly allowed to live, is it not possible that a White brotherhood may take shape among us?

Twink the new colours into—



Blouses	Nightgowns
Stockings	Petticoats
Dresses	Scarves
Camisoles	Drapes
Knickers	Hangings
Chemises	Curtains
Gloves	Portiers

Twink Washes and Dyes at the same time

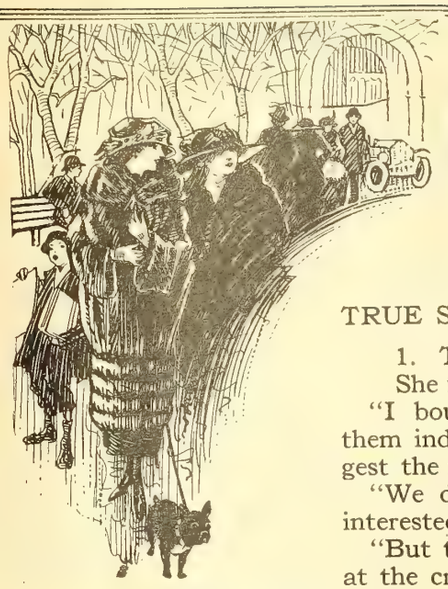
Really—with such a riot of charming colours so prevalent this year—you feel "out of it" if you do not reflect the fashions. Yet, one cannot always get the very new colours in the stores, nor can one well afford to discard one's things before they are worn out. Here is where the wonderful Twink coloured flakes come to your rescue. Into the shining Twink lather simply put your garment or fabric and swish it to and fro a few minutes—then rinse, and presto! you ***have*** that wonderful new colour you want—clear, clean, beautiful and ***fast***.

The Drug and Departmental Stores sell Twink, 21 new shades.

Twink

Made by the makers of Lux

T3



Good Garments

Our Service Department

TRUE STORIES FROM LIFE.

1. The Indignant Woman.

She faced the Languid Lady behind the counter—and there was fire in her eye.

"I bought these silk stockings from you last week.—Look at them!" She dangled them indignantly, limp prodigals, returning homewards with nothing about them to suggest the fatted calf. "I want a pair in exchange."

"We don't exchange goods that have been worn," breathed the Languid Lady disinterestedly.

"But they haven't been worn. See for yourself," cried the Indignant Woman. "Look at the crease in the foot. When my toe got as far as the knee, the whole front of the leg ran in 'ladders' before it—at a *touch*—And I didn't even open the second stocking—."

"You might see the Manager," remarked the Languid Lady, in the tone of one willing to direct sight-seers, though she thought their desires in questionable taste.

The Manager, applied to, said he regretted the incident—but the makers of those stockings accepted no responsibility for their goods.

"Had you bought a recognized brand, the A—or B—for instance (which are very little dearer than these you bought—in fact B—are exactly the same price) the makers would have replaced the stockings in a case like this.—The probability is, however, their stockings would have given you entire satisfaction because *as they guarantee their goods they are particularly careful not to send out flawed articles*—but if a genuine fault develops in their goods, they are always ready to replace them—The firm, however, who manufactured the stockings you bought give us no guarantee."

"And do *you* not guarantee the goods you sell?"

The Manager shrugged his shoulders. "Not unless the Manufacturer stands behind it—We couldn't afford to—But if you will allow me to sell you"—he held up a pair of trade-marked hose—

"No, thank you," said the still Indignant Woman primly—and she walked out of the shop, without another word—she knew if she said anything she would say too much. So she walked a block and a half to the Long Counter where they sell the Only Perfect Cold Drink in Town, and in the serene silence which surrounds all those who drink it—she registered the following series of consecutive thoughts.—

1. She had done with *that* store forever.
   (a) He couldn't afford to guarantee his goods, couldn't he? (b) He'd lose on it in the long run.
   (c) He was a good salesman!—for somebody else!
2. Trade-marked goods—there was a useful lesson in that.
   (a) The stockings she had bought were imported goods—that would naturally add to the difficulty of getting anything replaced. (b) Both brands mentioned by the Manager were Canadian manufactures.
   (c) They were a product that was nationally advertised—she had recognized the name at once.
3. "*As they guarantee their goods, they are particularly anxious not to send out the flawed article.*"
   (a) Common sense in that—they wouldn't want to be marked with a low average.
   (b) The standard of the anonymous goods—was just chance.
   (c) The standard of trade-marked goods was practically a certainty. Tastes might differ—but you could count on value.
4. Nationally advertised—
   (a) The Manufacturer thought his product so good, he was willing to spend money to say so.
   (b) He thought that if the Buying Public tried it, they would recognize its worth, and so repay him.
   (c) The Manufacturer wasn't afraid to give it a name— (d) He believed in it himself.
   (e) He was really doing his best, not only to give you your money's worth—but to *see you get it.*

The (less) Indignant Woman laid a quarter on the counter, as she drained the end of the Perfect Drink.

"Perhaps," she thought, "It is worth the price of these rotten stockings, to learn by heart the lesson about trade-marked goods."

Then she pocketed her five cents change, walked back one and a half blocks, and entering the Rival Store opposite the place where she had bought the "Ladders" and the wisdom!—she purchased two pairs of hose of the well-known A—Brand.

That was her initiation fee to the Society of Sensible Women whose Slogan to the Manufacturer is—

TRADE-MARK YOUR GOODS, THEN MARK OUR TRADE.

These women are not out to support Canadian manufacturers from any ideas of puny patriotism. They want goods that have been made in Canada—that have been made *good*—and that have *made* good.

The trade-mark is like the hall-mark—There will be different patterns—different tastes—These will only help the natural selection that every woman wants to exercise.

We are in the position of the Retail Shopman who wants to stand behind the goods he advertises. We want to stand behind every advertisement in this magazine—If it is really good, we want to boost it—if not, we don't want to advertise it to you. Will you help us?

Come in on our Get-together Scheme—give us your ideas—your co-operation. The housewives of Canada can give the good and honest Canadian Manufacturer what he needs—Success And they can put the shoddy purveyor out of business, if they set about it seriously. Join us!

What Modern Eve would fear the Fall, if it would leave her in a gown like one of these?

ANITA

Fashioned in an alternate pattern of lattice work and leaves, the clever weaving of the black Spanish lace that makes this lovely dance or dinner frock, causes it to fall in slim lines that are suggestive of alluring curves—The simplicity of its cut shows its perfection, and the beauty of the lace is its own trimming. It is mounted on a slip, of habutai silk, and finished at the top with a rich cording of the same; while a flash of coquetry comes in the double garniture of blue and gold brocaded ribbon that encircles the waist, and falls in a cascade of double loops and ends, at one side.

PAULA

Is there a tang of autumn in the air today?— You will welcome it if you have a piece of "preparedness" like this in your wardrobe. It runs the gamut of autumn tints, from the sand coloured twilled tricotine of which it is fashioned, to the tinted browns and reddish pinks (shot here and there with a gleaming thread of gold) with which it is embroidered; the exquisite flame-coloured canton crepe with which cuffs and drapery are lined; and the gay little cone-shaped ornaments of scarlet and silver that tinkle and twinkle on the tabard cuffs. The back is straight, with a narrow belt that joins the dignified sash end where an ornamental buckle of tinted brass cements their happy union.

DAPHNE

A lissom gown of the softest navy blue canton crepe, whose "angel" sleeves are fitting companions for the cloudlike folds of the graceful skirt which flows from corded shirrings above the hips, into an exquisite drapery that is caught at the left side under a lucky star (a lovely shell ornament of white and blue) and ends in a scarf-like sash end. The neck is finished with three tiny folds of itself.

LADIES' WEAR LTD., Toronto, Ont.

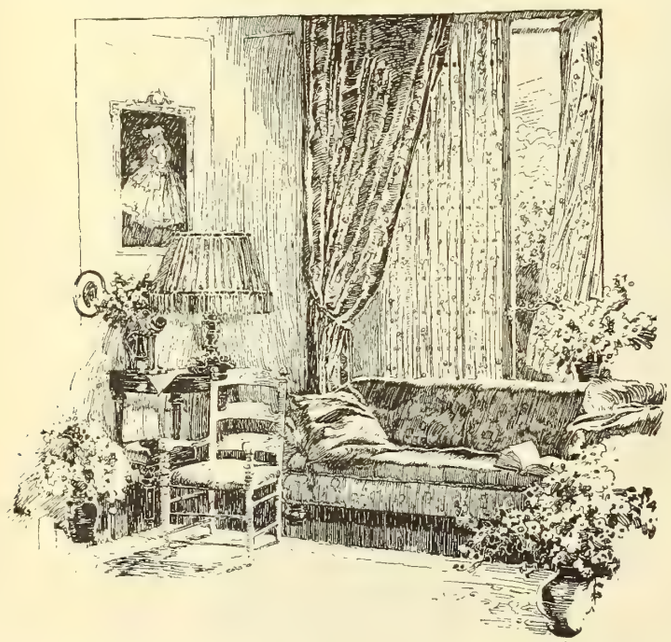
CREATORS, DESIGNERS and MAKERS OF HIGH CLASS WEARING APPAREL FOR WOMEN OF DISCRIMINATING TASTE

Interior Decoration

How and Where to Hang Pictures

By Hazel Howe

IF there is one place where a lack of the "house variety" of common sense and taste, will show itself more quickly than another it is probably in the hanging of pictures. This is so true that one is almost tempted to say better none than badly hung pictures. There seems to be an idea abroad that the more pictures and the more fantastic their arrangement the better the effect produced. How often do we see small pictures grouped on a wall in a sort of steps of stairs arrangement, in squares, or large and small pictures hung with no possible suggestion of a mechanical, much less an aucult balance; as a matter of fact some people do all sorts of things with the idea that the result will be decorative, forgetting that very few of us have the decorative talent all sprouted and ready to blossom with a very little encouragement. These gifts from the Gods are very scarce nowadays, whatever they may have been in ancient Greece; nevertheless a large number of people go out on the housetop and with the greatest abandon possible cry aloud that it is the duty of everyone to be original, with no mention of using a little common sense to temper this unknown quantity, and as result the world is full of their misshapened efforts in colour and design.

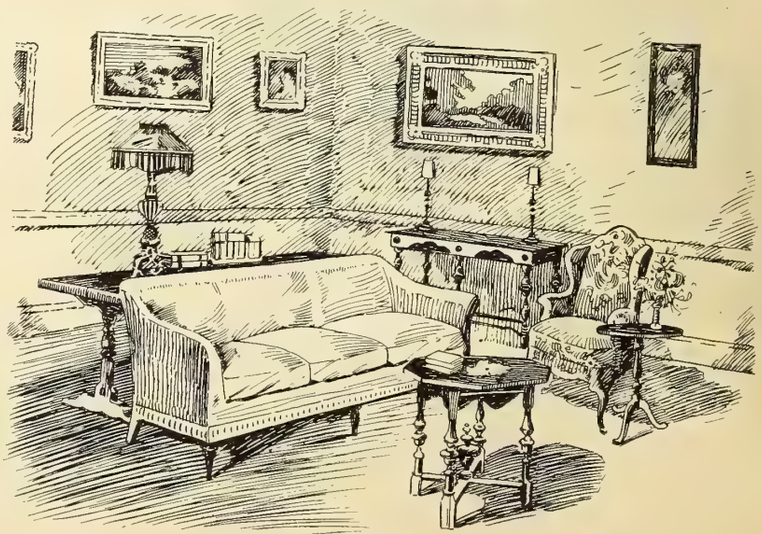


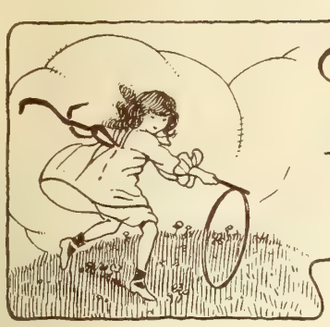
If some reader has a room in which he or she wishes to hang pictures, choose the wall spaces that really require some added interest, not every little nook and corner in which nothing has been hung. Such spaces, for instance, as over a mantel, or piano or some other large wall. Consider the size of these spaced and the general character of the room; do not try to put French prints of the period of Louis XV, in an early English Living Room with oak furniture, the two things are incongruous—a good landscape would probably be a safe addition to such a room, or a portrait by an early painter.

A mirror or tapestry may also be used with just as good an effect as a picture, and would add considerable variety to the detailing of the room. While we have discriminated at the start against arranging groups of pictures in a haphazard manner, they may be grouped properly with very good effect. Take for example a good sized space over a mantel and use three pictures one fairly large in the center, and two smaller ones, one on either side of the large one. The subjects for these need not be the same but they should be similar in feeling. This may be made a very interesting arrangement, but it is a difficult thing to do and do well, as the effect can be very "patchy" if the proper selection of pictures is not made.

With regard to the subjects of pictures, it would take too much time and space here, to mention the thousands of good prints which may be had at a comparatively low cost, and one must develop their sense of the fitness of things to the extent where they will know when to use a coloured print or a black and white or sepia. Coloured prints usually look better in gilt frames, but there is really no rule for this—consider your walls and furniture carefully and unless the extra size is absolutely necessary, do not matt pictures, but frame them up close. There is a point which may be of interest to people with panelled walls, which is, do not cross or connect panels with a picture, center your picture at the average eye level inside your panel and do not use picture wire for this purpose. Picture wire or chain is seldom ornamental, and the habit of hanging pictures on one hook so that the wire and top of frame form a triangle is one of the worst things we do in house decorating. If your pictures are so heavy that they really have to be hung on wire or chains use two hangers and place them the width of the picture apart and at right angles to the top of the picture—all other pictures should be hung on push pins at the average eyelevel, not up under the cornice moulding; this point requires little artistic taste, it is merely a matter of common sense. If the room in question is a Drawing Room you may cover the wires with ribbon the same colour as the wall treatment, the idea being to make the wire as inconspicuous as possible. Rosettes may be used to cover the hangers. You will find this a very pleasing solution to the picture wire or chain question.

Mostly all one can say on such a subject usually amounts to a succession of "don'ts", for the habit of hanging all sorts of pictures in all sorts of ways, gives rise to much criticism, whereas the properly restrained choice of a few good pictures carefully placed can only add to the general interest of any room.





The Children's Section

Boys and Girls Come Out to Play

Dimbie Dustman Tales

By M. O. TAYLOR

ONE day poor little Dimbie was so ill that she could hardly lift her head off the pillow. It ached so much and her eyes felt so tired, they wouldn't keep open and everything was a nuisance; but at last she fell fast asleep, and when she awoke up the first thing she saw was a lovely bunch of roses, pink and red and yellow and white, all nodding their beautiful heads as much as to say, "Better now, eh! Dimbie?" Her headache had all flown away and she felt quite well again, and she said to Mummy.

"I think it must have been the booful roses, Mummy." And Mummy said, "Yes, my darling, I think so too." And when bedtime came Mummy told her the story of

The Rose Fairy

Once in a lovely garden there grew a beautiful white rose, and right in the heart of it there lived a little fairy and she was just as sweet and lovely as the rose itself, and the sun shone on them, the winds sang to them and the bees came and whispered all sorts of lovely things in the little fairy's ear and they were both quite happy, because they loved each other.

One day two little children came down the garden path and when they saw how beautiful and white and pure the rose was, they picked and carried it away.

Then the poor rose shook with fear and some of her pretty petals fell to the ground and the little fairy nestled right down close to her heart and said

"Oh where are we going dear one?"
and the rose said,

"I don't know, but wherever we are the Fairy Queen will take care of us."

And the children carried the rose to their little sister. Poor wee girlie! she had a bad back and had to be all day long on a sofa, and could never run about and play like other children. Wasn't that sad? But when she saw the rose with its cool green shiney leaves and soft white petals she clapped her hands and cried,

"Oh the dear Rose; put it close by me where I can smell it, dear, dear Rose."

And when she was quite alone she turned her poor little sad face up to the beautiful flower and told her all about it:

How once she used to be quite well and strong and then one day she slipped and fell and hurt her back, and lots of doctors had come to see her but they couldn't make her better.

"And do you think dear Rose, I shall ever be well again?" she said; and the Rose nodded her head and said,

"Yes, dear, you will; only wait."

And then the little Rose Fairy climbed to the top of the flower and peeped over the petals at the little girl and when she saw what a sweet kind face she had and what soft little white hands, she crawled right out and flew on to the pillow and stroked her hair from her hot little head and whispered all sorts of lovely things in her ear, about cool meadows, and green trees, and shining water and flying birds.

"Some day you shall see them all," said the Rose Fairy. "Some day, some day," and then she softly kissed the tired eyes and the little girl was fast asleep, and all through her dream the Rose Fairy whispered, "Soon you will be well and strong again—quite soon, quite soon."

And when she opened her eyes there was a Doctor bending over her with a kind face and big strong hands, and he felt the poor little back all over, and although the hands looked so soft and tender they hurt her more than anyone else had ever done; once so much that she gave a big scream and then the Doctor smiled and stroked her face and called her a "brave little girl" and because he looked so kind and big and strong she told him what the Rose had said. He looked at the Rose nodding on its stalk and back at the little face on the pillow, and then at the Rose again; and then he took the little white hands in both his big strong ones and said, very gently,

"Yes, my dear little girl, what the Rose told you is quite true."

And so after many, many days the little girl did get quite well again and could run and jump and play just like my girlie does.

But the poor Rose hung its head more and more every day and the Rose fairy leaned against its heart and sighed for home; and the little girl looked at it sadly and said,

"Oh Mother dear, I'm afraid my poor Rose is dying."

But the Fairy Queen came and took the Rose and the Rose Fairy back to Fairyland and planted them both in her beautiful garden where nothing ever dies.

Nature Notes for Young Students

By Pauline Ward

IF you would be happy, learn to love Nature. She will lead you along paths of countless delights, reveal to you her wonderful secrets, and fill your todays with health and gladness and your to-morrows with ever increasing joys.

Those who listen to the voice of Dame Nature and heed her lessons enter into a fuller, freer and richer life of love and understanding, to which the passing years serve to bring new pleasures and added interest.

The writer invites all young readers of this column to send in items of interest or any questions they would like answered in regard to nature study. Answers will appear monthly in these columns and by thus sharing with each other the knowledge and wisdom we have gained in our walks through woodland and field we shall draw closer together in the bonds of that great brotherhood of nature lovers.

The Young Kingbird.

As the Kingbirds belong to the "flycatcher" family they are entitled to be treated as the friends of man.

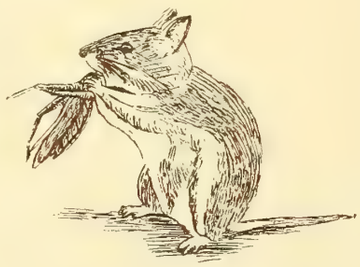
It is very interesting to watch these birds feeding as they catch all their food in midair and consequently have to work very hard for their meals. The young Kingbirds begin to show the pugnacious nature of their parents at a very early age, and while they are quite polite to each other in the nest and show respect for their elders, they nevertheless always seem to be on guard. They are fearless fighters and never hesitate to attack hawks, crows or other birds that venture near them.

The Kingbirds prefer to live in gardens and orchards and on account of the good work they do in destroying insects they should be encouraged to become our guests. It is difficult, however, to get them to nest in a small garden. The plumage of the Kingbird is ashy black above, with a grayish white breast, the plumage of the young being similar to that of the parent birds.

The Grasshopper Mouse.

The grasshopper mouse is the most interesting member of the mouse family. The upper part of this little creature is a lovely shade of delicate light brown, while the tail and underpart are pure white.

The plains of Saskatchewan claim this mouse and from there it ranges southward to the tablelands of Mexico. It lives in burrows either of its own making or else takes possession of the abandoned homes of other mice or small mammals.



The nest, like the nests of all the mouse tribe, is a very snug and cosy affair and is made entirely of soft vegetable matter. Usually two litters of young are born each season, numbering from two to six in a litter.

The bill of fare of this mouse is very varied and consists of lizards, frogs, cutworms, and caterpillars, beside moles, crickets, moths, winged insects generally, and beetles, especially the ground beetles. It also eats that terrible pest, the potato beetle. Seeds of weeds and small wild fruits are also eaten, but the food which the mouse finds most relishing is the grasshopper, hence its name of grasshopper mouse.

Like most of his relations this mouse sits upright while eating and holds the food in his front paws. It often happens that when the mouse has caught a large grasshopper the insect kicks so vigorously that the mouse has a hard time to keep his balance.

The Skunk.

While nearly every boy and girl is familiar with the name of the skunk and the offensive odor it is capable of throwing out, few are acquainted with its appearance and habit. The skunk is really a pretty little creature about two feet long and its fur is valued under the trade name of Alaska Sable.

The mink and weasel are closely related to the skunk and also have the unpleasant habit of creating an offensive odor when frightened or angry. The pungent liquid discharged by the skunk comes from two small capsules no larger than peas situated under the root of the tail, and the stench is so strong that it will permeate the atmosphere for the radius of a mile.

Snakes, insects, mice, and other animals form the principal food of the skunk, but when its natural food becomes scarce it will attack the farmers' chickens, and this unfortunately causes the farmer to look upon it as an enemy. As a matter of fact, however, it is really a good friend to the farmer as it destroys countless numbers of moles and field mice. It is also very fond of grasshoppers. One day last August I was resting on the low-spreading branches of a willow tree on a farm I was visiting. The day was warm and all around me the grasshoppers jumped and sang when, as I sat dreamily watching the busy life of the fields, a little striped skunk came along at a leisurely gait. I sat very still and quiet and watched him as he made a delicious luncheon off the grasshoppers. He was busy feeding for over half an hour and his eyes gleamed with delight as he stuffed his bulging sides. After watching the way in which Mr. Skunk went after those grasshoppers, I had no doubt as to his value to the farmer in ridding the farm of small pests.

WASPS A PENNY EACH.

Council Pays for the Capture of Queens.

Does a Wasp Do More Good Than Harm?

The Council of Hythe, a town in England, has offered a penny for every queen wasp that is taken dead to the Surveyor's Department.

Everywhere the war on the wasp goes on without cessation. Let a queen wasp but show herself, and she is pounced upon and slain, the result being that later on in the season there will be at least one brood the fewer to prey on the ripe fruit in the garden and orchard, and to buzz about the dining-room frightening all the nervous people.

There are many persons who seem to think that the one object in life of a wasp is to select a suitable place on an arm or face and to use its sting there with good effect. Of course this is not the case. The sting is purely a weapon of defence so far as people are concerned.

There is often great rivalry between different villages as to which can show the greatest number of casualties among the wasps, and it is generally supposed that such rivalry is all to the good.

But is it? The wasp is, of course, a great lover of fruit, and often plays havoc among the plum and pear trees. A plague of wasps is, indeed, a very great nuisance, and when there are excessive numbers it is an advantage to thin them out. But to exterminate the wasp in a district as many try to do, would probably result in disaster.

Wasps, while they eat a good deal of fruit, live chiefly on other insects, and one of their main articles of diet is the filthy and harmful house-fly, that is responsible for so much summer sickness.

The Rev. J. G. Wood, the famous naturalist, watched the wasps near his home, and says: "I have seen the wasps flying by hundreds into pigsties and carrying off the flies as they swarmed upon the pigs that were luxuriously basking in the sun."

He is of the opinion that unless they swarm excessively they do more good than harm.

The balance of Nature is a very delicate thing, and when we once begin to interfere with it no one can say what the consequences will be. There is nothing, however, against keeping the numbers of wasps within bounds.

Young Helpers' League of Service

Dedicated to every Boy and Girl in Canada

Conducted by Aunt June

Pledge for Helpers

"Do a little kindness to someone every day,
Scatter rays of sunshine all along the way."

I pledge myself in the service of my King and Country to DO MY BEST IN MY DAILY WORK, wherever it may be, to help others wherever possible, and to endeavor in every way to make myself A GOOD CITIZEN.

Date.....
Name .....
Age .....
Address .....

AUNT JUNE'S CORNER.

My dear Boys and Girls:—

I wonder who is going to be the first one to win a Bank Account? Laurella Hewer of Galt was the last Helper who sent in her form. The number of those who are trying for this prize are evenly divided now between the boys and girls, but I believe by the way things are going that we shall be able to announce some prize-winners in the next issue of our little magazine.

Do not forget that there are many dozens of bank books to be given away and a number of new Dollar Bills for the lucky workers in this competition, so there is room for every boy and girl to try as I expect there will be dozens of winners. I am sure you will agree that this is far more fun than going into a competition where only one or two prizes are offered.

I hope all Helpers everywhere are enjoying the lovely summer weather and having a very happy holiday time. I am always meeting with boys and girls as I travel around who belong to our League and it is such a joy to know that the number of those who want to keep the words of our little pledge and make them come true is growing every day.

Marjorie Jackson of Kinistino, Sask. is a very useful Helper indeed. Marjorie lives on a farm and has lots of pets. She writes that she has two dogs, one, Sport, and one, Rex. Rex loves the water. He is a spaniel. Marjorie's father has four fine horses and she often helps to bring in the cows by riding out over the fields on horseback. When Marjorie grows up she hopes to be either a nurse or a school-teacher.

* * *

WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS.

I am glad to welcome new members to our Corner this month. Marion Bond, 184 Greenwood Ave., Toronto, is one of the latest to join the League of Service; also Laurella Hewar, of Galt, and Gladys Elliott, of Dutton, so that you will see that all our new members this month live in Ontario.

Marion Bond, although she has only just joined the Service League, has long been a Helper, I see, as she is a member of Aunt Rose's Club of Helpers. Aunt Rose has a very jolly corner for boys and girls—in fact, many columns of stories and interesting news in the "Sunday World."

* * *

Here is Marion's letter:

Toronto, Ont.

Dear Aunt June:—

I thought I would like to become a member. I am a member of Aunt Rose's Club, and like it fine, she has so many Helpers.

How much is the book and how old do you have to be- I am fourteen years. Would you please write and let me know right away.

Well, I will close now, with love,

MARION BOND.

* * *

Dear Marion:—

By this time you will have received a copy of the magazine and I hope you will find the answers to your questions on the page that is marked. The price of the magazine is always printed on the cover.

I am very glad indeed to welcome you to our Corner.

* * *

Galt, Ont.

Dear Aunt June:—

I have never written to you before so I guess I had better tell you about myself.

Well, I am twelve years old. I will be in Senior Fourth Form in school next year and my name is Laurella. I have one brother, two sisters and a sister-in-law. I would like to enter into the competition but I don't know whether I could sell anything or not.

Who is "Fireside Dreamer?" I wish you would write to me and tell me the names of some little girls about my age, so I could write to them.

What is your address? I can't find it here. Do any of the Helpers send in stories for the magazine? I like writing stories and I thought perhaps I could write one for the "Helper's Magazine."

With much love
LAURELLA HEWER.

* * *

Dear Laurella:—

How would you like to write to Gladys Elliott, whose address is Dutton, Ont.? Gladys is very anxious to have letters from other members. I think she is about your own age and I am sure she will be very pleased indeed to hear from you.

I am always very glad to have letters or stories from Helpers and if good stories or poems come in they will be printed on your own page or some place in this little magazine, so I hope you will send one in next time you write.

"Fireside Dreamer" is Jean C. George and her address is Box 5, Walkerton, Ont. Jean is thirteen years old, as no doubt you saw by her letter printed in July issue. Perhaps you would like to write to Jean also.

I think it would be great fun if some of the Helpers living in the East would write to those who live in the West so here is the address of a western Member—Marjorie Jackson, Kinistino, Sask.

* * *

In order to be able to help others in the world we should each of us try to learn all that we can about everything we see around us. The most useful Helpers are those who can fit into other people's needs. How much more interesting a friend is who can tell you about the flowers or the birds or something in nature and as it is the duty of all who call themselves Helpers to learn all they can, the Editor of this magazine herself is trying to give you every month in addition to the funny pictures and your own fairy stories, something that will be useful.

The Monthly News Review is the first useful thing and this month you will see the first of a number of articles on animals. The lady who wrote these is a great lover of animal life and she will answer questions if any member or reader of the magazine wishes to know something about the animals they see.

* * *

A BOOK PRIZE.

A Book Prize has been awarded to Harry Edwards. This book is called "The Wilderness Campers." It is a splendid book of adventures for boys, full of pictures.

(Well done, Harry! I am so glad you have won the prize. I wonder how your garden is getting on. I remember that you have one. By now, I suppose you are able to pick peas and beans. I hope it is a big success.)

Here is what Harry has to say about one day in his holidays:

"I helped my Mother to do things in the house. After I would go out and have some fun. One day Mother and myself went to town. When we got there we went and had a lunch. After that Mother and I went into the Lyceum. It was

(Continued on page 31)

DO NOT HESITATE

to enter a branch of this Bank because you do not know how to make a deposit. Our Managers or the staff will be pleased to show you. ¶Start with One Dollar and add to it dollar by dollar.

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

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THE YOUNG CITIZENS

MONTHLY NEWS REVIEW

Edited By Dora V. Smith

Lady Astor

ALMOST welcome visitor to Canada was the charming Lady Nancy Astor. Lady Astor is the only woman member of the British House of Parliament and is also the loveliest mother possible to quite a large family of jolly girls and boys. It does seem right, doesn't it, that mothers should have something to say in making the laws of their country?

* * *

A Bulldog Hero

RING'S BEST," a Toronto bulldog, recently proved himself to be a "sure enough" hero as well as a big prize winner at dog shows, which had been his previous claim to recognition. He was lying lazily in the sun while a group of children were playing on a near-by lawn. Suddenly he noticed that a tiny tot had crawled off the grass without the other children noticing her and was right out in the middle of the street as an automobile whizzed around the corner. He hadn't time to even bark a warning. He just shot out into the road like an arrow, grabbed the baby's clothes in his jaws and carried her back to safety. After he put her down gently among the other children, he looked at them in a sorrowful reproving way and went back to his restful place in the sun.

* * *

Jeanne D'Arc

ALTHOUGH it is almost five hundred years since Jeanne D'Arc inspired her countrymen to drive off their enemies, she is still gloriously remembered. France has made her a Patron Saint and one of the greatest celebrations of the year is in her memory. It is held on the fourteenth of May, as it was sometime in May in the year 1431 that she met her tragic death as a witch at the hands of the English. This year the celebrations were more elaborate than ever. In Paris Jean's colors, blue and white, waved over the city all day, her statue was covered with flowers and wreaths and in the evening a monster procession led by a girl on a white charger representing "the Maid of Orleans" herself, wound through the brightly lighted streets. The French call her Jeanne D'Arc, the English, Joan of Arc.

* * *

Daylight Saving

DAYLIGHT Saving" was adopted during the War as a means of saving electricity. It was never liked by the farmers, but the numerous clerks and office workers in the large cities were so delighted with the extra hour of daylight after they quit work that many of the cities have kept up the custom ever since. The smaller cities and towns choose daylight saving or standard time according to whether they are influenced by the industrial or farming element. Washington in the United States has decided to try a new method of saving daylight. Instead of putting the clock forward one hour during the summer, they move their working and eating hours one hour ahead. They open school at eight o'clock instead of nine and have lunch at eleven instead of twelve. Other cities are very interested in how this works out, for they find that the two sets of time lead to a great deal of confusion.

* * *

Build Second Pacific Cable

It is proposed to build a second Pacific cable between British Columbia and Australia. This kind of a cable is a very thick, well protected wire laid under the water of the ocean for the purpose of sending messages from one country to another. It is important to have more than one line, as it makes it still possible to send messages when one or the other has to be repaired. There are a good many lines between Canada and England across the Atlantic, but this is a very short distance as compared to the Pacific. If this new cable is decided upon it will cost ten millions of dollars and will take two years to complete.

* * *

Mount Vesuvius Not Dangerous

THE famous volcano, Mount Vesuvius, has been growling and fuming in a most active manner for some time now, but Professor Mallandra, who is the director of the observatory which has been built in order to watch the movements of the dangerous old giant, says that his present mood is not at all serious. It is even safe for visitors to climb up his side to see the wonderful picture his seething crater presents. The only danger will be when the present boiling mass of lava reaches the level of the flat top of the mountain and overflows. This the professor states will not happen for at least ten or twelve years.

* * *

Kills Beaver Colony

POLICE magistrate in Port Arthur punished a man severely for having forty-five beaver skins in his possession when it was against the law to kill them. We have to have laws against killing our wild animals during certain seasons of the year or thoughtless men would go out and slaughter them in such a wholesale way that we wouldn't have any left. The magistrate said to this man, "I have no sympathy with you, for you are a licensed trapper and yet you deliberately cleaned out that whole colony and in the closed season. The beaver is the national emblem of Canada and if I had my way we would not allow any of them to be killed."

Human Chain Saves Child

HALF a dozen St. Catharines Girl Guides and Boy Scouts, all under ten years of age, saved the life of a six year old child by their presence of mind and team work. Little Albert Walton fell into the hydraulic raceway and would have been drowned had not the others, under the direction of Gladys Boreham, joined hands, waded into the rapid current and kept their hold bravely while nine-year-old Felix Gauthier, on the end of the chain, seized Albert and brought him in to safety.

* * *

Tragedy Caused by Fire Cracker

FIRECRACKERS are splendid fun if boys and girls will only realize that they cannot be too careful in handling them. Many who do not realize this have had to pay for their ignorance by powder burns, mutilated fingers and even blindness. On last Victoria Day a little four-year-old girl in Ottawa was burned to death through her clothes catching fire from a lighted firecracker which had been thrown into the air by one of her playmates. Think how dreadful it must be for that poor little playmate who so carelessly threw the firecracker. It is bad enough to hurt one's self but worse to cause suffering or death to another.

* * *

Cargo of Wild Animals

JURGEN JOHANNSEN, who claims to be the world's champion elephant catcher, recently arrived in New York with one of the largest cargoes of wild animals which has ever been known. They are to be sold to circuses. He brought 13 baby elephants, 200 monkeys with 60 monkey babies; two Bengal tigers, two sloth bears, three black panthers, two hippopotami and about 900 birds of different kinds. He also brought 56 snakes of various kinds, one of them being a python 20 feet long.

A Ricksha Ride

By Mabel Burns

THE Empress was nearing Japan, and the passengers were preparing to disembark. Harry Bell and his sister Beth were in their cabin, dressing with as much expedition as was possible, considering how very active were their legs and arms, to say nothing of their tongues.

"Mother," exclaimed Harry. "Shall we really ride in a ricksha?" While Beth inquired, "Is a ricksha like our motor-car at home?" To which Harry replied, "Of course not! Don't you know that a ricksha is like a baby carriage. I saw a picture of one once, and it looked like the picture of a baby carriage with the hood up."

Mrs. Bell just smiled as they chatted away, and after she had tied Beth's hair ribbon and straightened Harry's tie, she sent them off with their father, to watch the ship come into port.

"See! There's Japan!" shouted Harry as they neared the shore.

"What is the name of this place?" Beth asked her father.

"Yokohama," Mr. Bell replied. "It is one of the principal sea-ports of Japan. We will be here for some hours and I will take you ashore with me."

Before long the big boat steamed into the harbor, and anchored alongside the dock. Harry and Beth were all ready, and as soon as the gangway was made fast, they, with their father, were among the first to cross, peering as they went, over the bulging canvas sides. They soon reached the bottom of the steep steps that led to the dock. Holding tightly their father's hands, they pranced and danced along, turning to wave at their mother who stood on the ship's deck, watching them.

"We will take these rickshas," said Mr. Bell as he piloted them through piles of luggage and crowds of people and reached the jinricksha stand. Into one ricksha went Harry and Beth, and their father into another.

"Why, Harry" exclaimed Beth. "This isn't like a baby carriage. This is a cart with two wheels—and where's the hood?" But Harry, looking around to discover where the hood might be stowed away, was jolted suddenly, and nearly lost his balance as the ricksha coolie grabbed the poles which had been resting on the ground.

"Hold tight, children," cried their father, and away they went down the street which led to the city and its stores.

"Say, Beth, this is great, isn't it?" hollered Harry. "I hope we ride a long, long way."

"So do I," assented Beth. "Will he get tired pulling us, do you think?"

But the sturdy coolie swayed gracefully, and swung them along as easily as if they had been featherweights. The large wheels of the ricksha were rubber-tired, and the motion was delightful. Soon they reached the narrow streets where small shops displayed all sorts of fascinating wares. Harry and Beth wished they had eyes in the back of their heads so that they could see both sides of the street at once. Suddenly Harry noticed a fruit shop where the luscious looking fruit of the tropics was spread out most temptingly.

"Oh look, Beth!" he exclaimed. "See that lovely fruit. Don't I wish we had some!"

"Daddy will buy us some, Harry, I am sure, if we ask him," answered Beth, and as they came in sight of another fruit shop, she called to her father. The ricksha coolies stopped running and held the poles while the children explained— "Oh, daddy, such lovely pears! Just look at them! See how big they are and how yellow. They just make our mouths water."

"They do look fine," returned Mr. Bell. So the ricksha poles were placed on the ground, and they went to the shop, where large juicy-looking pears were purchased—one for each of them and one for their mother. Then back they climbed into the rickshas, and on again they sped. Harry held his pear with both hands, and Beth did the same, for they were really very large pears indeed.

"Let's eat ours right away," suggested Beth. Harry nodded, and two little mouths were opened, two little faces beamed in anticipation of the juicy fruit, two little rows of teeth bit generous sized pieces of the pears.

"Oh!" cried Harry, in surprise.

"Oh!" cried Beth. They looked at each other and then at the remainder of the pears in their hands. Solemnly they chewed and chewed. "What's the matter with yours?" asked Beth, and "What's the matter with yours?" queried Harry.

"It's like a turnip," continued Harry.

"No, it's like a piece of wood," returned Beth decidedly.

"There's no juice in mine," said Harry.

"Nor in mine," answered his sister. They gazed in wonder at the pears, turning them about to discover what was the trouble. Just then their father's ricksha ran along beside them. "How do you like your pear, Harry?" he called. "It isn't a pear, it is a turnip," answered Harry, and Beth cried, "Taste yours, daddy."

Mr. Bell accordingly did as he was requested. Turning a surprised face to the children, he exclaimed, "It certainly doesn't taste like a pear, and yet it looks so delicious."

"I don't think mother will want hers," said Beth. "If we can't eat ours, she won't like hers any better. Do you suppose the ricksha men will eat them?"

"Let's give ours to them," suggested Harry. So with gestures and signs, he and Beth explained that they had just taken one bite and the rest of the pears were perfectly good. The ricksha coolies were delighted, and stowed away the disappointing pears for future use. Just then a few drops of rain began to fall.

"We must get back to the ship, children," said Mr. Bell.

"But we will get wet," protested Beth. "We have no umbrellas with us."

However, while she was speaking, the ricksha coolie was busy, working at the back of the ricksha, and, before the drops became heavy, had raised up the hood which had been folded behind. A heavy waterproof curtain was adjusted in front, and there were Harry and Beth, just as snug as could be, inside their shelter. Away they went again. By this time the rain was pouring down, but not a drop touched the children who peered out through the glass opening in front and watched the puddles forming by the roadside.

Soon they were back again on board ship, where two very excited young voices tried to explain about their ride. "A turnip, a piece of wood, or a pear!" exclaimed their perplexed mother. "Whatever have the children been trying to eat?"

Daddy smiled while Harry continued. "It really was a pear, but it was a Japanese pear, and oh, mother, it just tasted like a turnip." While Beth chimed in, "How ever can the Japanese like them. They looked like lovely big pears, but tasted so woody and not a bit of juice, and we chewed and chewed."

"Never mind," said their father. "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," and those two ricksha coolies will probably have a good feast out of the pears that were such a disappointment to you."

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not over till four p.m. Before we came out of town we went into the Restaurant to have a piece of pie before we came home. After that Mother and I started for home. I enjoyed myself very much that day.

Then four of my friends came to see me. Mother was just getting dinner ready, so they had dinner with us. When we had our dinner we all went to play base-ball and other games. We were playing about two hours. Then my brother and two of my boy friends and I went over to the lake to catch some fish for supper. But we did not get any. We were there for about half an hour.

Then we went through the bush for a walk. As we were walking through the bush we saw six partridges. We then started around the lake to go home.

As we were going home we would jump over every tree lying in the road to see who could jump the highest. When we got home the supper was nearly ready, so we played a game until it was ready. Then we all had our supper. After supper my four friends stayed for a while then went home.

So you see I had a good holiday."

Young Helpers' League

(*Continued from Page 29*)

HOW TO WIN A BANK ACCOUNT.

Now once again I will print the news for all new Helpers or old ones of how you may win a Bank Account.

The Editor of this Magazine wants to get every boy and girl in Canada for a reader. There are all kinds of good things in the way of stories and news and pictures stored away in the brains of the people who are writing for you, so in order to win a prize you have to get a subscription to "National Life" from a house where there are other boys and girls.

THE PRIZE OF A BANK BOOK WITH $1.00 PAID IN WILL BE SENT to any boy or girl who sends in two subscriptions for this little magazine.

Those wishing to compete should send in their name and address to Aunt June, when she will pass it on to the department that sends out the forms. Boys and girls who get subscriptions for the magazine will receive their prize immediately that their subscriptions are received in this office.

Now, because I want every one of you to have a Bank Account, I hope you will all come in for this competition. It should not be at all difficult for you to introduce your own little magazine among your friends and obtain a promise from mother for a subscription. I wish I could just tell you what lovely things there are in store for you in the way of pictures and stories when school opens again—but that would be giving away a secret, so I must run away for this time.

Yours lovingly,

AUNT JUNE.

Trades of the Insect World

By T. M. Mathews

COME on Doreen, we might as well be comfortable while Rita takes that bug back to its mother or finds some family to adopt it and give 'first aid';" and Laura Dixon sat down in the scanty shade of a thorn apple bush and made room for her friend.

"Oh," said Doreen, "Rita is the funniest girl; crazy about bugs and animals," and she burst out laughing.

"Yes," answered Laura. "What other girl in this town would invite friends to visit and have tea and then drag them out to spend the afternoon on a rocky hillside, while she rushes off to find the proper 'environment' for a caterpillar;" and the girls' voices rang out in peals of happy laughter, till a great lazy bumble bee with legs covered with yellow pollen, turned from the thistle upon which he had prepared to alight and went humming away disgusted at the foolishness of idle humans who obtruded themselves where they were not particularly welcome.

The girls sat and watched their friend and hostess as she carefully placed something in a hollow she had made close to a big rock, at a little distance from where they sat.

Rita Fulton was a born naturalist; and she found more interest and amusement in a world she created for herself by giving imaginary human qualities to the wild life around her, than her friends and schoolmates found in their ardinary pursuits and pleasures.

This summer day Rita had asked two of her chums from the high school class to spend the afternoon and for tea; and she proposed to please herself as well as entertain the girls by devoting the earlier hours to a visit with "the little workers" as she called the colonies of insects that found this thistle grown hillside a place exactly suited to their work and comfort.

Her friends Doreen Austin and Laura Dixon were not very keen on "dragging their clean gingham dresses through dusty weeds, and spoiling their complexions sitting in the hot sun," as they put it; but Rita had her way, and so they found themselves "victims of Rita's craze."

Upon their arrival at this particularly loved spot of Rita's, her sharp eyes discovered a pupa case or chrysalis which had been uncovered by some enemy, while undergoing the transformation from whence it could emerge a beautiful moth or butterfly. All caterpillars do not spin cocoons, some bury themselves in the earth while making this change, and Rita had immediately taken it upon herself to return the queer mummy-like little case to the "environment" of which the girls had spoken.

"Well, old dears," said Rita, coming up, "I found a jolly moist place under that rock, scooped out a hole, put my mummy in and covered it all nicely with earth, and some day when you see a fairy riding about on a glorious bit of rainbow, that stops now and then to make love to the flowers, you will know that I alone saved that beautiful butterfly to give color to this wonderful old world."

"Well, go ahead, professor. I suppose we are in for the usual lecture on bugs," said Doreen sleepily, as she settled herself in a comfortable attitude with a rock for a support.

"Say, girls, I don't mean to bore you, but if you could only appreciate how wonderful it is to know that little insects with only the instinct given them, do all the things that men do with the help of brains and machinery, you would feel as I do that you are making the fairy tales of infancy come true. Why, in this bare old rocky field almost every trade known is going on. There are streets where builders work in clay and rock and grass; architects in pasteboard and wood; plasterers in mortar; carpenters in wood; miners digging underground; workers making cotton-lined satchels; weavers of cotton and silk; collectors of cuttings from leaves and flower petals; butchers; handlers of gravel and cement; reapers and mowers; wax and honey makers; hunters of game; even the old slave trade is going on. The Amazon Ants who leave their barrack rooms in long lines like battalions going to battle to bring back slaves to work in the army quarters. Talk about fairy stories! Why, girls, all the things we pretend about wild things on moonlight nights when "The Little People" come out to play, some of the wild things are doing in real earnest, in carrying out their life work."

Doreen had straightened up from her lounging pose and was leaning over, her fascinated gaze fixed on her friend's face, as she earnestly "lectured."

"Go on, Rita," begged Laura, as she too leaned over with absorbing interest. "Don't stop, tell us more please, I love it."

"Of course, do get on, Rita," said Doreen, "and say, after this I shall call butterflies Fairies' Airplanes—and I will never see one without fancying a fairy is driving it on a trip to the moon. But what sort of animals make satchels, or are in the harness business?"

"The big books call them Anthidiums, but most people call them 'cotton bees'," answered Rita.

"See, there is one, watch it scrape the cobwebby fuzz from the stock of that yellow flowered thistly looking weed. That is a century plant, by the way, and there are ten or eleven varieties in this field that every kind of wasp and hunting bee and all sorts of birds just love.

"But to go back to our cotton manufacturer; she will carry that down to where she has dug a hole in the ground— probably on a slope where the rain will run off, for insects are very particular about drainage—then she will work it up with her feet and mandibles and mix it with saliva till she forms it into a felt satchel. In this she will store honey and then place an egg, so when the baby grub comes it just goes to work and eats up its bed and the bed clothes too.

"See that lovely pink thistle; that is the insects' cotton plant, and the little thorny ones all have their use; so just sitting here quietly we will be able to see any number of workers come to their wholesale warehouse for supplies. This is a paradise for them all.

"We all think spiders are horrible; but they are so smart, and artistic. What human could weave anything so exquisite in form and material as the spider web?

"Take the Lycosa, or black tarantula—one of the largest of the spiders—their nest is a wonderful architectural feat.

"Look, here is a nest," and the girls followed Rita a short distance to where she pointed out a perpendicular hole. "This," she said, "would be an inch wide all the way to a depth of a foot, with a bend in it, part way down. On the edge of the hole is a kerb; this kerb is made of anything handy; sometimes bits of grass and small pebbles cemented with silk from the spider's spinneret glands. Some of these walls, built around the edge of the spider's hole, will have a foundation of pebbles, large as an almond, on top of which will be a basket work woven of grass and slender weed stalks, sometimes two inches high. Now the Lycosa spider will not tolerate very close neighbors, but fights them until one or other is no more. The wall around their dwelling seems to be the watch tower from which the spider swoops down on any unwary grasshopper or fly; which she takes down in her nest and eats.

"But the strange part of this big spider's life is the bringing up of her family. The mother spider spins a web as large as the palm of one's hand, on the ground, in the center of this she spins a mat the size of a fifty-cent piece, of lovely white silk; this mat is slightly hollowed like a bowl, and in this the eggs are placed. Then Mrs. Spider tears the fastening of the first carpet loose, rolls the whole thing into a compact ball—no doubt you have seen smaller spiders carrying about their globe of eggs. She then fastens this precious load to her back where it bumps along as she walks. If you try to take this burden from the mother she will fight, and if it becomes loosened she will snatch it to her breast and tear off with it. The strange thing is she will be just as content if given a pill of cork or anything else in place of her bag. For three weeks the spider trails her bag of eggs about, then she does the remarkable thing, considering how stupid she is in not knowing her own from any other. As soon as the sun is hot in the morning she takes the silken lined nest, and holding it in her long hind legs she lifts it high in the air, turning it slowly so that the hot sun reaches every part and helps in the hatching.

"The eggs are laid in August, and in September hundreds of tiny spiders break through the silken covers and quickly run up their mother's legs and attach themselves to her body, where ever they can find a hold. For seven or eight months they ride "pig-a-back," their mother paying no more attention to them, and for this time they neither eat nor grow.

"If an accident happens and some of the infants are brushed off from their position, they hustle as fast as they can to catch up, and if on the way they encounter some other mother with a swarm of children attached to her indifferent self, they grab for one of the stranger's legs, climb up and join the new family perfectly contented with the change of parents.

"They never quarrel, and sometimes there are so many they are in layers, and look like a shaggy overcoat the old lady is wearing.

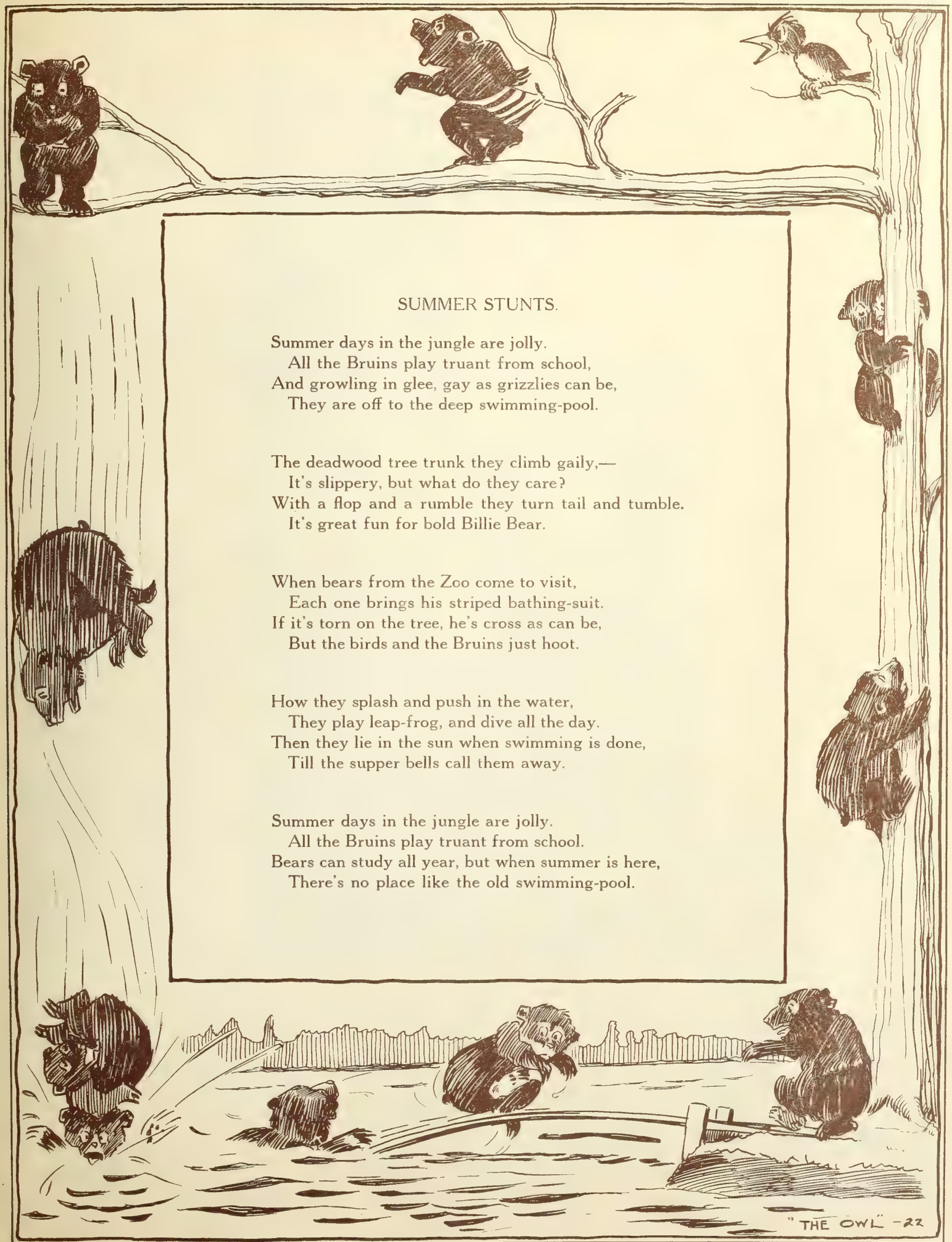
"If their mother meets a rival there is a lively fight, the victor dines off the conquered, and the youngsters that live through the battle, rustle for a foothold among the champion's collection of small spiders and settle down, quite happy with the cannibal group and with no regrets for their unhappy "ma."

THE TOMBOY

By Nora Burwash.

Long ago the little girls
Wore their hair in tidy curls,
And on stools they'd primly sit
Learning how to sew or knit;
Then besides to school they went.
What a busy life they spent!

When my lesson time is done,
Then I have such lots of fun,
Running races with big brother,
Going for a ride with father.
Little girls of long ago,
Did you like to knit and sew?



SUMMER STUNTS.

Summer days in the jungle are jolly.
All the Bruins play truant from school,
And growling in glee, gay as grizzlies can be,
They are off to the deep swimming-pool.

The deadwood tree trunk they climb gaily,—
It's slippery, but what do they care?
With a flop and a rumble they turn tail and tumble.
It's great fun for bold Billie Bear.

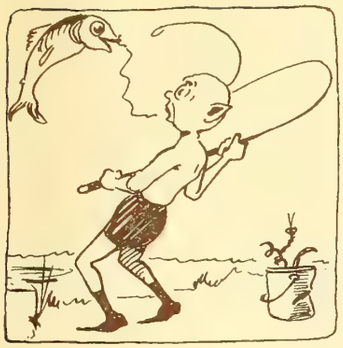
When bears from the Zoo come to visit,
Each one brings his striped bathing-suit.
If it's torn on the tree, he's cross as can be,
But the birds and the Bruins just hoot.

How they splash and push in the water,
They play leap-frog, and dive all the day.
Then they lie in the sun when swimming is done,
Till the supper bells call them away.

Summer days in the jungle are jolly.
All the Bruins play truant from school.
Bears can study all year, but when summer is here,
There's no place like the old swimming-pool.

The Tweedelums At The Sea

By Jakaloo



"Have you ever noticed," asked a
Tweedelum one day,
"That when the summertime
comes round the folks all go
away?
If everyone is doing it, I don't see
why we stay,
And I, for one, don't plan to work
while other people play!
Let's each one take his tooth-
brush, and start right off, I
say."

* * *

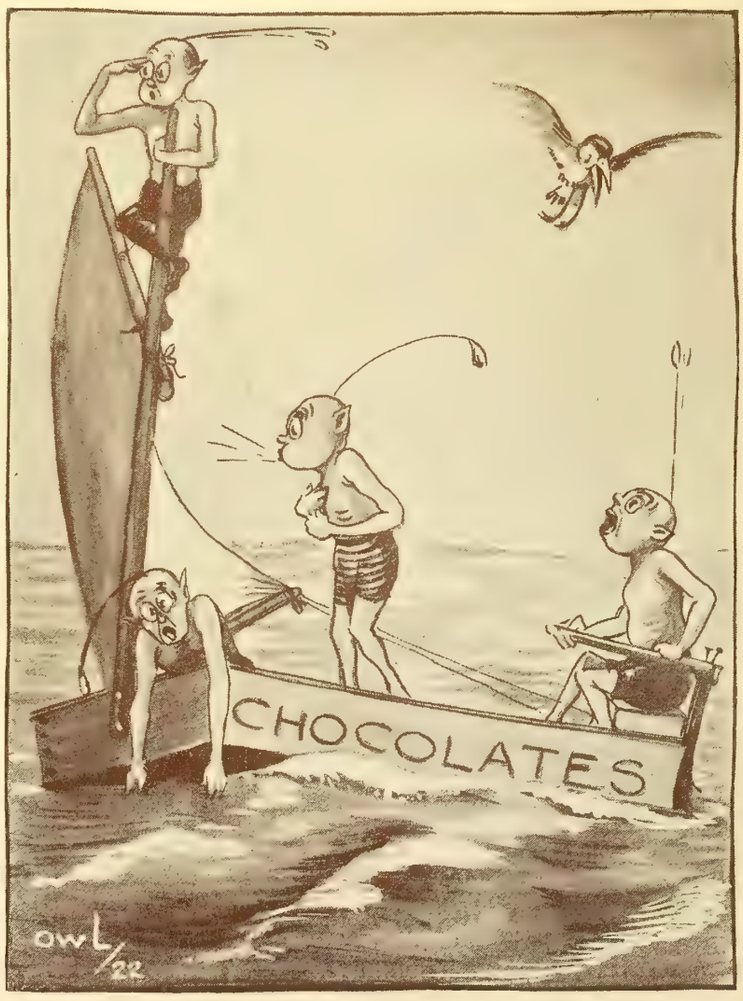
So each one pressed his Sunday
tights and each one combed
his hair,
And all the Tweedelum doors
were shut and locked with
greatest care.
Some Tweedelums drove: the
younger ones went whistling
through the air.
Not one of them had seen the sea,
so they were going there,
And next day on the sunny sands
were Tweedelums every-
where.

* * *

They built sand castles on the
shore, and waded to the knee,
And fished and hunted shiny
shells, all happy as could be—
Tom Tweedelum found an empty
box, and "Here's the thing,"
said he.
"Let's have a sail. Who'll go
along? We'll be back for
tea."
And soon four merry Tweede-
lums went sailing out to sea.

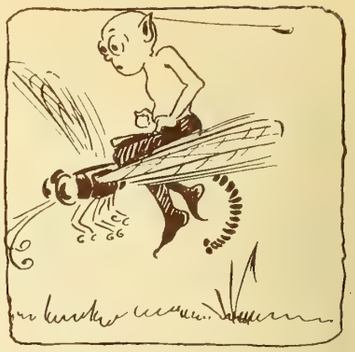
A gay breeze puffed the tiny sail
and blew the boat along—
But suddenly the noisy crew
found there was something
wrong,
For all at once the sea grew calm,
the wind was not so strong.
Lost, they were drifting on—per-
haps to Greenland or Hong
Kong—
Them Tweedelums grew grave
indeed; this was no time for
song!

* * *



Tom Tweedelum clambered up
the mast. Alas, no land in
sight!
Bill puffed and puffed and blew
upon the sail with all his
might,
Hoping perhaps his puffs would
blow them home again ere
night;
While Teasem grasped the tiller,
mouth open wide with fright,
And Sneezum, far too ill to care,
was in most mournful plight.

* * *



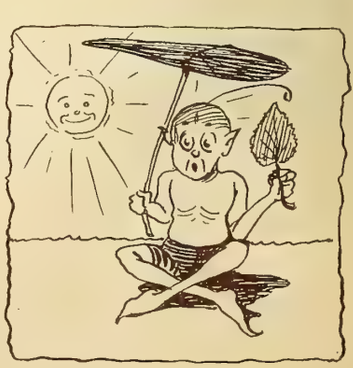
They drifted on, and on, and on,
and oh! the sea was still,
And all the breath for puffing was
puffed right out of Bill.
And Sneezum wailed for land
again—give him a grassy
hill!
They drifted on and on and on,
and still no wind, until
Each thought of ocean voyaging
he'd more than had his fill.

* * *

And now the moon was shining
clear and all the stars were
bright,
And four dejected Tweedelums
went drifting through the
night.
Once they struck a sleeping
whale and got a fearful
fright,
But Mr. Whale opened one eye,
and yawned a gruff "Good-
night."
The Tweedelums slept—and wak-
ened to a most surprising
sight.

* * *

For there they were, their little
boat beached on the shining
sand,
But how they reached the shore
again, they'll never under-
stand.
Bill says *he* puffed them home—
but some believed they plan-
ned
And bribed that old gray whale
to tow them to the strand.
At any rate, they're safe at home.
Henceforth they stay on
land!



Ancient Stained and Painted Glass Windows

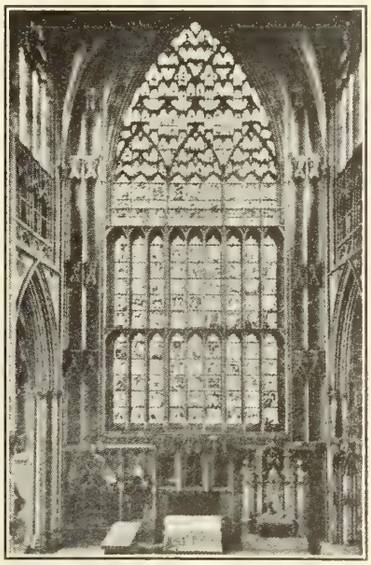
By A. B. Hearn

THE marvellous east window of York Minster is 78 feet high and 36 feet wide. It is the largest window in Europe and still as perfect as when erected in the beginning of the 13th century. It also is a little later Gothic. Two immense stone galleries are carried across the lower parts. Think of a man 6 feet high, and then imagine this immense sheet of glass 78 feet high! What the building must be that can carry these immense windows, and still retain its true and perfect proportions! The subject of this east window represents in its tracery head, "Heaven, with our Lord in glory, surrounded by the blessed," and in the main lancet lights are 81 distinct pictures from Revelation. The west window in the nave of this wonderful Minster is almost as beautiful as the east, and was erected in 1338. Perfect Gothic windows also form the entire length and breadth of the north and south walls.

The roof of York Minster rises grandly to a height of over 100 feet, and standing under it, one is conscious of being surrounded by exquisite walls of glass, radiating the most glorious effects of light and color. York Minster is often called the Gothic "Holy of Holies." During the Gothic period, the window designs became far more beautiful (as *we* recognize beauty), figures were less angular, more lifelike, and the effects produced were altogether more attractive and natural. In the later decorated Gothic period, the ornamentation of the window, which began by a little stone tracery forming head of window became quite elaborate and intricate, in some cases nearly filling up the window. This soon commenced to look heavy, detracting from the beauty of the glass itself. Beautiful specimens of decorated and floriated Gothic styles are at Lincoln Cathedral, where there are two lovely round windows, the "Bishop's Eye" and the "Dean's Eye" (facing the Bishop's Palace and Deanery respectively). These are almost filled up with elaborately carved stone tracery.

There are many beautiful specimens of the "Rose" window throughout England. One notable Rose window is in the east end of Christ Church, Oxford. In the rose windows there is a very pronounced center, and all the lights radiate from that.

The very beautiful windows in Kings College Chapel, Cambridge, emphasize the best traditions of the glass of the Gothic period. This lovely building is one of the architectural beauties of the old world. The roof proudly rises to the height of 97 feet, and the entire east and west walls are sheets of glorious color radiating light and glory! The splendid jewelled glass of these ancient windows which have been



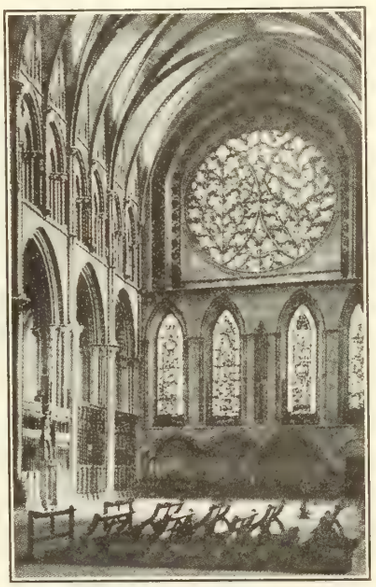
York Minster, England. East Window. 78 feet high.

miraculously saved for us from the dim ages of the past are indeed priceless gifts! In studying the evolution of stained glass windows, one must be deeply impressed with the natural and orderly sequence in which the styles followed and corrected each other. The decorated Gothic became too elaborate, so a corrective was needed, and a reaction set in in favor of more vertical and severe lines. This resulted in the Perpendicular period, in which very little stone ornamentation was allowed. This style dated from about 1380 and continued until, say the middle of the 16th century, when enamel painting upon windows came into use. The Perpendicular gradually rescued the later Gothic windows from their over ornamentation, and restored severe simplicity. Less and less stone tracery and mullions were used until at the end of the Perpendicular period, a single subject often extended over the whole window without any stone work, or even canopy work in the glass itself.

A beautiful specimen of a pure Perpendicular window is in the choir of Gloucester Cathedral, the great east window commemorating the Knights who fell at the battle of Crecy. This window is a triumph of architecture. It can hardly be called a window, for it is the whole east wall of the cathedral, in fact larger than the wall, for the ends are carried farther outward to take all the window in, and the whole structure is curved as if the window had been made too large and had to be curved to get it in the space. Imagine the skill and strength necessary to raise and place in position such a wall of glass as this without any of the modern mechanical devices which we possess to-day!

Throughout the 15th century, heraldic windows came greatly into vogue. After Queen Elizabeth's edict forbidding the making of any windows of a religious character, glass workers turned their attention to heradry in windows, of which innumerable specimens of great interest remain. As the knights of old used some device upon their armor to make themselves known, so the windows of great mansions and the churches attached to them, began to show the arms and devices of their owners. The splendid palaces built by the Tudors; Whitehall, Hampton Court, Somerset House and others, still contain wonderful specimens of heraldic glass of this period.

So much glorious ancient glass has, sad to relate, been ruined by the ruthless hand of the restorer (so-



The Bishop's Eye, Lincoln Cathedral, England.

called). So little value was then placed upon stained glass which would now be *priceless,* that probably the most beautiful was destroyed, or when fragments were saved, it was releaded in a hopelessly confused jumble, totally destroying its character—a number of pieces from different churches and even different countries, put together with no attempt to preserve the original designs. This form of restoration, though, *did* preserve the glorious old coloring, and was better than the would-be restorer who patched up the ancient glass with cheap imitations, and smartened up the old glass itself with so much paint and stain that it was almost impossible to distinguish the old and genuine from the modern and imitation. A great authority says "The arch enemy of old glass is the restorer, at whose hands it has suffered cruel wrong!"

We have now passed through the Norman, Early English, Pure Gothic, Decorated Gothic and the Perpendicular periods, which latter continued with slight variation until the painted picture window of the Renaissance epoch in the 16th century, when the discovery was made, (no one seems to know by whom), that enamel colors could be painted upon plain glass like any ordinary picture, and by that process minute detailed pictures could be produced in a way which, of course, could never be done by using pot-metal glass, leaded and soldered together.

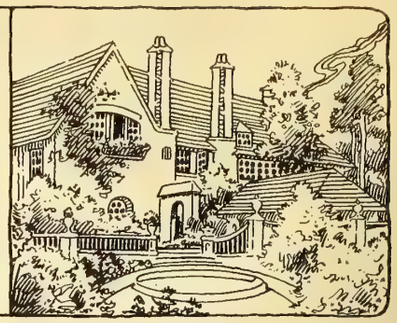
This style of painted window immediately came into general use, and remained almost the only kind of colored window made for nearly two centuries. The effects produced were, it seemed, exactly what the glass artists had been striving for, and freed them, they thought at one stroke, from the limitations of the pot-metal system.

Very little of this enamelled and painted glass has stood the searching test of time. The painted windows of the 16th and 17th centuries (though comparatively modern) are noticeable as having cracks, seams and specks of light showing through. This is where the enamel has begun to crack and flake away. The action of time and the atmosphere causes the paint to loosen and fall off, and one sadly wonders how much of their beauty may remain for future generations? It seems only a question of time when they will completely pass away! Undoubtedly the painted window lends itself to greater beauty of detail, but the heavy painting obscures the glass and lacks the overwhelming beauty of stained glass—translucency! The great fault of painted window artists was their idea that the proper office of a window was, not to admit light through color,

(*Continued on page 45*)

Choir, East Window, Gloucester Cathedral, England.

The Home



Delia's Dietetics

By Kathleen K. Bowker

AUGUST is the month of preserves and picnics.

Of course, jam begins in June and continues till September, and so do days by the riverside and shady afternoons under the trees, but in August both come to a climax.

Delia used to feel during the summer months that she out-wondered Alice in her Wonderland, for it was a case of always "Jam today."

Pineapple, rhubarb and fig, strawberry, cherries, red and black currants, raspberry, gooseberry, thimbleberry, peaches, pears, grapes, crab-apple jelly, marrow jam, citron with beans, peas, beets—and tomatoes.

Delia looked upon the tomatoes as soon as they were red and never shut her eyes to them until she had topped off finally with a few green ones for pickles.

In October, 1921, having "put down" 365 jars of various commodities (grape juice and raspberry vinegar in addition) Delia felt fairly surfeited with the kindly fruits of the earth.

She had begun making jam at the age of 14. Sometimes she felt she would end her days like a pale reflection of that Duke of Clarence who was celebrated only for being "drowned in a butt of Malmsey."

"Only my end," she would murmur, "will be to choke with syrup and be bottled—probably in mistake for a prickly pear."

Delia, when she made jelly—currant, apple or grape—dispensed with the thick jelly bags used by the housewives of yester-year.

She generally boiled her fruit at night, the kitchen being clear and cool then, like Kingsley's river, and nothing nor nobody likely to distract her attention and cause the fruit to burn. At supper time it was also possible to cast off various pieces of superfluous wearing apparel and be so much nearer comfort and bed.

A wire potato masher strenuously used brought every bit of juice out "on the loose" without too much cooking. Then a jelly bag was made of a double thickness of mosquito netting, but with the stiffening washed out and sewn into a long funnel-shaped bag, very wide at the top and pointed at the bottom. Three 10-inch lengths of stout tape were double machine-stitched in the middle at three even intervals around the top, leaving two loose ends of tape at each place that could be used as ties. A triple folding clothes horse was then set up with its outer ends together; so that it stood like an upright hollow triangle and the bag was suspended inside by its three sets of tape ties from the rungs—second rung from the top. A large, wide granite dish-pan was placed underneath to catch the drip. The whole was set up in the laundry down cellar to be out of everybody's way. When every bit of juice had been set free in the preserving pot, the whole mass was carefully dipped into the (previously wetted) bag and after washing the used utensils Delia would depart to bed knowing that if she made a really early start in the morning the whole thing could be out of the way by breakfast time as the clean jars were usually prepared while the fruit was boiling.

It was one of Delia's little idiosyncracies always to use two preserving pots at the same time. She said it saved time and gave the fruit a better chance for even cooking.

In the morning the bag was full of a solid mass of skins. A thorough squeezing (into a second pan) might bring one and one-half cups of juice, certainly not more), but this, of course, was carefully kept separate from what had dripped, as it made a cloudy product though the flavour was good and it would do nicely for spreading in cakes or melting into gravy.

Then the juice was measured, made hot, and allowed to boil for about twenty minutes, after which the sugar was added, one and one-half cups full to every two cups of fruit juice. It usually began to "jell" on the sides of the pot as soon as the sugar was melted. The less it was stirred (but enough to prevent burning) the better.

When cold it was covered with melted parafine and the tin tops of the little pots were put on. These, when lost, were replaced with waxed paper fastened down with elastic bands. An ounce of the thin bands that would go around twice saved so much time, trouble and temper that Delia thought it was money well spent and had long ago given up using string for this purpose.

The whole family had a strong taste for bottled fruit, not done in thick syrup but preserved so that it tasted as nearly like the fresh article as possible.

Delia made a syrup, using one pint of cold water to three pints of sugar, adding the whites and shells of two eggs beaten together, the whole well mixed and brought slowly to a boil, allowed to simmer about ten minutes, carefully skimmed, and then strained through a fine sieve. The fruit was prepared and packed (not too tightly) in jars with patent tops. Peaches and pears peeled and used whole, halved or sliced. Plums wiped, pricked with a silver fork. Thimbleberries just washed, shaken free from water and the jars filled very full as the berries shrink under the heat.

The syrup was brought to a boil, the jars carefully filled to overflowing and the tops put on as tight as possible.

The largest clothes boiler was set on a mat on the cellar floor; the jars packed in this (Delia put quart jars upright in the bottom with pint jars reclining on top) and they were completely covered with boiling water. The cover was then put on the boiler wrapped in a couple of aged blankets and a heavy rug and some pieces of old oil-cloth—anything to keep in the heat—were tucked over and around it and the whole left for 24 hours.

The jars were then taken out, wiped, the tops tightened and dipped into melted parawax. Delia always saved the flat cakes from the jelly as they were used, clarified them and used them for this purpose. Then labels were put on and the jars set away in the store-room.

Delia found this the easiest, most delicious and most wholesome way

ROYAL YEAST CAKES
MAKE PERFECT BREAD
AN IMPORTANT PRODUCT OF CANADA
MAKES THE WHITEST
ROYAL YEAST CAKES
MAKE PERFECT BREAD
E.W.GILLETT CO. LTD.
TORONTO, CANADA
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Bread is the finest food on earth- the one food that everybody eats-that everybody likes, and that agrees with everybody.
Bread made in the home with Royal Yeast Cakes tastes better, keeps fresh longer, and is more nourishing than any other-

of preparing fruit for winter use, but she took care to use fully ripened fruit, for it remained just as hard or as soft as it went into the jars. She never heated the jars, but filled half a dozen with the fruit, then poured in the boiling syrup slowly (half a cup sugar in turn in each) and there was no danger of cracking the glass. "Two things will make me a millionaire," said Delia, as she put down the last of the fifty dozen eggs for winter use and thought comfortingly of the box of butter (54 pounds) that awaited the winter in cold storage. "The first thing will be that I can send clothes lavishly to a first-class laundry, never counting the cost; and the second will be that I can buy ALL my preserved fruit from . . . ."

But if you want to know Delia's favorite Canadian maker of preserves just drop a line to the editor of this page and receive a personal reply.

And for Picnics

A very favorite meal was made of a generous potato salad suitable for six people.

Three cups of potatoes, cut in cubes (real cubes with sharp corners; Delia held that mushy slices that shed softness through the salad completely spoiled it) to one cup of cucumber cut in the same manner.

NOTE.—A stamped, self-addressed envelope sent to this office with any enquiry regarding cooking utensils, materials, or other Home-making interests, will bring a personal answer from the Editor of this page.

A generous sprinkling of pimento stuffed olives cut in slices; three hard-boiled eggs, a little chopped onion if the flavor is a favorite or a tablespoonful of chopped mint; cold peas or beans if available; sliced radishes; and a few capers, the whole generously drenched with mayonnaise and covered with sliced tomato. This could be comfortably packed in a granite pail with a tight-fitting lid.

It was accompanied by sandwiches, of mincemeat moistened with tomato, catchup or chutney; hard-boiled eggs rubbed through a sieve, well flavored, moistened with a little cream, spread on like a paste and covered with leaves of fresh mint; cold lamb or mutton in thin slices peppered and salted and dotted with red currant jelly! "Cottage" cheese with currant jelly or sliced olives as an additional appetizer; or scrambled eggs spread on while hot with a slice of very crisp bacon added.

For Dessert

Perhaps sweet sandwich of nuts and dates put through the mincer, flavored with lemon and sprinkled with sugar and spread like a paste; or cake. And, of course, fresh fruit.

For Drinks

Iced cocoa, tea, coffee or milk.

Everybody thought that menu the backbone of a perfect picnic.

You must be nourished in

SUMMER as well as in WINTER

The less food you take the more nourishing it should be. The lighter the meal, the more you need Bovril. Bovril is not only extraordinarily nourishing in itself, but enables you to extract more nourishment from other foods.

Try Bovril Consomme Iced, Bovril Sandwiches, and add Bovril to Cooked Dishes.

BOVRIL

The Relief Problem of Canada

(*Continued from page 8*)

sents an intensive and extensive work, yet related in no way, apparently, to the office of the municipality or to the Headquarters for private organizations, whose duty it is to direct the efforts of all private charitable bodies, particularly of those giving relief.

The method in practice in one of the largest cities in Canada in dealing with individual applicants for aid is well worth consideration, as it offers an example of a principle which should be adopted if satisfactory or completely changed if it is not bringing results. There is a central office which combines within it all private agencies doing relief work. These private agencies are represented in a central council. The system works thus: An applicant comes to the central office: the central office sends the applicant or his name and address to one of the district offices; the district office consults the Exchange, and if the applicant is registered by any one of the many private organizations it then leaves the applicant with the private agency which had previously handled the problem. If the applicant's name is not found on the Exchange, and not known by an agency, he is "distributed" or "cleared" to some church or private organization, if any there happens to be that will "take him up." The central office investigates certain applicants, but "distributes" the great majority. The applicant thus goes from central office to district office, from district office to private organization or church, from thence in the majority of instances to the City for food or for institutional care. This circle brings the applicant for aid to the position of a rounder and acquaints him thoroughly with all the ropes.

Under the method as carried on by some of our large cities the individual private organization doing relief work and taking their work from the central office, are financed separately, and yearly receive their funds from private donations. In dealing with families referred to them from various sources, they in turn refer the family to the city for fuel, milk and groceries. In this way their work is subsidized by the city out of funds raised by taxes. This method of subsidizing private relief-giving organizations works ill both to the family, to the city and to private organizations.

It must be clear from the foregoing that we are in the initial stage in an understanding of the inter-relation of these three sources of service, namely, that of private individuals, that of private individuals in an organized group and that of the city as a municipality. It must be clear also that the principles upon which we build our method of handling relief must be well and carefully scrutinized.

We look to the women of Canada, many thousands of whom are actively working on Boards of Charitable Institutions for thoughtful and painstaking effort to the end that we may not create the very evil we seek to change.

WHY NOT CO-OPERATIVE HOUSE BUILDING?

The housing problem is still with us and is daily growing more acute. The only consolation to be found is the fact that we are not alone in this particular affliction. The trouble seems to be practically world wide.

Last year there were 11,117 new houses built in Canada, but in the same time there were 70,000 marriages in the Dominion and an influx of 117,336 immigrants, representing about 30,000 families. Where are they all living? Unfortunately, they are mostly crowded into inadequate flats and rooms under conditions which force the children to run the streets, and raises the percentage of infant mortality to a grievous height. We shall, of course, establish Children's Courts and Baby Clinics and waste much breath in wailing about conditions, but as to building more and better houses—Oh, no, it can't be done!

Let the drums of war beat, however, and it's astounding what we can do in the way of construction for the purposes of destruction. Is it always needful to have a war before people will get together and work for the common good? Why not co-operate in the arts of peace? A co-operative building society among our working people should prove very feasible. Send us your suggestions.

The man who makes a mistake in choosing his second wife was not deserving of losing his first.

MARIGOLDS

As Mary was a-walking
All on a summer day,
The flowers all stood curtseying
And bowing in her way;
The blushing poppies hung their heads
And whispered Mary's name,
And all the wood anemones
Hung down their heads in shame.

The violet hid behind her leaves
And veiled her timid face,
And all the flowers bowed adown,
For holy was the place,
Only a little common flower
Looked boldly up and smiled
To see the happy mother come
A-carrying her Child.

The little Child He laughed aloud
To see the smiling flower,
And as He laughed the Marigold
Turned gold in that same hour.
For she was gay and innocent—
He loved to see her so—
And from the splendor of His face
She caught a golden glow.

Anon.

Have you enjoyed this issue of "National Life"? Then please tell your friends. They will appreciate it,—and we shall appreciate your telling them.

The Boss's Baby

By Annie Gray Butcher

ONE glance at her husband's dejected countenance as he closed the door of their little flat slowly behind him convinced Anita Dean that the shadow of disappointment had fallen upon him, and as they shared the sun and shadow of circumstances in common, she instantly felt the chill.

"You didn't get the appointment, Jimmy?" she questioned, anxiously.

Jimmy silently and very deliberately removed his hat and overcoat and hung them on the rack, avoiding his wife's rather fine dark eyes the while.

"You didn't get the appointment, Jimmy," Anita said again. This time it was an assertion and not a question and her voice had the little shading of reproach that Jimmy feared.

"I'm awfully hungry, Anita," he hedged, uneasily. "Let us get in to dinner."

Anita set her lips grimly in a wifely effort to keep back, as long as possible, the torrent of "whys" that rushed to her tongue-tip, and served the dainty dinner which she had prepared with more than usual care in honor of what, she had fondly hoped might be an occasion for feasting. She wisely let Jimmy bask in the aroma of a cup of steaming coffee rimmed with festive whipped cream before she said again, in a tone of finality: "You didn't get the appointment, Jimmy."

Jimmy, well versed in all the tone-grades of his wife's voice, knew his time of accounting had come. He noted, too, all Anita's little attempts at celebration and his own feeling of disappointment grew keener in sympathy with hers.

"I hate to tell you, dear," he said. "But I didn't get the appointment after all. And I was so sure of it, too."

Anita gave her husband a second helping of ice cream—bought for the occasion—just to show that no hard feelings toward him lurked in her mind even if a strong conviction that he had bungled things did.

"What happened?" she asked.

"A baby," said Jimmy.

"A baby?" Anita was just a little shocked. That a baby could figure, ever so remotely, in the workings of an old reliable firm such as Stirling & Stirling was just a little—well—it called for explanation. Jimmy knew it did, and stumbled on:

"You see, dear, it's like this. Ever since the Boss's wife presented him with a baby, two months ago, he's been dippy on babies. He is middle-aged and had given up all hope of ever having an heir. If it wasn't for the elder Mr. Stirling I don't know what would become of the business. The Boss can't talk dry-goods to customers any more—he just talks baby. He asks after the health of the janitor's baby every day. Yesterday I heard him tell one of the scrub women what to give her baby for colic. He's bought a hundred shares in a baby carriage factory, and in his spare time he's inventing a baby-jumper. Everyone in the office that has a new baby added to his family gets a raise in salary, and the reputed increase in the birth rate has been something awful. When the question of the new managership came up there was only Todd and myself named for it, with all the odds in my favor, or, at least, so I thought. I wasn't reckoning on Mrs. Todd. When the news came through this morning that the Todd's had a new baby the Boss sent for Todd and offered him the position at double his former salary."

A long meditative silence on the part of Anita indicated that something was brewing in her mind.

"Are there any other appointments in sight?" she asked at last.

"Yes, there is one," sighed Jimmy. "A new branch is to be opened in Boston and someone from the office will be sent to manage it. It will be an important position. I come next in line for the promotion—should have been ahead of Todd for that matter—but Ellison, who rightly comes next after me, says that given two months' time, he'll qualify for the position. I know what that means. By the way, the Boss is coming out one evening next week to have a look at that spring I fixed for the parrot's cage. He thinks it might be a good idea to work into his baby-jumper."

"The Boss is coming out one evening next week," repeated Anita half dreamily, dawning delight tinging her voice.

"Jimmy, we must get a baby for the occasion."

"Get a baby?" cried Jimmy, aghast. "Good gracious, where would we get a baby?"

"Why there are lots and lots of babies to be had," said Anita, with a wave of her hand that seemed to indicate that to her certain knowledge all outdoors was full of trees whereon great crops of babies grew.

"Mrs. Copp takes in babies to mind while their mothers go out to work. She'll get us the loan of one. I'll ask her about it tomorrow when she comes to wash."

Mrs. Copp wonderingly and very accommodatingly promised the loan of a baby for a small monetary consideration, and Jimmy arranged for the Boss's visit. He warned Anita that he would have nothing whatever to do with the baby proposition beyond refraining from disowning the infant. He knew it wasn't in him to put such a scheme through and if she was going to "put anything over" she would have to do it herself. Anita assured him confidently that she would do it, and all she asked of him was a discreet silence. His part in the act would come when the Boss, pleased with his employee's supposed parenthood,—and possibly the parrot cage spring—would offer him the managership.

Jimmy was nervously dubious, but Anita was delighted with her plan. It was, she thought, away ahead of the slow process of the Todd's and the Ellison's.

The evening of the Boss's visit arrived and with it Mrs. Copp and the borrowed baby boy. The baby was a beauty. A thrill of maternal tenderness stirred Anita's heart as she cradled him in her arms, It occurred to her that his clothing was unusually fine for the clothing of a baby whose mother went out to work. But then, she thought, some of these mothers take great pride in their babies, and many of them had fine garments given to them. In any case, she knew from experience that it was not wise to question short-tempered, unreliable Mrs. Copp, and that lady went away unquestioned, promising to call for the baby at ten o'clock.

Presently Anita heard Jimmy admitting Mr. Stirling. She went into the living room and shook hands with the visitor, and just then, as if he knew his cue, the baby began to cry.

"Excuse me," said Anita, with much maternal dignity. "The baby is awake."

"The baby?" exclaimed the Boss. "Why bless my soul, I didn't know you had a baby!"

Anita turned with her hand on the door knob.

"Didn't Jimmy tell you we had a baby?" she asked with a reproachful glance at her husband.

"Why, no, he didn't," said the Boss, in great wonder.

"And it might have made a big difference in his prospects if he had. Look here, young man, why didn't you let me know about this before?"

"Forgot—didn't think it mattered—no importance," stammered Jimmy, mumblingly.

"No importance?" ejaculated the Boss. "Why, babies are the most important things on earth. No importance!"

Just then Anita appeared with the baby wide-awake and gurgling happily.

The Boss was struck with its likeness to his own baby. He took it in his arms and estimated its weight critically. Yes, he was a fine boy for his age—very fine, but his own boy was a shade—just a shade heavier, he thought. The baby had a fine shaped head, very fine. Similar, in fact, to the shape of his own baby's head, but not quite so well developed in the important points—not quite. The width between the eyes, now—that was very important. His baby was exceptional in that respect. This baby had ample width between the eyes, too, but he was sure his baby had a little—just a little the advantage in that way. And the distance from the top of the ears to the crown of the head was something that astonished everyone. An authority had said that it indicated a wonderful mentality. And he was blessed if this baby hadn't the same skull formation, in some degree—some degree. Jimmy and his wife were to be congratulated. Next to his own he thought it the finest baby he had ever seen. It would not be long, he was sure, before the baby would talk. Of course he knew that ordinary babies never formed words until they were about seven or eight months old, but his baby made sounds that indicated an early vocal development. And the sounds made by this baby were similar — slightly, Lacking, of course, that sureness of tone that his baby displayed, still similar—slightly. His one regret was that he had so little time to spend with his baby. Just a glimpse in the morning and a glimpse at night when the baby was, as a rule, asleep. He hoped soon to have his business in such shape that he could spend more time getting acquainted with his son. In the meantime an expert nurse reported daily the baby's progress, which was wonderful—wonderful.

In this baby worship the evening passed quickly and not unpleasantly. Jimmy looked on, all taken up with the baby too, but not daring to say much for fear it would be the wrong thing.

He marvelled at Anita's adaptability. She talked as if she really were the mother of the baby. Where had she learned so much about babies, anyway? And, by jove, didn't she look stunning sitting in that low wicker chair before the open fire with a baby on her knee, the firelight shimmering in a bar of gold across her wavy brown hair—just like one of those Madonna pictures she was always wanting to buy.

Jimmy displayed his parrot cage spring and it met with the unqualified approval of the Boss. With a little strengthening it was

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Toronto, *March 1922.*

exactly what he wanted for his baby-jumper. He would give Jimmy a substantial cheque for the idea. And he intended to have it patented and put on every baby-jumper that jumped.

As it neared ten o'clock Anita began to listen for the return of Mrs. Copp. Five minutes before that time the telephone bell rang. Jimmy answered it. There was a moment of silence broken by Jimmy's questioning gasp into the phone. And then he turned, white-faced to the others.

"Mr. Stirling, you are wanted home at once. Your baby has been kidnapped," he said.

The baby cooed on happily in Anita's arms while Jimmy and the Boss made a wild rush for the latter's hat and coat.

"Call me up at any hour if I can do anything to help," called Jimmy after the frantically departing guest.

Ten o'clock came, and eleven o'clock came, but Mrs. Copp did not come. All efforts to reach her by phone proved futile. The baby was getting restless. The pretty coo was turning to a fretful cry. The bottle of food that Mrs. Copp had left for its refreshment was empty. Anita refilled it with milk and water which the baby refused to take. Jimmy looked at Anita, and Anita looked at Jimmy.

Jimmy would have liked very much to have said what he thought about this outcome of her silly scheme. But he knew if he did she could and would retort that she had done it all to further his interests. So he refrained, and at her bidding put on his hat and coat and went around to Mrs. Copp's domicile. Mrs. Copp was not at home, had not been home all evening, nor could any one be found who knew where she was, or when she would be home. When Jimmy got back to his own home, he found Anita sitting in the wicker chair before the fire, a very much troubled Madonna indeed,—the baby, partly undressed, lay on her lap, and she was thoughtfully fingering a little silk sock. She listened absently while Jimmy relieved his mind on the subject of Mrs. Copp's default, after which he rang up the Boss' house to ask if there was any news of the baby. Someone answered that the under-nursemaid, in whose charge the baby had been left, had disappeared too, Mrs. Stirling was in hysterics, and Mr. Stirling was interviewing detectives. Jimmy repeated this news to Anita to whom it was really no news at all, for she had called up while Jimmy was out, getting, besides that information, a description of the baby and its clothing.

Anita ordered Jimmy off to bed, saying that there was nothing he could do; she and the baby would spend the night on the couch, in the event, that was, of the baby allowing her to spend the night anywhere except walking the floor with it, which she very much doubted.

Realizing his helplessness, Jimmy went off to bed.

Anita, however, made no effort to make herself and the baby comfortable on the couch. Instead, she waited until she heard Jimmy's gentle snore, then she redressed the baby and put it in a big soft chair close to the fire where it lay whimpering drowsily.

Noislessly she made her way out to the kitchen, returning presently with a big market basket that smelled strongly of various vegetables. From somewhere else she rummaged a couple of old white woolen shawls and a small pillow. She made a nest in the basket with the pillow and the shawls and placed the baby carefully therein. Then she undressed herself, putting a kimona over her gown, switched off the light and sat down to wait.

Presently she heard what she was waiting for, the slow measured tramp of Dolan, the policeman, passing on his beat. She looked at her wrist watch in the firelight. It was a quarter to three. Dolan's beat ended at the bridge, two blocks down. In exactly fifteen minutes he would be passing the door again on his way back. She had often idly timed him. She could always tell when pretty Mary Morrison, the grocer's daughter, half a block down, had invited him in, as she sometimes did, to have a cup of coffee and a piece of her home-made pie, for such occasions he was exactly seven minutes late. She was sure that she could reckon to a minute the time of his return to-night, for it was the middle of the night and there could be no Mary Morrison, peeping from a doorway to beguile him with her smiles and coffee and pie.

At five minutes to three, Anita gently picked up the basket wherein the baby slept fitfully, and opening the front door set it out on the verandah where the rays from a street light fell full upon it. As soon as the cool spring air touched the baby's nose a lusty wail arose from the basket, and as Anita stepped back and closed the door the cries grew louder.

Crouched inside, Anita waited for the return of Dolan.

On the tick of three he reached the door and stopped, attracted by the cries of the baby. Presently the doorbell rang, and Anita let a reasonble time elapse before she opened the door and peeped sleepily out.

"A baby has been left on your doorstep, madam," announced Dolan.

"A baby?" Anita gasped. Her gasp was one of nervousness rather than surprise, but it pass-

(*Continued on page 49*)

In a Garden Behind No. 278

By Vee See

HOW many Canadians know that the greatest tree painter in the world lives in Toronto? And that in Toronto is a collection of marvellous paintings done by this man, which was said by a French connoisseur to be unique among all the collections of the world? How many Canadians know that in Toronto lives the only artist in North America to have had his work invited across the sea by the Belgian Government? And that the same man is the only Canadian to have a painting in the exclusive Glasgow art gallery?

It is time that Canadians became familiar with the canvases of a Canadian genius.

Carl Ahrens is of Danish and Scotch extraction, but was born in Winfield, Ontario. As a boy he lived among the Indians, and indeed was adopted into the Ojibway tribe. He had many a paddle with Pauline Johnson and speaks with admiration of her prowess in the bow. It was probably Ahren's life in the wilds that taught him the secret of trees,

He was twenty-four years old before he decided to become a painter, and from the time he entered on his labors his life has been a constant experimenting and studying. Even to-day, when he might be supposed to be at the peak of his powers, he has the feeling that he is really just beginning. What his last painting will be if he continues to stride ahead is difficult to imagine. Yet here is a man who has suffered much in health since childhood, spending months at a time in bed, in great pain. But like the immortal Robert Louis, his fiery soul cannot be held by sickness, and he rises from his bed to complete another masterpiece.

The famous collection of paintings is in the Mercer Gallery in Moore Park. Before the war General Mercer bought from Carl Ahrens the work of three years. The collection has altered somewhat since then, and consists at present of some thirty-four paintings, all different, yet all trees. Trees at dawn, trees at sunset, trees at noon, trees at dusk, trees of infinite variety. It is said that General Mercer used to select one painting and spend a whole evening smoking his cigar before it. The fame of the gallery went abroad. The Art Commissioner of Belgium (a woman) came across and invited the collection into her country—the only collection in America to be so honored. But the war interfered and General Mercer was killed. May there be more art patrons like him in Canada! His brother, Mr. Fred Mercer, has the collection now. The General's will prevents it from ever being broken up. The best connoisseurs of Europe have viewed the paintings. A Holland dealer offered 100,000 dollars for them, and was refused. It is to be hoped that Canada will some day own the collection and not let it go abroad into foreign lands.

The picture in the Glasgow gallery, which is reproduced on the title page, hangs between a Turner and a Constable. The curator of the gallery states that even in such company it is "one of the outstanding pictures in the gallery." Think of that, Canadians, and be proud.

A Tree Study by Carl Ahrens. Glasgow Gallery

There is a great garden in Bloor Street in Toronto, and tucked into one corner of it is the quaint building containing the studio of Carl Ahrens. There is a little garden here, too, behind the studio, set among great trees. Here the artist spends many hours at his work, under one of the trees he loves. At other times he paints in his studio, pacing back and forward before the enormous fireplace. No one watches him at his work; no one ever sees a picture—not even Mrs. Ahrens—until it is done.

Perhaps nothing is said about the picture at all and it is sold without your seeing it. But if you are lucky you sit quietly until the painting is placed upon the big easel—and if you love the trees he loves to paint best of all it probably takes your breath away. Carl stands unobtrusively by; perhaps he says, "You can see it better over here," or it may be that he tells you, "That strikes a different key from anything I have done." His attitude is full of pleasure that you are receiving pleasure—and yet somehow you feel that to him the picture is already in the past. He will not take it out and look at it when you are gone. It is painted, it is finished. Already he is at work on something else.

A year or so ago, Mr. Ahrens went to the United States, and while there he worked out the system of color for which he has been searching for eleven years. As nearly as may be explained, this system is analagous to the keys and modulations of music. He now has keys and modulations of color, so that though a painting may appear to be in various tones, yet it is all attuned to one key—to green, it may be, to grey, or yellow. It may be interesting to have his own words:

"You musicians are taught harmony. You don't play or compose by ear. Yet to paint, as it were, by ear is what most painters do. They don't get at a color scientifically—they just feel around until they get what they want. Color is one of the things neglected in our art schools. Everything is hit or miss. You see it's this way:—a color isn't a color until it's tempered. It's only a pigment. People are painting to-day mostly with pigments.

"When I was in the States, before I learned this thing, I used to sit and mix colors all day, doing nothing else but this. Eventually I struck the secret of tempering I was after. I now know color scientifically. Color is a science, you know, though science isn't color.

He noticed my eye roving to a group of clean canvases.

"I make my own canvases," he said, "you can't buy pure linen canvases. The stuff they sell doesn't last at all. I have a way of making them." He tapped one. "This will last indefinitely."

In the big living-room beyond the studio stand five glorious pictures. One, which was painted before the artist's visit to the States, is a Storm—a sombre, drenched, furious bit of realism. The other four paintings are done in his new, more colorful manner—but that is a poor word, it signifies artificiality. Like the Storm, these four paintings are so real that they exhale the very smell of the earth. They are called September, October, Night-Time, The Winding Road. To enter that room with its soft brown walls is an experience. There seem to be five big holes in the walls—five windows. From one you see a furious storm, from another a warm, clear September day, October blazes in another; here is the melting darkness of a midsummer night, and yonder is the soft luminousness of a winding road on a summer afternoon after a thunderstorm. These five paintings alone are enough to make Ahrens famous.

Carl Ahrens is not rich, and as everyone knows, he could do very well in the States; but love of Canada always brings him back. He has really given Canada a national art—and if Canada doubts this, Belgium and France do not; to certain foreign connoisseurs Toronto is known only through the name of Carl Ahrens—yet he is practically unknown in his own country. We do not find him in our galleries. He has never been hung at our national exhibition. Why? Here is a man who is acknowledged to be our greatest genius, and we cannot find him in our public gallaries. Why? What peculiar reasoning prevents the authorities from recognizing genius and giving it an honored place here?

Isabel Ecclestone Mackay

By Ida Wilshire

IN the late afternoon of a lovely June day I neared the home of Isabel Ecclestone Mackay where I was bound for a friendly chat over the tea cups.

Leaving the street car, two short blocks brought me to the brow of one of the many hills over which the city spreads itself and I paused to drink in the fresh balmy air, sweet with the perfume of flowers growing in gay profusion in the gardens on every side.

An unusually cold, long winter, delaying Spring, made June more beautiful than ever in Vancouver, this year. My senses feasted on all the moments had to offer in the gold and blue days that were passing all too quickly, and I turned to look back upon the city. In the clear air, against the sunlight, the outlines of tall buildings, square, domed, and steepled, stood out sharply. Beyond, the mountains rose majestically in rich masses, deep green and purple, to pure white snowy peaks massed against a cloudless pale blue sky. The inlet, like a silver ribbon, girdled the city, and threaded its way to the sea-green outer waters of the strait.

A turn in the road, a few more steps, and I had reached the gate. A girl of High School age, her long slender figure reclining gracefully against the wall at the side of the steps leading to the trellised verandah, rose to greet me with engaging frankness, and leading me to the den Margaret ran off to "tell Mother."

Waiting in the den was a pleasant occupation; it is such a cheerful room. The color scheme is bright but restful. The books that find a home there do more than just "line the walls.'" There are little touches in their arrangement that give a happy intimate air, and a warm welcoming note to this home work-room where, in a very few minutes, Mrs. Mackay joined me.

Large, delicate green, young maple leaves fanned a breeze straight off the snow capped mountains through the wide open window. Fir logs crackled gaily in the open fireplace and sent flames merrily dancing up the chimney. We drew our chairs closer to the glowing warmth, and Phyllis (the eldest daughter), now passing through University, brought in the tea tray. She placed it on a low Moorish table between us, thoughtfully attended to her Mother's wants and withdrew, smiling and demure.

The door opened softly, and a small girl entered, and Janet was introduced. She pressed her little body close to "Mummie," whispering eagerly; received permission to play a little longer with a school chum, and departed with cake for two.

Three sweet daughters and a happy home circle, in these days when homes and family life are said to be in the descendancy, with an increase of apartment houses and childless marriages, may be recorded as by no means the least accomplishment in the life of such a busy writer as Mrs. Mackay whose verse and fiction have placed her prominently in the ranks of Canadian authors.

Naturally we fell to talking of her last book "The Window Gazer," now popular among Canadian readers, and recently published in England by Hodder & Stoughton, where it won the distinction of being selected as one of the books for a featured review in the literary supplement of the London "Times."

"Which is your own favorite book?" I asked.

"The last one," she answered promptly. "I mean the one I am working on. My books are my brain children and I love them much in the same way that I love the children of my own heart and flesh. The new book I am writing is always the 'littlest one' of the family. As the new baby claims a mother's love and care, so it is with the new brain child. Like a child it grows out of your hands. When it is finished the book goes out like a fledgling to find its own way in the world. If it is well received, if it gives pleasure to others, I am happy, but, of course, I am never satisfied. The weaknesses I see in it I hope to correct in the one that is to follow."

"The Window Gazer" carries the reader from West to East. The scenes depicted in the first part of the book are of no one place in particular but are typical of the south coast of British Columbia. "The characters are wholly imaginary," explained Mrs. Mackay. Desire is a product of the West in so far only as she has been unconsciously subject to the influence of this country to which she was brought as a little child. Other inherited traits of the race from which she sprang account for much in her character, making her stand out as an individual and not merely representing a type as, perhaps, Aunt Caroline might be considered."

So, too, with authors, thinks Mrs. Mackay. Because she lives and writes in the West she does not lay claim to being a western writer. Born and educated in Ontario, and having lived in the West for many years, her natural outlook confines itself to neither east nor west but embraces Canada as a whole with understanding of its composite parts.

Many novelists who have written of the romance of other countries were not themselves inhabitants, except for the time being in which they caught the "atmosphere" of the districts in which their plots were laid. Why then localise an author? This expresses Mrs. Mackay's thoughts, I believe.

The same argument applies to playwrights. Mrs. Mackay looks for the development of Canadian playwrights and is herself interested in play-making. She does not believe, however, that to earn the title of "Canadian playwright" it is at all necessary to write on Canadian themes.

"Once upon a time the playgoing public looked for plays of the "wild and woolly" kind to suit their own ideas of the new countries. Life in the backwoods was freely depicted in the melodramas of the United States. Bushrangers and oil prospectors typified our conception of Australian drama, and the moving pictures of to-day represent Canada as a country as forever snowbound in the numberless "film plays" written around the "far reaches of the north."

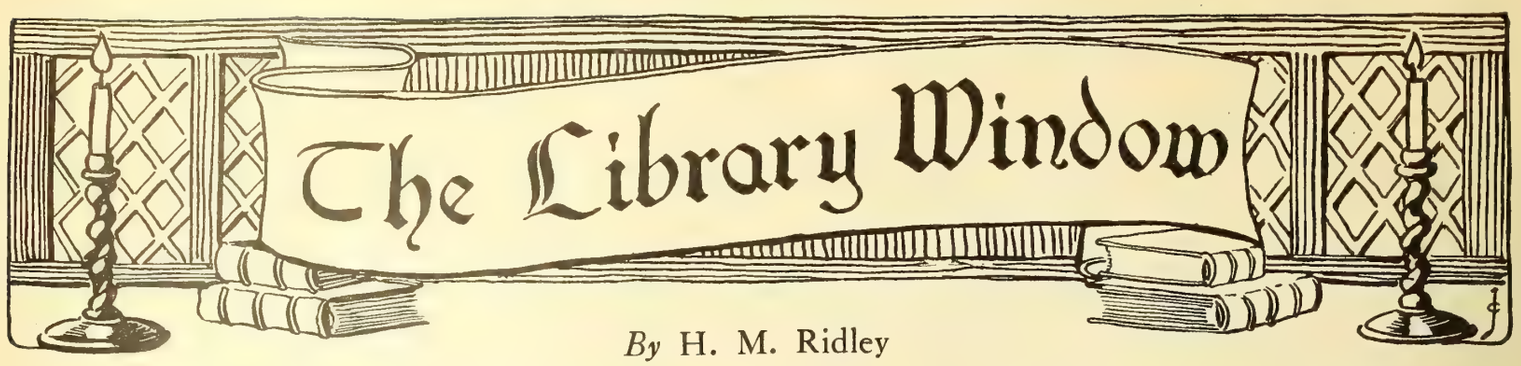
"The modern playwrights of Great Britain and of European countries cover an unlimited range of ideas and character in the productions of to-day, and the Canadian playwright of to-morrow will build the Canadian drama on general themes, on world problems, and abstract fancies, as present-day writers abroad are doing. At least I hope so," added Mrs. Mackay who takes the drama seriously, believing in its future possibilities as an educative factor if directed into the right channels.

"Then with such a home for the drama as Hart House under the directorship of Mr. Bertram Forsythe, new Canadian playwrights have a great incentive to produce plays that will be worthy of holding a place in the traditional theatre of Canada which has yet to be born."

Her personal interest in the literary drama, and in the activities of the Little Theatre movement throughout Canada, has directed her attention along these lines, and several one-act plays have left her active and persevering pen.

"The Second Lie" has already been produced by the Hart House Players at Toronto, an option being held on two others, "The Changling," and "Treasure."

Two more recent one-act plays, "Matches" and "Stuff of Dreams" have drawn most favorable dramatic criticism, and it is not unreasonable to anticipate that her trend of thought in this direction will ultimately lead Mrs. Mackay to pursue her efforts towards the development of a three-act play.



By H. M. Ridley

MAN SIZE

By William MacLeod Raine. *Thomas Allen.*

THE Great Lone Land of North-West Canada as it was in 1875 is a fascinating country to read about, and in "Man Size" we have a very good description of the lives of its inhabitants in those days. Here we are initiated into such thrilling events as whiskey smuggling, war among the Indians, wild animal trapping, and the wonderful achievements of the North-West Mounted Police in rounding up and bringing to justice the criminals who infested the country. There is a pretty romance running through the story, the heroine being a young supposedly half-breed Indian girl, who lives with her foster father, Angus McRae, and who is loved by him as his own child. The wild adventures of Sleeping Dawn, her beauty, her spirit, and the humiliations which she is made to undergo because of her mixed blood, all form a theme of thrilling interest, and we are glad that in the end her white parentage is proven and she at last finds happiness in the love of a young American trader, who has been her devoted admirer throughout the book.

L.A.R.

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SOME FORTHCOMING NOVELS

A NEW novel by Janey Canuck, "The Dark Candle," will be published in the early fall by Thomas Allen of Toronto. Those readers who enjoyed the much discussed "Main Street," by Sinclair Lewis, will be interested to learn that a new novel by this writer will be published in September. This book will be called "Babbitt," and those who have read the manuscript declare that it is a better story than his first effort. "The Glimpses of the Moon," by Edith Wharton, is a significant novel that will be off the press by the time this notice appears. It is a story of young married life in the smartest social circle of New York, and depicts "a love that was enduring against temptation." Of interest to the reader who likes science served up in popular form is the new scientific series which is to be issued by Scribners. The series will set forth, "in the light of latest investigation and discovery, the formation of worlds, the evolution of species and the emergence and development of man."

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THE SECRET PLACES OF THE HEART

A Novel of Psycho-Analysis.

By H. G. Wells. *Macmillan.*

THIS is the day of the psycho-analyst, and H. G. Wells has recognized the fact by writing a book in which his hero dabbles in the new cult by seeking advice of a specialist in psycho-analysis. The hero, Sir Richmond Hardy, is a would-be world reformer,—one of those men who holds the responsibilities of the world upon his shoulders. He believes in the organization on an international scale of the control of the fuel supply, as a step in the direction of the organization of industry and other things in the interest of the human race as a whole. Yet what do we find as a result of the mental analysis which he undergoes? Out of the examination emerges the fact that this man who aspired to bring order out of international chaos is very much out of order in his own mental condition. He "talks out," as advised to do by the psycho-analyst, and we find that, first of all, he is obsessed by sex, or he has what the psycho-analyst calls "an excess of sex." Here is his confession:—

"Women *make* life for me. Whatever they touch or see or desire becomes worth while and otherwise it is not worth while. Whatever is lovely in my world, whatever is delightful, has been so conveyed to me by some women. Without the vision they give me, I should be a hard dry industry in the world, a worker ant, a soulless rage, making much, valuing nothing, . . . Without women I am a wasting fever of distressful toil.

Without them there is no kindness in existence, no rest, no sort of satisfaction. The world is a battlefield, trenches, barbed wire, rain, mud, logical necessity and utter desolation—with nothing whatever worth fighting for. Whatever justifies effort, whatever restores energy is hidden in women."

All his life Sir Richmond has had "love adventures." He is married to a fine little woman who, he admits, is "wonderfully intelligent and understanding." But marriage does not satisfy him. He confesses: "I was unfaithful to my wife within four years of my marriage."

Of what earthly use would it have been for a man of this temperament to attempt to reorganize society? He himself catches a glimpse of his failure to make an impression in a work that requires some degree of single-mindedness when he says: "You see the sort of man I am. I've a broad streak of personal vanity. I fag easily. I'm short-tempered. I've other things, as you perceive. When I fag, I become obtuse, I repeat and bore, I get viciously ill-tempered, I suffer from an intolerable sense of ill usage . . . All my stock goes down, and as my stock goes down the chances of a good report dwindle. . . . You see if only they can convince themselves I am just a prig and an egotist and an impractical bore, they escape from a great deal more than my poor propositions. They escape from the doubt in themselves . . . and then they can scamper off and be sensible little piggy-wigs and not bother any more about what is to happen to mankind in the long run."

But can one blame the "little piggy-wigs"? The great thing that the psycho-analyst has to do for the individual is to make him realize that until he gets his own house in order it is quite futile for him to attempt the herculean task of bringing order into social conditions, especially when they are in an international scale.

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THE VEHEMENT FLAME

By Margaret Deland. *Hodder & Stoughton.*

MR. E. F. BENSON and Mr. Frank Swinnerton have written novels in which their women marry men many years younger than themselves, with consequences that are not disastrous. Thackeray, in "Henry Esmond," makes a beautiful and happy marriage out of the wedding of his hero to a woman old enough to be his mother; but in the natural order of things one would surmise that such marriages would not be successful. Mrs. Deland in her new novel has adhered to what she believes is the natural order of things. Given a young man of nineteen and a woman of thirty-nine, with an infatuation on the part of the youth for the woman, and one would naturally conclude that his "love" is but a temporary phase,—such a phase as is quite common to emotional young men. One would blame the woman for treating the situation seriously, and so one finds oneself blaming Mrs. Deland's "Eleanor" for allowing herself to succumb to the charm of a young man's infatuation for her. One feels that she is taking advantage of his youth and inexperience. Then, as she is not particularly perspicacious, she does not foresee the day when, obeying nature's law, the boy will inevitably turn to youth. When the "inevitable" happens she tortures herself with jealousy, and is only saved from wreaking a cruel revenge upon her rival by the triumph of her better nature and her real love for her youthful husband.

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SAINT TERESA

By Henry Sydnor Harrison. *Thomas Allen.*

THERE is one thing that one can always say about Mr. Harrison, and that is that he rarely indulges in commonplace situations. In his new book he has made as his hero a type of man who evidently finds stimulus in an encounter with a woman, so absolutely different from any other woman who has ever lived, that it is difficult to "place" her at all. The most dramatic incident in the book takes place when "Saint Teresa," as he calls the very peculiar specimen of American business woman, that he has depicted, stands up to a pitched fight with the manager of her business. And what is more she wins out! One can't help admiring a man frank enough to make his hero undergo an experience which is perfectly possible, namely, defeat at the hands of a woman! According to the conventional tale, a typical woman might have despised her victim, but Saint Teresa actually falls in love with the man she has humiliated and succeeds in extracting from him an admission of affection!

The Poets' Corner

Conducted by Norah Holland
Author of "Spunyarn and Spindrift"

Now that summer is fully upon us, and devotees of the "antient and royall game of Gowff" are to be found in numbers upon all the links, we shall begin this month with a timely hint for their benefit by L.M.M. in the London Morning Post.

WHERE THE LOST GOLF BALLS GO.

Across the links, intent and slow,
The heavy footed golfers go;
They do not laugh, they do not talk;
And by their side the caddies walk.:

But if, by chance, the careless things
Should dint or mar those mystic rings
Where twinkling feet and elfin grace
Choose every night their dancing place—

Then, from the dingles where they lurk,
The vengeful goblins spring to work,
And snatch and hide, with impish glee,
The ball far driven from the tee.

In vain the caddies scour the course,
By ditch and bunker, pond and gorse;
The wand'rer, lost to mortal eyes,
Safe in some nook in Elfland lies.

And that is why, when stars are bright,
With nice, new golf-balls, round and white,
The merry goblins may be seen
At baby bowls on every green.

Here is another fairy poem in a very different style.

THE PIXIES' PLOT.

By Eden Phillpotts, in The Spectator.

You have it, or you have it not,
The cantle of the Pixies' Plot,
Where never spade nor hoe shall ply
To break that treasured sanctity.
Touch no bloom there; uproot no weed;
Let what will blow.
Suffer the thistle, briar and thorn to grow,
The dandelion to seed.

Though full the garden of your mind,
Well planted on a soil that's kind;
Your hedges gay, your borders clean,
Your seasons fair, your clime serene,
Yet trammel not the pixies' mite,
For welcoming
Chance little, wandering, weary, fairy thing
Lost in the dim owl-light.

Still virgin, free and set apart,
Ordain one dingle of your heart,
Where visions home, and wing to you
The golden dreams that might come true.
Herein a gentler dawn than day
Shall often break
For footsore spirits, tired of reason's ache,
And children come to play.

The Graphic has recently discovered a new poet in England—a young lady of seventeen—Joan Ryder, one of whose bits of verse is given here.

NEXT DOOR.

There's a little brown summer-house close to the wall,
There's a whole row of sunflowers and hollyhocks tall,
There's a hedgehog who rolls himself into a ball,
In the dear little garden next door.

There's a black and white puppy, so jolly and fat,
There's a big tabby pussy, asleep on a mat,
There's a grey polly-parrot who sings rather flat,
In the dear little garden next door.

There's tea on a table with apricot jam,
Theres a doll on the grass and a white woolly lamb,
There's the loveliest baby asleep in a pram,
In the dear little garden next door.

Our next poem was written by Augusta Baldwin, daughter of the rector of St. John's, Canada East (Quebec) 85 years ago. It shows that even then the spirit of poetry was strong in Canada. Miss Baldwin was born in St. Johns, and published a book of poems in 1859. In the preface to this book, dedicated to a clerical friend, she expresses her fear of being thought "unwomanly" for courting publicity by publishing. Shades of our Grandmothers!

NIGHT.

Solemn art thou, O Night!
When, o'er the heavens, thy sable vesture reigns;
Mournfully soft in light,
E'en in their grandeur, are thy starry trains.

Pensive thy silent skies,
When mists and clouds obscure their lofty zone;
And sad the wind's faint sighs,
When, o'er the hills, they sweep with sullen moan.

Dark are thine hours, O Night!
When leafless trees are wailing in the blast;
Nor seems thy moon so bright
When on the earth the summer leaves are cast.

The cheerful songs are gone,—
The summer's music nevermore we hear;
A far-off stream alone
Lends its lone echo to the listening ear.

Is it the same sweet stream
That was my evening music when the night
Was fairer than a dream?
It is the same!—the hours return so bright!

And thus, when all is fled,—
The fairness, brightness, beauty of our days,—
May Hope's soft voice be sped
With all its sweet and thrilling melodies.

Here is a more modern poetess, Anna Louise Barney, in the American Poetry Magazine. The tone is somewhat different. I leave it to my readers to say which they prefer.

I shall come back to you on gold-girt eves,
When spendthrift Day has drained his treasure-chest;
And Twilight's gift—a single magic star—
Hangs low above our hillside's wooded crest.

I shall come back to you in sun-flecked leaves,
In dew-drenched roses, opening to the light,
And when you think you've fastened lock and bar,
I'll slip within your arms some starlit night.

The following quaint fancy is again taken from the pages of The Spectator:

A KITTEN BURIED AT SEA.

Not in a garden of rose and lily
Where the bee and the blackbird play,
Not in a cloistered crypt and chilly
Under the minster grey;
But under the fair and open Heaven,
Longitude fifty, latitude seven,
The wind in the east and the hour eleven,
Peter was laid away.

A dirge for Peter, son of the morning,
A dirge for Peter, infant of days,
Snatched from the sun with never a warning,
Plunged in the nether ways:
Down where the fearsome deep-sea cattle
Stare and terrify, rend and battle,
And the bones of long-lost mariners rattle,
Poor little Peter strays.

And yet, down there,—there can be no telling
And a mortal may not know—
A kindlier folk may keep their dwelling
Where a little cat could go;
And he must have met with the Sea-King's rangers,
Aye on the watch for land-born strangers
To guide their feet through the deep-sea dangers:—
At least let us have it so

So now he lives upon lordly dishes,
Sleeps on a princely mat,
Hunts all day for the little fishes,
Waxes exceeding fat;
And courtiers cry to him—sorely smitten
By Peter's claws, and probably bitten—
"Hail, oh Peter! a land-child's kitten
Peter, the Sea-King's Cat!"

Here is a poem by Eileen Carfrae, from the London Bookman.

ON COVENT GARDEN.

I know a place in London where the country comes to town,
Any morning up till nine,
You may share the joy that's mine,
And the spoils of Surrey meadows and of lovely Sussex down
You may buy at Covent Garden in the morning.

Should it happen with young April you tread the primrose way,
You may even come across
Green and golden fronded moss—
Oh, the loveliest things in England may be picked up any day
For a song at Covent Garden in the morning.

and the following is from a book of verse entitled "June Dusk," by Teresa Hooley.

They're dancing now in London,
(The summer's sweet and new)
Here, in the fields at twilight,
I'd rather walk at twilight,
Through buttercups and clover,
Barefooted in the dew.

They're dancing now in London,
(The summer's new and sweet)
I'd rather feel the clover,
The meadow-vetch and clover,
And the dew-cool grass of twilight
Beneath my naked feet.

In "The Sea Captain," by Gerald Gould, we get a vivid picture of the varying moods of the Sea, her fierceness and her treachery:

THE SEA CAPTAIN.

Gerald Gould.

I am in love with the sea, but I do not trust her yet;
The tall ships she has slain are ill to forget;
Their sails were white in the morning, their masts were split by noon;
The sun has seen them perish, and the stars, and the moon.

As a man loves a woman, so I love the sea,
And even as my desire of her is her desire of me;
When we meet after parting, we put away regret,
Like lover joined with lover; but I do not trust her yet.

For fierce she is, and strange, and her love is kin to hate;
She must slay whom she desires; she will draw me soon or late
Down into darkness and silence, the place of drowned men,
Having her arms about me. And I shall trust her then.

The Phase

By Virginia Coyne

Scene I.

A FASHIONABLE hotel in Northern Muskoka. Long wharf. Summer tourists. Girls in hand-knitted sweaters (a redundancy; such as saying, "a long-haired artist," "an honest farmer," etc.). Youths in decollete jerseys, elaborately monogrammed. At the wharf lies a canoe. It contains a dunnage bag that still reeks of the sporting-goods counter. It also contains a bride and groom, about to set off on another phase of their honeymoon. They are expensively garbed for roughing it in the bush. One can tell by merely glancing at his high boots that he is a devoted admirer of Mr. Bill Hart. As for her leggings and breeches, they must have cost as much as her going-away suit.

Neither of these young persons have ever camped out in their lives, but they believe in trying everything once.

Groom. Well, folkses, we're off.

Ill-natured bachelor. Glad you admit it.

Flapper (*in a whisper to another flapper*). Glory be! I wouldn't be seen dead in those things if my knees shunned each other like hers do!

Soured spinster (*in a loud aside*). I hope I'm up-to-date, but *really*—(*Glares at bride's legs. We must say it. They WERE legs.*)

Bride (*sweetly—she knows, bless you, what they're saying*). Remember, Miss Abrams, we expect an old hand like you to chaperon these little girls till we come back. (*This double-barrelled shot puts both detractors out of business—temporarily. They will have thought something up by the time she comes back.*)

The canoe starts off, uncertainly. The groom is not what one might term an aquatist. A group of excited schoolgirls, who think a honeymoon too absotively posolutely thrilling for words, shriek, "Goodbye! Goodbye! Goodbye!" like a bobbed-haired Greek chorus.

Enthusiastic male. Bring us back a 'lunge, Wally!

Groom (*halting precariously*). Eh?

E.M. A 'lunges!

Groom. Right-o! (*To his bride*). Darned bore!

Schoolgirls. Goodbye! Goodbye! Goodbye! (*etc.*).

E.M. Hi, Wally! Wish I was goin', too! (*To amused bystanders.*) Dyin' to catch a 'lunge.

Groom. Darned glad he's not. Bore! Goodbye, folkses! Hooray!

Ill-natured bachelor (*strolling away*). Blah!

The general public. Goodbye! Hoo-raw!

Scene II.

Three miles from the hotel, at the mouth of a river. Bride in the bow, groom in the stern.

Bride. How wonderful this is, darling!

Groom (*puffing a little*). Rather!

Bride. Your little wife is tired, though. Could she rest for a teeny meeny?

Groom. My poor 'ittle girlie! Working so hard! Wait—her can turn 'round and I'll fix her comfy—(*She attempts the feat*). Not here! Not here!—Great guns, woman! Do you want to drown us *both?* (*The canoe curvets playfully.*)

Bride. Eeeeeeeee! (*The canoe subsides in a surprised manner.*) Wally! You were cross to me!

Wally apologizes in a weak voice. The bride cranes her neck to smile at him. The canoe trembles eagerly.

Groom. Do sit still, Helen!

Bride. Wally!

Groom (*submissively*). Sorry, dear. I'm afraid I'm a bit nervous.

Bride. Ah, poor darling! I'll keep still as a little mouse till we reach the bank.—But it *is* wonderful, isn't it, to be here all alone with me?

Groom. Oh, yes! Ra-ther!

Scene III.

Ten miles from the hotel, up the river. The groom is paddling erratically. The bride, propped up with cushions in the middle of the canoe, is having an idyllic time of it dabbling her hands in the water.

Bride. How wonderful this is, darling!

Groom (*examining his hands for blisters*). Um. Ugh.

Another mile wriggles past.

Bride (*powdering her nose contentedly*). It *is* wonderful, isn't it, dear?

Groom (*surreptitiously feeling his broken back*). Uh-huh.

Scene IV.

An island. Night is falling theatrically; from rose to blue, from blue to silver. They sit romantically beside a blazing fire, devouring the supper put up for them by the French chef at Hotel Piney.

Bride (*pensively; after consuming a dozen chicken, lobster and caviar sandwiches, climaxed by five or six little iced cakes*). Ah, Wally, There's no life like the simple life after all!

Groom Five. (*He is counting his blisters.*) what did you say, Helen?

But the bride is asleep.

Scene V.

Midnight. The fire is low, the upturned canoe beside it, an exhausted pair sleep beneath it, and their boots stick out in a chilly manner from its shadow. They were too tired to take them off—besides, it's cold, and the bride has pulled on her woollen bathing-suit over her sweater and breeches. (It does sound odd, speaking of a woman's breeches.) In the bush a whip-poor-will moans over his wrongs, and an eerie breeze, which is probably the ghost of some drowned lumber-jack, wanders about the island.

Loon (*giving from the darkness of the river a startling imitation of an ancestral banshee*). ooooeeee-EEEEEeeeeeee.

Bride (*waking with a start and grasping Wally's many-sweatered arm*). Oh, my! What's that?

—*Groom.* ZZZZZZ.

Horned owl (*directly overhead. No ghoul ever made a more fearful sound than a horned owl*). OOOO!

Bride. Wally! (*A little animal, possibly a field-mouse, rustles suddenly in the nearby bushes.*) Ahh! Yah! WALLEE! (*Wally bounces up, striking his head on the canoe, and exclaims, "What? Which?"*) Oh! Oh! Bears! Bears!

—*Groom* (*crossly*). Nonsense! Go to sleep!

Loon and owl (*bursting simultaneously into a duet*). ooooeeee-EEEEEeeee. OOOOOOO!

Awestruck Groom. My Gosh!

Scene VI.

Morning, after breakfast. They are leaving the island, dog-tired, but pretending last night's nightmare was a joke. A fire-ranger swings into sight.

Ranger. Hi!

Groom (*pathetically pleased*). Helen, look! Here's a human being! Let's stop and say howdy.

They wait, beaming. The ranger paddles up, very annoyed, and demands if that's their camp fire over there.

Groom (*hospitably*). Sure. But you can have it if you want it. We're through with it.

Ranger (*struggling with his feelings*). Why—why—you poor fish! Don't you know enough to put your fire out? Do you want to set the whole country ablaze?

Groom (*weakly*). Would it?

Ranger. Would it? Gosh almighty!—Say, look here! You could be jailed for this. Do you know what I am?—I'm a fire-ranger, I am—if you know what *that* means. You come along with me to the chief. By Jiminy, he'll make it hot for *you*.

Groom. Hold on! Do you know what we are?—Well, we are. Don't go spoiling a perfectly good honeymoon, there's a good chap. (*Puts his hand into his pocket.*) If there's any little thing I can do—(*A sleight of hand performance goes on between them.*)

Ranger (*pleasantly*). Well, sir, anything to oblige a lady. I'll put the fire out myself. So long. (*Exit ranger, whistling, "This is the life."*)

Groom. Well, I'll be damned. And, really, he looks it!

Scene VII.

Afternoon. Rocks, pines, river, plus a penetrating rain. They are still paddling. ("Still" is good.)

Bride. Oh, I'm *so* tired. (*Lays down paddle.*)

Groom (*eyeing her back morosely*). You'll never get used to paddling at the rate you're going. How can you expect to be anything but tired when you paddle five strokes and rest ten?

Bride (*pettishly*). Well, I'd be more tired if I didn't. (*Wally drops his paddle across the gunwales*). What are *you* stopping for?

Groom (*shortly*). I'm tired, too. I guess I can rest *once* in a while.

They both rest for ten minutes and get wetter and wetter.

Bride. Mf.

Groom. Well, what is it *now?*

Bride. Oh, Wally, you're so cross! And I'm so wet and hungry and co-old and ti-ired! Mf! Mf! Mf!

Groom (*softening immediately*). Was my little darling wet and hungry and cold and tired? Poor 'ittle dear! There, now, I'll tell you. We'll camp right here, and I'll put the tent up and she shall be nice and warm in no time. Bless her!

It is not a very choice spot, having been not many seasons back the centre of a bush fire, but they land thankfully. The bride sits under a disconsolate sapling while Wally wrestles with the tent. He puts the pole up, emerges from the limp, vampire-like embrace of the canvas, and begins to peg. While he is pegging, the pole topples down and whacks him over the head. He goes inside in a profane silence, straightens the pole—and the pegs pull out. After half an hour of this kind of thing . . .

Groom. ???—!!!!!!

Bride (*shocked but sympathizing*). Perhaps I can help.

Groom (*satirically*). I shouldn't be the least surprised.

Between them they put up the tent and looked around triumphantly.—The rain has stopped. The sun is beginning to shine.

Groom. Well, dam the dam luck.

Scene VIII.

Five minutes later. Wally stands glowering at the tent.

Bride. Never mind, dearest. We'll stay here, now the tent's up. You go out and catch those 'lunge you promised Eddy. We'll keep the biggest one and have it stuffed for the den.

Groom. You angel!

Bride (*brightly*). Run along now. I'll build the fire—Oh, I'd love to—and I'll get the lunch, and when you come in we'll fry some

fish. Think of me getting lunch for you! Oh, isn't it all wonderful, darling?

Groom (*with wild enthusiasm*). Ra-ther!

He leaves, and for the next hour is seen trolling with increasing determination up and down the river. At the end of that time he returns, ravenous.

Groom (*looking about in dismay*). Where's the lunch?

Bride (*cosily curled up in a pile of blankets*). I couldn't light a fire because the wood was all covered with long crawly things—horrible! —and I got all tired looking for clean wood, so I lay down and had a little sleep.

Groom. I must say that when a fellow has been out fishing all morning he'd like to be able to *eat* when he comes back.

Bride. And *I* must say you're beginning early to talk l-like this. Oh—oh—why did I ever marry? (*Weeps.*)

Groom. Oh, for Pete's sake— (*Suppresses it.*) Here! (*Pulling his rod from the canoe he displays a very small catfish kicking on the line.*) How the deuce am I going to get this thing off the hook? It seems to have swallowed it down to its tail.

Indignant Bride (*looking into the canoe*). Is that all you caught? That funny-looking thing? And yet you grumble at me, you—you— (*Recollects ranger's epithet*). You poor fish!

Groom (*majestically*). Which of us are you addressing, Madam?

Catfish. Ck.

Bride. Oh, it's suffering! Wally, you mean thing! You'll have to kill it.

Groom (*with frigid politeness*) Fish have no feelings.

Bride (*with sixty below zero politeness*). Indeed? Have you ever been one?

Groom (*gloomily*). You ought to know. Well, (*rolling up his sleeves*), I suppose I'll have to kill the thing. That's a good hook it's got in its gizzard.

The bride rushes into the tent and stays there for half an hour. When an exhausted voice finally calls her out, she finds a fire burning brightly beside one plate of cold pork and beans—which is evidently for her. The smell of smoked tea is in the air. She has decided during her seclusion to be politely distant to him and she now speaks in her society voice.

Bride. Where's the fish?

Groom (*savagely*). I buried it!

On being pressed politely to "eat something" he says that he is sick —and he looks sick.

Scene IX.

Night again. Rain. A struggling fire diffuses a steamy heat into the mouth of the tent, where two gloomy faces peer out into the darkness.

Bird (*flitting about the tree-tops*). *Whip*-poor-will! *Whip*-poor-will! *Whip*-poor-will!

Groom. It won't be noisy tonight in this rain. That's one comfort.

Bride (*forgetting her politeness*), No—yes— Oh, Wally! I wonder what they're doing at the hotel!

Groom. By Jove! I wonder! Dancing, I suppose. Or playing cards in front of the fire.

Bride. That wonderful fireplace! Ah!

Groom. Ah! (*Looks sadly at the substitute outside.*) Ahhh!

Bird (*startlingly close to the tent*). *Whip*-poor-will! *Whip*-poor-will! *Whip*-poor-will!

Groom. Shut up, you beast!

Here a bullfrog, who by the sonority of his voice must be the grandfather of all bullfrogs, clears his throat with a lusty, "Jug o' rum!"

Bird (*with complacent and piercing sorrow*). *Whip*-poor-will! *Whip*-poor-will!

Bullfrog. Jug o' rum!

Bird. Whip-poor-will!

Bullfrog. Jug o' rum! Jug o' rum!

Bride. Such a quiet place! Oh, Wally!

Groom. Shut up!

Bride. Why, Wallee!

Groom. Dearest! I didn't mean you! I meant them!

Bird and Bullfrog. Whip-poor-will! Jug o' rum! *Whip*-poor-will! Jug o' rum!

Groom. Shut up, you beasts! *Shut up!*

Scene X.

Morning. A cold, grey day. They are both tired to death, but their mutual sorrow has lulled to rest the episode of the catfish. They are barrels of gunpowder, which the smallest spark of a tiff is going to blow to Casabianca.

Bride (*trying to be bright*). What's for breakfast? How about toast and pork and beans and jam and coffee? Can you make coffee, darling?

Groom (*trying not to be sullen*). No.

Bride. We'll have tea.

She becomes very busy, sets the kettle firmly upon the fire, and lays a tin of pork in a warm bed of coals. (Incidentally, she punches no holes in the tin through which the steam may escape.) Then she makes some really presentable toast, and Wally's spirits rise a notch. (Meanwhile, the gases in the tin are expanding.)

Groom (*trying to be jolly*). I just feel like pork and beans to-day.

Bang! Off goes the tin like an explosive shell and whizzes past his ear.

Groom. Glub. (*He dives neatly into the river.*)

Bride (*in a small, weak voice, sitting cross-legged, petrified with horror, balancing the toasting-fork*). Oh! he's killed! He's dead! He's gone! There was blood— BLOOD—all over his face! Wally! WALLEE! (*Wally emerges like Neptune from the river, but with less dignity.*) Speak, darling, speak!

He does. He says a great deal. . . . It wasn't blood on his face— it was pork and beans and painfully hot tomato sauce. They put sunburn lotion on the raw spots, and he appears at breakfast jauntily clad in a red blanket.

Bride (*who has occasionally a sense of humor*). Do you feel like pork and beans now, Wally?

Groom (*savagely*). Have you no tact, woman?

Bride. How dare you call me woman!

Alas! The pork and beans aren't in it with the explosion that is to come! Each has fired the other's barrel. BANG! . . The boy, oh, where is he? The girl, oh, where is she?

Scene XI.

Same, but a different place. (If the director who produces this classic is of an economical turn of mind he may have one background made, to operate like a treadmill up on end. Thus, a simple windlass arrangement can, by shunting the trees backward or forward a yard or so, substitute trees for rocks and rocks for trees, and so change from one scene to another.) A feeble sun hints that it is noon. (He will have to manage the sun himself. I know nothing about theatrical lighting.)

The bride and groom are no longer speaking. An irreparable rift is within the lute. Nothing will ever again be as it was before. There was once a tango called, "Too much mustard," but this was decidedly too much pork and beans. They sit, he in the stern, she in the bow. Nothing is heard but the unsteady gurgle of their two paddles. They don't know where they are going, but they're on their way. She is wondering why she didn't marry Archie, and he—he remembers with bitterness those happy bachelor days, now nearly a week in the past, when he did not know how happy he was.

Chug, chug!—Chug, chug, chug! —Did they hear aright? A sound such as is made by one of those little contrivances people stick on rowboats to make them go without needless exertion! *Chug, chug!*— Wally looks furtively at his wife and receives back a stony glance. (Just the same, she has turned around—she has looked at him—a thing she has not done all morning.) *Chug, chug, chug!* Yes, sir, it is! An Ever-rude, by all that's noisy! "Helen!" he calls softly. Instantly, she looks back. The canoe trembles, but neither of them notice it. He sees that she is weeping.

Bride. Oh, Wally! I'm so sorry about the pork and—

Groom. Oh, Helen! I'm so sorry I spoke to you so—

Chug, chug, chug!—Around the bend swings a solemn green punt, all on end, with a fat man at its base!

Groom. Hey! Hey!

Bride. Oh, he's going past! He's going past!

Groom. HEY!

The punt stops. The fat man leans gingerly over the back.

F.M. Hi, there! Want a lift?— Take you to Hotel Piney fer fifteen plunks.

Groom. What makes you think we want to go there? (*They approach eagerly.*)

F.M. (*with a wink*). Becuz I make my livin' cartin' canoodlers back where they comes from.

They clamber aboard and settle themselves with their luggage comfortably in the bow. Grunting, the guide attaches the canoe to the punt.

Groom (*in a low voice*). We'll say you hurt your ankle. Could you manage a limp for a day or two?

Bride (*ecstatically*). Could I?

Chug, chug, chug!—They are off, with the breeze in their delighted faces.

Bride. Isn't this wonderful, darling?

Groom. Ra-ther!

STAINED GLASS WINDOWS.

(*Continued from page 35*)

but to form a screen upon which to paint a picture; and they loaded their glass with such heavy and thick paint that the charm and grace of outline count for little compared with the deadness and dullness of the whole effect.

The most noted and discussed piece of enamel painting known (probably owing to the prominence of the designer) is the west window of New College, Oxford, painted by Thomas Jervais, from designs by Sir Joshua Reynolds, but the result is far from successful! It might as well have been painted upon linen, so little of the beautiful transparency of glass is there in it. The top light represents "The Nativity," and the lower lights are the seven virtues "Temperance, Fortitude, Faith, Hope, Charity, Justice and Truth." Some noted artists of the last century devoted time and talent to the painting of windows, but it is of course too soon for us to form an opinion of the enduring qualities of these modern productions. Some beautifully designed painted windows were executed for the Oxford Colleges and Churches by Sir Edward Burne-Jones. In the 19th century a strong and powerful reaction set in in favor of returning to the pot-metal method again, and very little enamel window painting has been done since that time. In fact there was very little colored window work of merit until the last quarter of the 20th century, when a new school of glass workers appeared. The new school has gone back to the great traditions of the 13th century. The aim of modern glass workers is to get all their effects from glass alone.

National Council Notes

By Ruth V. G. Campbell

THE National Council of Women? Why, yes, of course, who does not know all about them? You know Mrs. So-and-So and Mrs. So-and-So are prominent figures in the Local Council, and if you don't know Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Smith of the Dominion Council, you have heard and read of them. But how much, or how little, does the average intelligent woman, who is not herself a member, know of the real value and scope of the National Council, beyond the realization of its existence and a more or less vague idea of the work which it is accomplishing? We thought that we knew *all* about the National Council, a month or two ago; we had never attended a Council meeting, but of course one always knows about these things—and so we nonchalantly packed our club-bag and started off to the annual meeting of the National Council of Women, in the Twin Cities of Port Arthur and Fort William. And we have returned—not sadder—because such an interesting experience could never sadden—but wiser, since now we *do* know a little about the N.C.W., and also realize our abysmal ignorance on the subject.

The Twin Cities were looking their best on the morning of the 19th of June, when women from the eastern and western coasts, from the far and middle West, from Ontario and Quebec, foregathered for the 29th annual meeting of the National Council of Women, and the hostesses were on the qui vive to provide every pleasure and comfort which the most boundless hospitality could conceive. However, the pleasant distractions of drives and receptions, picnics and teas, were not permitted to interfere with the work of the meeting. From the moment when the gracious President, Mrs. W. E. Sanford of Hamilton, brought the delegates to order for the opening ceremonies, until the last evening when departing members bade each other "Au revoir" until next year's gathering at Halifax, the sessions proceeded without a hitch, conducted in a masterly fashion which provided yet another convincing proof of the ability of women to convene and preside over important councils.

The position of the National Council is unique, in that it concentrates in one forceful organization the aims and activities of practically every women's society in existence in Canada to-day. Herein lies the secret of its immense power for good, that through it as an official mouthpiece, is voiced the need and the desire of every organized woman in the Dominion.

It would be impossible, in a brief article, to enter into details of all the important questions which occupied the attention of the delegates. The reports of the convenors of the various committees bore evidence that none of these had been idle, and that work of lasting value along many lines has been accomplished. Splendid reports of the following committees were given: Housing and town planning, objectionable printed matter, equal moral standards, taxation, soldiers' pensions and dependents, the League of Nations, household service, household economics, laws, mental hygiene, public health, and national recreation, all of which showed that exhaustive study of conditions in connection with these various movements had been made, and the wheels put in motion for advanced legislation.

The report of the Committee on Fine and Applied Arts, presented by Mrs. John Dignam of Toronto, showed that Canadians are evincing a steadily increasing interest in art, and there is a growing demand for both permanent and travelling exhibitions of worth-while pictures. The committee urged that the local bodies make a determined effort to secure at least one room in their community where such exhibits could be held, and a further recommendation for the establishment by the National Council of an art scholarship, which would provide travel study abroad, will go out to the local councils for serious consideration. Mrs. Dignam's report was perhaps rendered even more interesting by the luncheon address of Miss Frances Loring, the well-known sculptor, who spoke on Canadian War Memorials and their designers. Miss Loring dwelt particularly on the work of Walter Allward, whose magnificent design has been chosen for erection on Vimy Ridge as Canada's great tribute to the fallen, and of the Tower of Peace and Remembrance in Ottawa, the beautiful memorial which John Pearson has erected as the shrine of the nation.

In the report of the Educational Committee the most outstanding suggestion was that the National Council recommend consideration of a nursery training school in each province, to provide a practical short course for girls in the training of children. A most interesting complement to this report was the luncheon address of Miss Mary L. Bollert, Dean of Women of the University of British Columbia. Miss Bollert advocated education as a panacea for the present spirit of unrest throughout the world, due largely to the inequality of learning. Such education must be wisely advised, and vocational guidance is one of the vitally important problems which the present day educationalist has to face.

Since immigration and labour are the two all-engrossing questions of the day, the reports of National Council movement along these lines received the keenest attention. Mrs. Charles Thorburn of Ottawa, as convenor of the Committee on Immigration, presented a lucid and interesting report, telling of the steps taken by the committee to emphasize the importance of careful consideration of immigration problems by every local council and affiliated society. The National Council has urged upon the Federal Government the need for legislation which will exclude undesirable immigrants and above all, the necessity for action which will deal promptly and effectively with the invasion from the Orient which is so burning a problem for the West in particular. Mrs. Margaret Lewis of Edmonton in her paper on professions and employments for women, brought to bear on her subject intimate knowledge of existing conditions due to the experience which she had had as the first woman in Alberta to hold the position of factory inspector. Mrs. Lewis told of the work which is being done to raise the standards for the employment of the women and girls throughout the country.

Another intensely interesting report was that on Citizenship by Dr. Stowe Gullen of Toronto. Here again the women of the Council have not been idle, and in all parts of the Dominion the local councils have prosecuted a vigorous campaign to combat the drug traffic, to establish domestic relations courts, to erect industrial schools for boys and girls with vocational training and special medical supervision, and to arouse more active interest in the problem of mentally defectives.

The Council did not confine its sessions entirely to the discussion of Council matters, however, and the evening meetings afforded the delegates an opportunity to hear several interesting addresses. The Honorable Mr. Mills, Minister of Mines for Ontario, gave a most instructive lecture on semi-precious stones of Canada. An address on aviation in Canada was given by Mr. J. A. Wilson, Secretary of the Air Board of Canada. To the uninitiated Mr. Wilson's account of the work which is progressing for the establishment of commercial air service was a mine of valuable information, made doubly interesting by the lantern slides with which he illustrated the important surveys which have been made by aeroplanes in parts of the country. November, 1918, terminated the usefulness of aviation as a means of warfare, but the day of the aeroplane as a very necessary factor in the commercial world is just dawning.

(*Continued on page 50*)

DAD'S CHERISHED PLAN

Planning your little lad's future, his university training probably stands out in relief as your final and most important contribution to his success in life.

He must have this chance. Because wider vision greater usefulness,—the 'ability' to 'appreciate life's finer things—are stimulated by college education, you would not have him miss its benefits.

Do you know that the College Policy, issued by the Sun Life of Canada, affords a very convenient and easy way to ensure the fulfillment of your plans—even if you should not live?

At maturity the Company will pay an annual instalment to cover fees, together with a monthly income for maintenance during the entire course.

The cost, distributed over the years from childhood to college age, is not burdensome. In cases where a child does not survive the deposits are returned with interest.

Consult a Sun Life representative about the College Policy—it commits you to nothing.

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The Bird's Eye View

By Lorna Dent

(CONTINUED) *Miss Phoebe*

"Well, take it in your own yard," insisted Marjorie. "You haven't a lot of birds. But if you let it come over here, I'll kill it," and she glared at the kitten very savagely, indeed.

Evelyn marched off with her head in the air, and the kitten hugged tight to her. She really was very fond of birds and would not have harmed them for worlds, but she could not allow Marjorie to take such an attitude towards her—not for all the birds in the colony! So she marched off, and called over her shoulder: "You touch my kitten, miss, and I'll snatch your hair out! As for coming over here, it won't and I won't—

But unhappily she was not able to keep that threat, and the kitten—

—the kitten evidently did not hold itself responsible for what Evelyn said, and a sad story follows.

Living in peace and utmost friendliness with the creatures in Eastview, there were not only birds, but chipmunks and several tame squirrels. There were, also a few specimens of splendid dogs. The birds were very fond of the dogs, and one Spring when there occurred a heavy fall of snow after the colony had come back from the south, it was not at all unusual to find Mr. and Mrs. Black-capped Chickadee in Bruno's kennel pecking at his food and making themselves quite at home with him. But there were no cats about.

It is a sad fact that cats and birds cannot live happily together, and whenever the experiment is tried, the result is cruel for the birds.

Now Evelyn's kitten gave promise of being a splendid exception to this rule. From her window, Mrs. Flicker used to look across the garden and thrill with joy at the sight of the kitten, squirrels and chipmunks all eating out of the same saucer. She felt very much as you might feel if a cannibal of whom you had been in deadly fear, proved himself to be perfectly harmless. Why, even Miss House Wren fell into the habit of taking her meals almost at the same time as the other boarders did.

The little Flickers were hatched at last. Their mother accepted her release gaily and stretched her wings in a mad flight for the sheer love of being free. You could have heard her, "Peiu-u, peiu-u," above most other sounds in the Colony had you been there to listen. Marjorie's brother heard it, and it was he who called attention to the fact that the little Flickers were hatched.

"D'you know something?" he asked, in that irritating way schoolboys have, making their parents feel simply like the fly-leaf of things and as ignorant as a troglodyte. "D'you know that if you took the flickers' eggs away from 'em, they'd keep on laying and laying more—till they had laid as many as thirty in a season?"

"Not *'they,'* " corrected his mothey, to show that she did know something, after all. " 'She,' dear!"

"Oh, well," returned the boy, not in the least grateful at being set right. "What's the difference? *She* can lay thirty—"

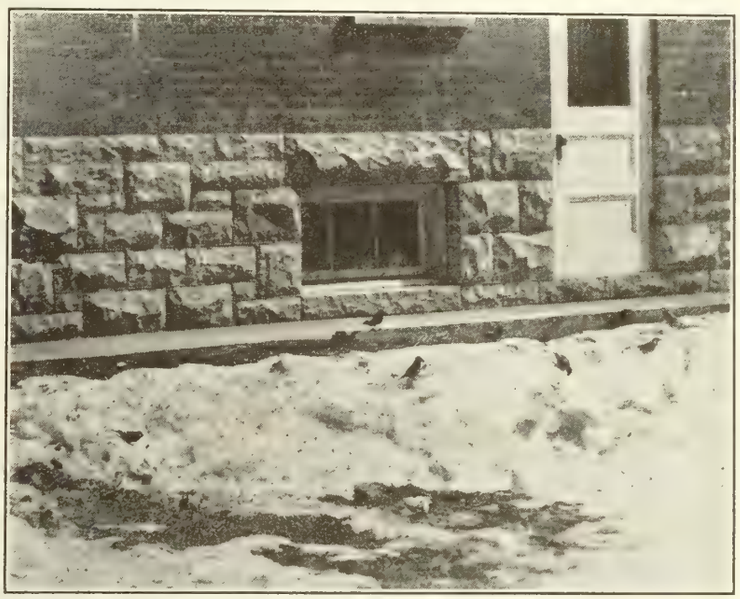
"Don't you ever take any eggs away," cried Marjorie. "That would be a naughty, crool thing!"

"Baby!" taunted her brother. "Whoever said anything about taking 'em away. I just told you—"

"You think you're smart," Marjorie suggested. "I don't want to be told when I think you are going to do things," she added, unreasonably.

"Children," said mother, and pointed to Mrs. Flicker who had just returned from marketing with a fat, juicy ant in her mouth. She was a generous provider and her birdlings never went hungry, but she did not go to extremes, as did her neighbor, Mrs. Chipping Sparrow, who fed her babies as often as *seventeen times an hour*. Mrs. Flicker thought this perfect nonsense, and did not hesitate to say so. She was very fond of ants herself, and ate heartily of them, but she never liked to be reminded of her sister-in-law whose stomach was found, during the process of an operation, to contain 5,000 eggs of these insects!

"However," she said to Miss House Wren, "you know what In-laws are; they are not at all like one's own family!"



Evening, Grosbeaks feeding on the snow

Mrs. Flicker stayed just long enough to be certain that the eldest baby ate its food properly and in a gentlemanly manner, and then flew off again. In passing, she stopped to bow to Mrs. Vireo who lived in a bush near the door of the garage, and who had several youngsters of her own to attend. The Vireos were old friends. They were pleasant though insignificant looking. Mrs. Flicker often remarked to her husband when he showed signs of irritability, "that it was a pity they were so small and inconspicuous, instead of being birds of fine physique like yourself, my dear! Why, compared with you, Mr. Vireo looks positively dowdy!"

The Vireos were a small family and were a little apt to make much of the fact. Rather untactfully (for the Flickers were widely connected and not in the least exclusive), Mrs. Vireo once said:

"There are only a few of us, and we are only found in America. I think it somewhat vulgar to be eternally traipsing around the world. A family should be identified with a locality, I think, and conduct itself in such a manner that it has no need to leave. *That*, you. know, Mrs Flicker, is the secret of half the railroad-building done by the Creatures," she announced positively. "It was not *desire* that first impelled them to travel—it was *necessity*."

Quite a spirited argument followed, but the little lady stuck to her opinion, adding, "there are only three branches of our family in all Canada, and we are represented by six species; no more."

"You are Mrs. Red-eye, are you not?" asked young Miss Phoebe, who had just moved to the Colony. "I knew one of the Philadelphia Vireos, and I've heard of the Warbling Vireos, but they are so frightfully exclusive, and live in such sheltered places, that I never have actually met them."

"They really care for little save music," explained Mrs. Red-eye. "And they do sing very well."

"No better than you," Miss Phoebe returned politely.

"Oh, my dear! I don't make a pretense of singing any more. When one has a family— I just sing for my own amusement, little disconnected things that really mean nothing. But the Warbling Vireos sing continuously—the sound just seems

The Pine Grosbeak

to bubble from them. I heard a poet say, one evening, that he knew God, Himself, had taught them."

"Just the same, I love your voice," said Miss Phoebe, who was quite ashamed of herself, being able to sing nothing except her own name.

Well, Mrs. Flicker gave a friendly bow to Mrs. Vireo, pausing to peer into the tiny hanging cup of bark, bits of paper, spiders' web, fine hair, grass and down that formed her home. Mrs. Flicker did not think it healthy to live so near the ground, but she said nothing.

"Babies well?" she asked.

"Quite, thanks. I wish I could stop, but I've got a bit of a job on hand. There was an editorial in the Creature's paper about me this morning . . frankly, it did not say too much, but you know what it means to live up to a reputation."

"What did the article say?" Mrs. Flicker was wondering down in her heart *why the Vireos?*

"Well," answered the little thing, "it announced that 91 per cent. of our food is insect diet, and that this made us immensely desirable neighbors. It went on to say that we ate little or no fruit, and mostly only the wild varieties, while the insects that we cared most for, were among the most harmful . . scales and other close-lying species that no Birds save ourselves seek, as a rule. There was more to the effect that as a family we are careful, painstaking, close-peering and diligent, and we can find tree and foliage pests that escape ordinary observation . . all of which, my dear, you know is true."

Mrs. Flicker twittered something that was supposed to be affirmative and went on. The juicy young ant she had recently found, came from Evelyn's garden, and with a swift glance around she discovered another quite as large, and she swooped down for it. But before she could reach it, a terrified cry chilled her to the very marrow, and she darted for the nearest tree, quaking in every feather.

What did she see? The kitten incredibly grown-up, sleek and fat—was mangling, in a most horrible manner, one of its recent playmates!

The chipmunk taken entirely unawares felt the sudden imprint of the cruel claws in its neck. It screamed and tried to run, only to find that the kitten was quite as fleet of foot, and infinitely stronger. Now and again, it would know the wild joys of freedom, but before it had taken half a dozen steps, there was that awful stinging pressure of needles on its body, and a rending of its tender flesh.

Mrs. Flicker, sick with horror, did not wait after seeing the kitten's teeth close about a limp little leg. Weakly, she flew back to her nest and dropped among the crying babies, deaf for once to their demand for food. She had not recovered when her husband came hurrying home in a state of unusual agitation. He simply flung a grub at the children and covered his face with his wing.

"Why, what is the matter, my love?" asked Mrs. Flicker. "Are you hurt? Are you ill? Have any Creature boys been shooting at you with guns or those terrible silent sling shots?"

"No," moaned Mr. Flicker. "But I've just seen the most ghastly thing . . that CAT IS EATING THE CHIPMUNKS."

"Another?" shrieked Mrs. Flicker.

"What do you mean by 'another'?" her husband was almost savage in his anxiety.

Mrs. Flicker told her story. By comparing notes, the pair found that beyond all doubt the murder Mr. Flicker had seen was the second one committed that day, and heaven only knew how many had taken place before, nor how long the slaughter would continue. Once a chipmunk's confidence is gained, nothing will shake it, "and the squirrels, too," he cried. "They will fall easy victims to her cunning. She does her work well, never leaving a trace. Oh, what shall we do, my dear, what shall we do?"

There was little joy in the Colony that night. "What shall we do?" was the burden of the song that fluttered in every throat, and even the grown-ups were afraid to go to sleep. Long after Marjorie was in bed, Creature-mother and Creature-father were conscious of a commotion overhead and asked one another what could be the matter. Within the week, they found out. Evelyn's kitten murdered twenty-eight chipmunks and four squirrels, and the whole of Eastview demanded blood!

Before their demand was satisfied however

(to be continued.)

Attention Mothers! Please!!

EDITOR'S NOTE.

No doubt there are quite a number of our readers who will consider the following remarks by "the father of five" rather extreme and perhaps too arbitrarily conclusive, but in the main he is undoubtedly correct.

During a discussion between the Editor and this gentleman (a prominent Canadian business man) regarding the influence of the motion pictures for good or evil, the latter expressed a wish to find some medium through which he could place his views.

"National Life," a magazine founded on ideals and working for ideals thereupon offered its columns for this object.

We believe the writer's conclusions are absolutely sincere and well grounded and that they go far to explain in a large measure the phenomenal increase in juvenile delinquency and crime.

Constructive comment from readers are welcomed and we shall be glad to print them in our next issue.

* * *

I AM a father.

Yes, boys and girls; 8-10-12-14-16 years, a dandy family.

Girls in the flapper stage; boys in the Tom Sawyer, Huck Finn period.

And it is no picnic, this family.

Modern progress in science is far outstepping our progress in education and human psychology.

We pass laws endeavoring to repress crime, we teach modesty and deportment in order to maintain our culture, but we issue permits, license the portrayal in detail of every conceivable crime, of every possible form of sexual laxity, plotted and planned with psychological cunning and displayed in blatant boldness in the "Movie.'

Just twelve years old—and such a real boy. A Scout with a good record and Honor Badges—still a boy in the Tom Sawyer-Huck Finn age—. His imagination makes every wild thing he sees "a great big" one, like the fisherman's catch that got off the hook.

Moving pictures in their rotten thug plots have (by license) taught him all about hold-ups, cold-blooded murders. This son of my flesh and blood, at twelve years, holding up his chum for money—yes, with his air rifle—he even says: "Gimme that money or I'll shoot." He does, and the small B.B. shot lodged in his chum's eye. Where did he get the hold-up idea? The "gun stuff"?

At the Movie.

Here is a boy, taught how to handle a rifle; he can shoot straight; warned, time and time again, and drilled in the manner of handling a gun safely.

My daughter—the Movies (as licensed) show her, how not to be decent and moral, how not to be modest and petite, but lax and bold, immoral and lewd.

Human nature, with the taint of the Garden of Eden upon us, falls down, and down in the moral scale now that we have made crime familiar. "Familiarity breeds contempt." Crime is quite familiar to us all now; there is no mystery in the hold-up; no mystery in the safe cracking game; all the details are nicely portrayed in the Movies for us. Shop lifting, porch climbing, auto thieving, pocket picking, sand bagging, and other niceties of the Movie promoter type of mind are offered to this baser taint of the human element.

Our sons are becoming gentlemen crooks, and our daughters society harlots. The Movies have produced in their darkened halls and made common those things that people would not sit in a lighted theatre and gaze upon, they might to-day, but they would not before the Movie had brazened their souls to the filth they promote.

I am not a writer, but a father of five, girls and boys. I'm appalled at the conditions I see brought about by some unseen force, at the lackadaisical attitude of some, nay many mothers—mothers educated by the moral code of 1880 and 1890, who do not realize the pitfalls of 1922. Because they were not subjected to the debasement as portrayed in the Movies of our day, they cannot see how their daughters are in any greater danger than they were. Mothers should wake up, and when the fathers rave, at least investigate.

But look around you. When a boy of twenty, I, and my class of associates, considered a girl who would paint and powder a harlot.

To-day, 1922, mothers permit their children to imitate the "screen virgins"—of Fatty Arbuckle stripe—in the powdering of their noses, and do you think for a minute, Dear Mothers, that your daughters are not imitating the "fade away, embrace and kiss." Open your eyes to the menace of the putrid movies, planned, not by minds with an ideal in view, but by minds cunning in their evil ingenuity to appeal to the lewd in human nature in order to "get the crowd" and their dimes and quarters.

How many pictures are produced of such delightful stories as "Cinderella, or the Glass Slipper?" Very few; and why? Ask your Movie House manager and he will tell you "they don't pull." "You must have something with lots of passion and fire, risque situations, subtle suggestions, double meaning stuff, to get the crowd's money."—just as the hotel bar used to do. It is about time to add to the "Banish the Bar" the new banner "Banish the Sex Movie."

E.W.R.

Thriftiness Made Easy

AS a rule you do not spend your money in large amounts, but in small amounts, and if your should keep an expense account showing just how these amounts were spent you would doubtless be amazed at the amount of money which passed through your hands.

Do you know that for a very few cents a day you can provide yourself with an ESTATE worth $5,000.00? And the full cash value of this Estate is SURE to come to yourself or to your designated beneficiary in case of your death.

THE NATIONAL ENDOWMENT POLICY provides the way—you provide the will.

Write For Particulars To

THE NATIONAL LIFE

Assurance Company of Canada

Head Office — Toronto

"Permanent as the Pyramids."

CHINAMEN, COCAINE, CANADIANS.

(*Continued from page 11*)

trayed and parents must be informed of the deadly peril which besets their children—so that due warning may be given.

Otherwise, each day and month and year will produce a fresh harvest of heartbroken mothers, degraded girls, criminal boys, diseased and broken men and women. For the devilish cunning, the insatiable greed, the cruel callousness, the unspeakable villainy of the hounds of hell who carry on in soul-trafficking, recognize neither the laws of God or man.

Only when public opinion has been aroused to the point of demanding—and getting—drastic action will this new horror be properly dealt with.

For the sake of Young Canada let that action be taken.

THE BOSS'S BABY.

(*Continued from page 39*)

ed for the proper expression.

"Oh, bring the poor little thing in out of the cold air."

Anita switched on the lights and Dolan carried the basket into the warm living-room. Together they examined the infant's clothing for possible clues. A dainty little monogram on each silk sock rewarded them.

"Why this must be Mr. Stirling's baby," said Anita. "It was kidnapped last evening. See this monogram is J. S.— "John Stirling." Please call Mr. Stirling up at once and tell him his baby is here. Be sure to say that you found it—there will be a reward."

Dolan needed no further urging, and when he had finished he went off on his beat again, leaving the case in Anita's hands.

As Dolan went out a very drowsy Jimmy appeared, demanding to be told what all the racket was about.

"A baby has been left on our doorstep Jimmy," explained Anita from her seat before the fire, where she was fussing with the little waif.

"A baby? Good heavens, another one?" cried Jimmy.

"No, same one," said Anita, enigmatically.

"What do you mean, the same one?" demanded Jimmy.

"Jimmy, it was the Boss' baby that Mrs. Copp loaned us," said Anita, impressively.

"The Boss' baby!" groaned Jimmy. "Then we're ruined—absolutely."

"Not at all," assured the indomitable Anita.

"On the contrary your fortune is made. Listen, Jimmy. Mr. Stirling will be so overjoyed to get his baby back that he will be ready to do anything for anyone that had a hand in restoring it. The fact of it having been found on our doorstep will mark us with special virtue.

"But how did it come to be left there?" asked the puzzled Jimmy.

"I left it there myself—I had to get rid of the baby somehow," said Anita. "That was the only way to get it back to its parents without explanations—unless I put it on its own doorstep, and that would get us nothing but rid of the baby.

"But how do you account for the Boss not recognizing the baby?" asked Jimmy.

"I think he did—sub-consciously," replied the wise Anita. "But his mental picture of his baby is so inflated that even the real thing fell short of it in comparison, when seen in unusual environments. I wonder just how many fathers of two-month-old babies would recognize their offspring if they saw them some place where they were not supposed to be, anyway? You might ask some of those fathers down in the office about that. It is an interesting and debatable point."

In a surprisingly short time the Stirling car buzzed up to the Dean's door and the stately head nurse, accompanied by Mr. Stirling, came in.

The nurse, of course, recognized the baby at once, and so, Mr. Stirling asserted, did he.

Almost incoherent with joy and relief, he offered Anita a cheque. Another one, he said, would be sent to Dolan in the morning. Anita positively declined to accept the cheque. She was, she said, only too glad to be the means of retoring the baby to his parents. And she meant it.

"Then I'll have to show my gratitude in some other way," said the happy father. "I have it. That new managership—Dean, that's yours, at double—treble the salary you've been getting. You may prepare to go to Boston at once."

At the door Mr. Stirling looked back with a tired, but beaming face, "Pardon me for not having asked after your little lad," he said. "I would like so much to compare the two wonderful little fellows, but Mrs. Stirling is in an agony to see her baby again, so I must not delay now, but another time—"

"Thank heaven we're going to Boston," breathed Jimmy fervently as the Boss disappeared.

Dawn brought the repentant and rambling Mrs. Copp with a rambling tale of a joy ride that had ended in grief miles from a telephone or means of transportation.

In answer to Anita's query as to how she came to be in charge of the Stirling baby she confided that her niece was—or had been—the under-nurse maid in the Stirling household. On the fateful night Niece Polly had been left in sole charge of the house and the baby. A great temptation to steal out to meet her sweetheart had come to her, but she was afraid to leave the baby in the house alone, so she had carried him over to Mrs. Copp's. Mrs. Copp, lured by the glamor of a joy ride, had in turn handed the baby over to Mrs. Dean. When Polly went to get her charge and could find neither Mrs. Copp or the baby she was so overcome with fright that instead of going back to the Stirling home and reporting the matter, as she should have done, she had fled to the house of a friend, where she was still hiding.

Mrs. Copp weepingly expressed great concern as to what would become of Polly now that she was out of a job and without reference.

"Polly can come to Boston with us," said Anita, thoughtfully. "I see plainly that if Jimmy is to rise very high in the firm of Stirling & Stirling we shall need a nursemaid.

QUESTIONS.

When I shall step aside from out the sunset,
Into the shadow of a falling star;
Shall I remember all I have forgotten,
Of things that were—as well as things that are?
When I draw back the curtain of to-morrow,
And face the dawn with all my dreaming done;
Shall I re-capture on some new horizon,
All that I lost on this side of the sun?
When I go out to meet my further questing,
Unfettered by the flesh I have outworn:
Shall I resume my song with purer rapture,
Or find my ancient longings just re-born?
When in the fields of asphodel I gather
The flower that April found—and cast aside,
Shall I be glad I held its fragrance holy,
After all other flowers had bloomed and died?
Let me dream true, while dreams are mine—the vision
Dappled with dust, or aurioled with fire—
All that is mine—what matter so I hold it
Vivid with life's reincarnate desire?

Blanche E. Holt Murison.

First Cat: "Why so sad tonight, Tabby?" Second Cat: "I feel so lonely and neglected! I've been weeping and wailing for an hour, and nobody has thrown anything at me!"

* * *

Father: "Is the girl you are going to marry, economical?" Son (enthusiastically): "I should say so. Last year she spent $100 in bargains."

* * *

"Man and woman, boss and worker,
Have one glory and one shame;
Everything that's done inhuman
Injures all of them the same."

The Decreasing Birth Rate

By Lillie Young McKinney

OUTSIDE my window I can see a poor harmless hen tied by one foot to a post. Right vigorously she is protesting against her fate, but her protestations are of no avail. She may pull and fuss and pick the offending string which holds her; she may ruffle up her feathers and scold the whole world in general and the woman who feeds her in particular for the untoward fate which has befallen her, but still her shackles hold her fast.

And what is the offence which she has committed that she should thus be deprived of her freedom while all the rest of the colony is busy eating wheat and corn, and hunting bugs and worms which their internal anatomy is supposed to transform into new laid eggs?

Her only crime is her desire for motherhood. Inside the hen house she has planned a nest, and in spite of the fact that no lord of creation struts in her pen—that inside her eggs there is no possibility of that marvellous thing, life, still her faith in her own instinct does not falter. Indeed if no eggs are forthcoming, she will sit half the summer on a door knob or a broken brick. On these pitiful objects she lavishes her hopes; she bares her breast of down to line the nest that may hold the precious prophesy closer to the warmth of her own beating heart.

Poor silly hen. Her one instinct is motherhood. She can not calculate the probable results as can her practical owner. She does not know that "it does not pay" to raise chickens. She does not know that the price of raising corn plus transportation and tariff; the price of raising wheat—in which must be counted all the increased cost of living to the laborer, the people who make and sell farm machinery and transport them all; the grit to digest it plus the same added costs; the price of lumber to build the house, and the wire to fence them in, plus many artificial costs—all of these have rendered her desired motherhood unprofitable.

She does not know that even heaven itself seemed to be her antagonist, and that the lack of rains on our prairies last summer caused them to fail to produce their accustomed hay, thus rendering her very nest more expensive and her eggs more valuable as they replaced in some measure our loss in prairie fed beef.

Ah, poor old hen. Even she must learn that motherhood is a matter to be carefully considered these days, not in regard to the mother-love which she is longing to give to her dream chickens, but in regard to the possibility of her offspring being an asset or a liability.

But as I watch our feathered friend, I see in her the embodiment of the mothers of to-day. While she is still a baby herself, the little girl is nursing her doll baby, and this love which develops so early is just as essential to her as life itself. Love for the husband is not so unselfish, but many a woman has found strength to live on in a marriage relation that would otherwise be impossible, because she has been able to change her love as a wife to the tenderness of a mother toward her erring spouse.

Do you then ask if the mother love is so essential to women, why the birth rate is constantly decreasing? Wait a bit. Let us look back a little along the rough and thorny path by which the human family have travelled.

The women of half a century ago had little more choice in anything concerning themselves than has our Mrs. Dorking, tied out there by one foot. Our grandmothers could rock the cradle with one foot tied, and still work unceasingly with both hands, and that was about all that they were allowed to do.

But strange to say, they never did become exactly a piece of machinery. Their brains developed a bit in spite of their restrictions. As their babies were laid for the first time in their arms, they folded them to their breasts in an ecstacy of desire to smooth for them the rough pathway over which they themselves had travelled.

But as time went on, and the little feet began to wander, they found themselves powerless to do this. Tied by one foot figuratively if not literally, they could only cluck excitedly as they saw their children wander far afield into playgrounds strange and new, or suffer in silence as the little feet stumbled over obstacles which mother love and mother wisdom, unshackled, could have helped to remove.

For the machinery of the world was planned and is turned by men, and men have not time to notice that the children are being injured by the complicated contraptions which have been built up. The jingle of the dollar, the color of gold coins, the rustle of bonds, the care of animals is much thought of in the affairs of men. If you have a project which promises great financial returns, your pathway to the seat of government will be expedited by every flunky on the way. But if your plan is great returns in better humanity, improved citizenship, a fuller life for the people—that will be a different matter.

All of these things the women of a generation ago began to observe. They saw that the babies for whom they had gone into the valley of the shadow, and whose good was dearer to them than life itself, were receiving very little attention from the powers that be.

True we have our schools, and they do more for the children than did the schools of our parents, but the problems of life have become also far more complex than those of our parents.

Also, Mrs. Dorking's owner had nothing on the prospective mother of to-day when it comes to considering the advisability of bringing helpless children into the world. Can the family budget stand the addition of the necessarily expensive member? Often too—oh, so often—there is the question as to whether mother can be eliminated and the family still have enough to eat and be decently clothed?

The powers that be called out our sons as belonging to the government; but governments have yet to learn that having exercised their first right to our boys when grown to man's estate, it necessarily follows that the children are the wards of the state in a sense never yet accepted. Humanity, not property, fought and won the war. Women are realizing the injustice of placing financial interests before those of the child. If the state claims the right to ask the child when grown to make the supreme sacrifice, then the state should also ask property to make the same supreme sacrifice at its country's call.

Through all ages men have recognized the desire of motherhood as being the strongest force in women, have counted on their marrying them and bringing forth children when every justice was denied them—when even any legal right to those children was never theirs—and women have done so. But a growing resentment to the lack of recognition of the importance of children has done for women what injustice to themselves has failed to do. They might bear children to whom they had no rights, but not children whose own rights were not considered.

So women have begun to wonder if it is wise that their longing for motherhood should receive its fruition. If they should bring children into the world to share conditions as they are with no real prospects of improvement, and a continual fear and expectancy that they are going the other way. In their hearts women do not believe that such conditions are necessary. They believe that it is due largely to artificial causes, and in general to the man-made machinery and man-made systems which holds property at a higher value than humanity.

At the last convention of the United Farm Women of Alberta, a resolution was brought in dealing with the problems of motherhood. The subject was fully discussed and left over for a year's study. It should be noted that this action is taken by farm women, who, if any, should find child-bearing and child-rearing possible.

The discussion was enlightening, and in it the economic side of the question overshadowed all others. So many children would not and could not have a chance in the present economic situation. The overburdened mothers could not do justice to many children.

The world is calling for babies, but it has so wasted the ones women have already given to it. This was the burden of the cry of these women. When the world has so bungled that women are refusing to bring more children into it, is it not time to call a halt and consider whither this mad doctrine which holds property more important—more sacred—than human life is leading us?

NATIONAL COUNCIL NOTES

(*Continued from page 46*)

Another most entertaining contribution to the intellectual feast was the luncheon address of Miss Lucy Doyle, President of the Canadian Women's Press Club, who spoke on recent Canadian fiction. The dominant note in Miss Doyle's talk was the great need of severe constructive criticism of Canadian literature. For the few Canadian writers of genius there are a host of mediocre authors, whose future as contributors to Canadian letters faint praise is infinitely more damning than fair and helpful criticism would be. Encouragement is very necessary, but no writer of spirit desires pity. On the other hand, Canadians should face the fact that the lack of appreciation on the part of Canadian readers and the low rates of payment in Canada are driving a large number of our writers to the United States. If this country is to have a literature of her own, she must give the necessary support to her writers. Optimism and sentimentality, said Miss Doyle, are two of the crying needs in Canadian literature.

The National Council of Women has been aptly described as "Canada's parliament of women," and it would seem that no other appellation could be more fitting. Some years ago, an honored member of the National Council of Women said that "The women of our Council should be a gentle, persistent force to bring and keep before our public men the need of legislating for certain reforms." With the passing years the Council has more than lived up to this ideal: as a body for reform and advancement along a hundred varying lines it has gone steadily forward, and the record of its battles and its victories can be traced alike on municipal, provincial and federal statute books.

THE TEAR VASE

BY MARY DODDS

In the lofty vestibule of the monastery I made my request. "Could I visit one of the tombs recently discovered on the mountain side, near the monastery garden?" "Certainly," said the Superior, "Brother Francis will accompany you with a lantern, though I fear there is little to be seen."

The aged monk guided me into a dark musty-smelling cave. "These tombs were ransacked, centuries ago, and the coffins smashed in the search for treasure," he remarked. Nevertheless, I searched around in the dust and debris that littered the floor, not satisfied with this, I took a sharp flinty piece of rock and dug carefully into the clay beneath. Surely I would find some little token of days gone by?

As the mound came up, it parted, the monk lowered the lantern, then something glittered . . .

With reverent fingers we broke away the clay, and a tiny vase of green glass tinted with rainbow colours, emerged, like a pearl from the shell of an oyster. "It is a tear vase," said Brother Francis, "the Roman ladies who were bereaved, shed their tears into vases, and they were sealed and buried with their dead, in token of undying love."

The light from the lantern caught the radiance from the vase, and gradually, the tomb became filled with light.

Bitter heartbreaking sobs broke the stillness. Then a voice, in liquid throbbing tones, murmured, "Dear One, I loved thee, I loved thee, though I drove thee from my side with scornful words, to die . . . in a foreign land. See! Beloved! I bring thee the tears wrung from my heart at the news of thy death. May the Gods keep thee, forever."

A massive stone sarcophagus stood on a raised platform, before it, on her knees, drooped a veiled girlish figure. A portion of the sarcophagus had been left uncemented, that the mourner might glimpse the inner shell. Rising to her feet, she gently placed the tiny vase within, saying as she did so, "for you, Antonious, there is . . . peace, for me, a tortured memory, and a life . . alone."

A second figure then appeared. A little bent, wrinkled old woman. She fondly stroked the raven tresses of the sorrowing girl. "Come, my nursling, thou hast made thy pilgrimage; the runners wait impatiently to take us back to the ship, and the guardian is ready to seal the tomb."

"And he seals my heart within it," cried the girl, passionately. The veil fell back, disclosing a face of exquisite beauty, the face of a patrician daughter of Rome. "Oh, I have prayed the Gods to bring him back to me, but they heeded me not, they are cruel! would that we had a God of compassion and mercy, to heal the wounds of poor weak mortals." The figures passed away. The light faded. Did we span a second . . . or a thousand years?

Something bright and glistening, splashed on the vase, the monk was staring . . down . . down."

I whispered, daringly, "did she die?" "Yes! my daughter, and the world could not hold my sorrow; so I brought it to the throne of God."

* * * * * * *

We passed out into the sunlight. Beyond the green olive trees, stretched the yellow sand, beyond the sand lay the blue sea, the tide was ebbing. A tiny road, ran through the flower-sprinkled Plains of Sharon, even up to the gates of the Holy City. For it was trodden by the sacred feet of the Prophet, who had breathed hope, and everlasting life, to the people of the dark ages gone by.

Brother Francis drew his rough brown sleeve across his face. "The flies are troublesome to-day," he remarked, evenly, as he extinguished the lantern. Then, as he toiled up the stony path beside me, "perhaps the Superior will allow you to keep the vase; it is but a small thing, it acquires those beautiful colours through being buried in the clay."

But I like to think, as I look on my treasure, that the iridescence was left by the soul of the maiden, as she went to join her lover in the new Dawn.

Women's Institutes and Public Health

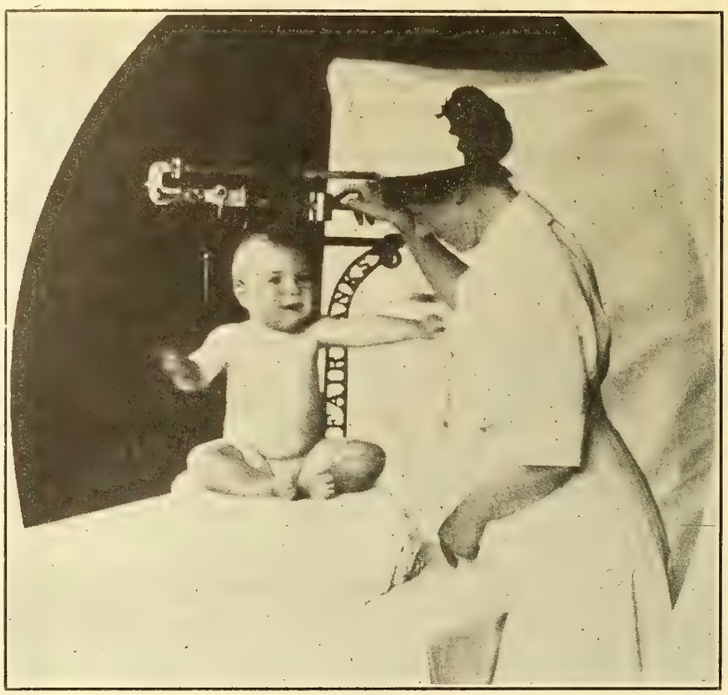
"There is a little, and perhaps ridiculous nursery rhyme, which has come to my mind as I am struggling to make the position of national convener of the Standing Committee on Public Health and Child Welfare for the Federated Women's Institutes of Canada more than just a name"—says Mrs. Vangie Shaw MacLachlan. I am going to take the jingle as text for this report.

"If all the men were one man what a mighty big man that would be! and if all the stones were one stone what a mighty big stone that would be! and if all the seas were one sea what a mighty big sea that would be! and if that mighty big man should take that mighty big stone and throw it into that mighty big sea what an almighty big splash there would be!"

The reasoning is logical and the conclusion sound. Now then follow out the same line of reasoning. If all the organizations were one organization what a mighty big organization that would be! and if all the aims were one aim what a mighty big aim that would be! and if that mighty big organization should take that mighty big aim and apply it to the health of the children of Canada, what an almighty fine nation the next generation would be!

But haven't we that one organization at the present time? The Dominion Child Welfare Council organized at Ottawa, in 1920 has gathered all the organizations together into one big organization, the mighty big man, the children of Canada the mighty big sea, a uniform plan of work the mighty big aim,— the mighty big stone and the improvement in the nation will be the splash, and the splash that will go far "towards ushering in the golden age of public health when preventable disease shall be prevented, when motherhood shall be raised to a position in keeping with the sacred office which it fills and our babies rescued from poverty, ignorance and neglect in which they perish or from which the survivors are disabled at the threshold of life."

Yes, we have the Mighty Big Man, The Child Welfare Council, we have the Mighty Big Sea, The Children of Canada, and while we have the aim to improve the health we need a working policy and it is hoped the following uniform plan or a similar one is the Mighty Big Stone. Now then with a long pull and a strong pull and a pull altogether may the Big Man launch the Big Stone!



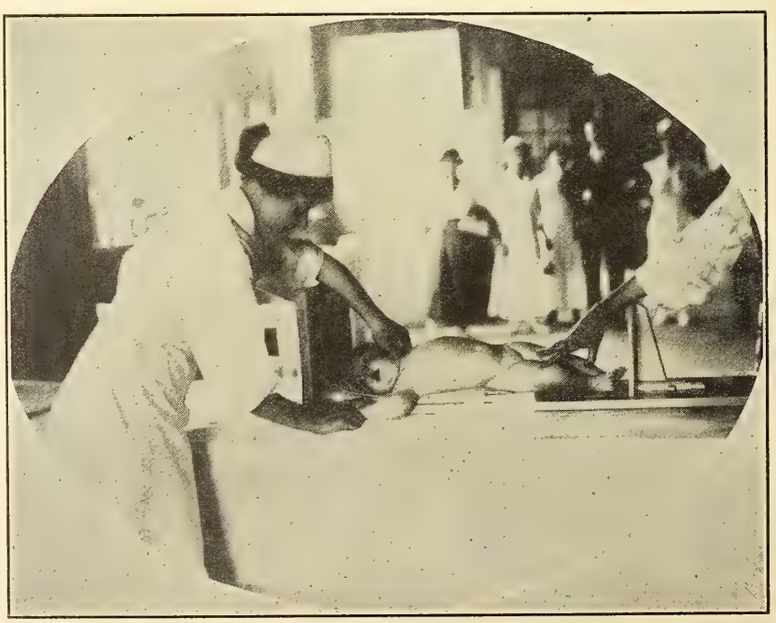
Weighing "the riotous baby"

It is the aim of this plan to begin with the health of the child before birth, and, unifying all the agencies both public and private for the promotion of health throughout childhood give every child its birth right, the right of being well born, a chance of healthy childhood and to leave school with the greatest asset known to man, health, established.

Co-operate with Provincial Health Department.

In order to be able to recommend this to the organizations throughout Canada it was deemed desirable to work in the closest co-operation with the provincial health departments of each province, accordingly the plan was submitted for consideration and suggestions, and with the exception of Prince Edward Island from which no reply has been received to date, the comments were very encouraging.

It is realized that neither legislation nor conditions are identical in any two provinces, yet the need for the educational work among the people of Canada is the same in each province. This plan was next submitted to the "Mighty Big Man" the Child Welfare Council, and, complying with a request from the secretary, twenty additional copies have been sent for the consideration of the executive.



Measuring "the riotous baby"

PRENATAL CARE.

What can we do for the child before birth? Here are application forms for Advisory Letters for expectant mothers. These forms are filled out and sent to the Provincial Board of Health, when letters containing information and advice are sent periodically together with a copy of the Canadian Mother's Book.

The graded diet folders naturally follow, Series 1 and 2 give instruction on the feeding of the baby, both breast and bottle until nine months.

Series 3, feeding from nine months to 2 years.

Series 4, feeding from 2 to 6 years.

Series 5, proper food for children of school age.

CARE OF SCHOOL CHILD.

This then brings us to the school child, and what standard have we for the environment of our children, could we do better than follow England's example and take for our national Canadian standard the following "irreducible minimum"?

(a) That every child shall periodically come under direct medical and dental supervision, and if found defective shall be followed up.

(b) That every child malnourished shall, somehow or other be nourished, and every child found verminous, shall, somehow or other, be cleansed.

(c) That for every sick, diseased, or defective child, skilled medical treatment shall be made available either by the local education authorities or otherwise.

(d) That every child shall be educated in a well ventilated school room or class room, or in some form of open air school room or class room.

(e) That every child shall have daily, organized physical exercise of appropriate character.

(f) That no child of school age shall be employed for profit, except under approved conditions.

(g) That the school environment and the means of education shall be such as can in no case exert unfavorable or injurious influences upon the health, growth and development of the child.

Following this last regarding school environment, what about our rural schools? Let us ask ourselves if the appearance, and, shame to us, if the sanitation are such as could exert any-

thing but "an injurious influence upon the health, growth and development of the child." Yet our rural schools are of vital importance to the nation. Let us then examine closely the minimum requirements as set forth by Dr. Thos. D. Woods.

The School Room must be:

(1) Heated by at least properly jacketed stove, (no unjacketed stove to be allowed). Avoid overheating. Temperature should never go above 68d. There should be a thermometer in every school room. Ventilation by open windows when weather permits and by opening of windows at frequent intervals even in winter.

(2) Lighting from left side of room (or from left and rear) through window space at least one-fifth of floor space in area.

(3) Cleanliness of school as good as in the home of a careful housekeeper.

(4) Furniture sanitary in kind, and easily and frequently cleaned. Seats and desks adjustable and hygienic in type.

(5) Drinking water from a pure source provided by a sanitary drinking fountain.

(6) Facilities for washing hands, and individual towels.

(7) Toilets and privies sanitary in type and in care (with no cesspools unless watertight) and no neglected privy boxes or vaults.

(8) Flies and mosquitoes excluded by thorough screening of schoolhouse and privies.

(9) Obscene and defacing marks absolutely absent from schoolhouse and privies.

(10) Playground of adequate size for every rural school.

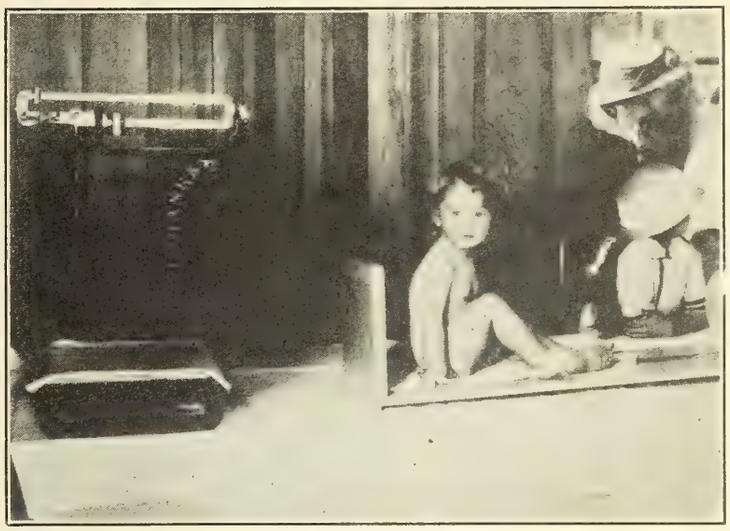
Can we improve upon these? or can we provide less for our children and yet be British?

We have taught "health" in our schools but by purely academic methods, we have not made it personal or practical.

This can be done and is being done in many of the civilized countries of the world. By bringing into action the "play spirit" of the child we can make personal habits of hygiene a reality to them just as our soldiers, during the war, formed habits of hygiene and sanitation which will remain with them throughout life.

Health Crusade.

Every school should have scales for weighing. Every child should know what he or she should weigh and if under weight should know the reason. By putting the Health Crusade into the schools we are making use of that play spirit which is



Showing perfect specimen aged two years with scales and measuring board

inborn in every child. "Play the Game" is the slogan which never fails to receive a response. The rules of the Health Game are few and simple and no child is deterred from membership. Every child likes to play a winning game and to win he must obey the rules which are,

(1) A full bath more than once a week.

(2) Brushing the teeth at least once a day.

(3) Sleeping long hours with windows open.

(4) Drinking as much milk as possible but no tea or coffee.

(5) Eating some vegetables or fruit every day.

(6) Drinking at least four glasses of water every day.

(7) Playing a part of every day out of doors.

(8) A bowel movement every morning.

SANITARY CONDITIONS.

Each morning the teacher asks for a show of hands as she reads over these eight rules and in no case has this been tried out for any length of time without marked results.

Closely allied with this is "Sanitation" the principles of which may also be inculcated by means of the play idea. "The Junior Health Officer's Report" is put into practice in the schools by the children electing or the teacher appointing some one pupil as Health Officer for the week. As has been said before children love to play games, to wear badges and to undertake responsibility. The officer has his badge of office and he reports on absentees from contagious diseases; keeps a daily school room record of the ventilation, temperature and general sanitation of the habits of the pupils, such as spitting, trading of pencils, drinking cups, etc.; sanitation of the school room during week, which includes facilities for washing the hands, lessening dust while sweeping, heating, and other items; sanitation of the school-yards during week, which includes drinking water, condition of school-yard, cleanliness of toilets, etc. Each week this report is handed into the teacher who O.K.'s it and sends it to the nearest Public Health and Child Welfare Committee or Council.

Doctor testing internal organs

Little Mothers' Leagues should be in every school where there is a nurse to take charge and give the necessary instruction, guaranteeing the "intelligent motherhood" which John Burns maintains safeguards "the future of this or any other nation."

There should be held regularly well baby clinics where the mother may bring her baby for examination and advice on how to keep it well; clinics for children of pre-school age for the same purpose and lastly we should see to it that every mother attends the medical examination of the school children. Of course the holding of the clinics pre-supposes the presence of a school or public health nurse in the district, otherwise it would have to be done, although not so satisfactorily, with a volunteer nurse.

OPERATIVE CLINICS.

So far, it is the normal child which we are dealing with, but for children needing medical treatment it is urged that operative clinics be arranged. Very often arrangements can be made with a local hospital. Where, however, that is impossible, the local doctor usually secures the assistance of a specialist from a large centre and the clinic is held at some central point, using either the schoolhouse, community hall or even a private house and a number of children treated in one day. Such clinics have been very successfully held in Peel County, Ontario, through the co-operation of the Women's Institutes.

Dental treatment seems to be the crying need at the present time and one for which no one feasible scheme to suit all localities can be devised. The idea of travelling dental clinics for the remote rural districts is one that is growing in favor, but until such a scheme has been tried out in several districts it would be impossible to outline any plan.

In order to make all the plans one plan, it is urged where there is only one organization, that this be all carried on as committee work of this organization, this committee to be known as the Public Health and Child Welfare Committee. Then in its relation to the Pro-

vincial and Dominion this Committee will function as a Child Welfare Council with power to add to its number, and making use of this power to add, shall include the clergy, the doctor, trustees and any other citizen which may enhance its usefulness.

* * *

CHILD WELFARE COUNCIL.

In communities where there is more than one organization the plan that is recommended is for each to appoint a committee and these committees to meet in conference, elect chairman and secretary, or president, vice-president and secretary and allot the different branches of work. This becomes the Child Welfare Council, with the support and backing of all organizations represented. Such a council has been recently organized in Esquimault, consisting of committees from the Women's Institute, I.O.D.E. and Parent Teachers'. The W.C.T.U. has been asked to join, and it is expected that there will be representation from that body. The Women's Institute through its committee has undertaken the pre-natal and baby clinic work; the I.O.D.E., the care of the pre-school children; the Parent-Teachers the care of the school children. Each organization has voted a sum of money to be used in furthering the work of its particular branch. The school nurse, the two doctors, the dentist and the principal of the school form a consultative committee. The council and school board are also represented in prominent positions. Such a council could function in the capacity of securing and maintaining a public health nurse.

Perhaps in looking over this plan it may be asked, "but where does the education of the present day mother come in"? Mothers' meetings may be arranged, but it has frequently been noticed that the mothers who should be reached are quite often conspicuous by their absence. This is not always from lack of interest but because the mother of a family especially in a country district, finds it almost impossible to attend many meetings. Others again are beyond the direct reach of the organization, very often resenting the efforts of the laity in attempts to provide information by such means. But these people can be reached, oh, yes, and very effectually, A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM. Never has this saying been better illustrated than in the present day health work. The most direct and effective method of educating the mothers is to make the children the teachers. They can and will carry the gospel of health from the school to the homes. Indeed they are doing that to-day where ever this is being put on in the schools, with far greater force and effect than all the meetings that have ever been held for this purpose.

This then is the uniform plan of work which it is hoped will be endorsed by the Child Welfare Council and on which all organizations can bend their energies until the undulations from that "splash" will be felt from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the national boundary line to the Arctic circle and keep on forever and forever.

The Man Without

(*Continued from page 21*)

mouth.

"Is the Ink-hog H-English?" she asked in a hoarse whisper.

Her question and manner of putting it, passed unnoticed at the time. Bragge had other matters to occupy his thoughts. But later, he recalled Mrs. Hicks' utter stupefaction at discovering that the young man of silent habits was not a Turk or a Montenegran; he recalled her subsequent behavior, that expressed to his overwrought mind the crystalization of a suspicion into a certainty....and a fear-inspiring certainty at that! Mystery hemmed him in on all sides. What did Mrs. Hicks know about The Oyster?

The doctor followed up that single remark into a monologue on coffee, its uses and abuses. Great splotches of silence fell after each period. The young man looked at him politely, as one would regard a stranger at the same table in a hotel; but he had evidently spoken the thought that was in his mind, and had nothing more to say.

Why speak of the coffee, though? Why, if he had criticisms to offer in regard to the cuisine, not mention the porridge, or the shrivelled bacon, or the hard-fried egg? Who was this strange fellow, using so glibly the family name of a tropical snake, possessing a knowledge of English care, and recognizing at a sip, our faulty preparation of good coffee? Why should he collapse with terror at the mere mention of the Naja haje, and exhibit unbroken indifference toward an accident that caused the entire city to shudder?

Bragge gave it up. His head ached and he felt dazed in the face of all this mystery. Life, that hitherto had been so simple, so joyous, now seemed full of unsolvable puzzles; how and why and where and who? And the burden of his own great problem lay heavily upon him. He had no heart to unravel mysteries. He was concerned with the deciding of a question that meant life or death to him, and in the meanwhile, with the concealing of a constant, gnawing pain.

The insistent clamor of the telephone set his nerves jangling. He schooled himself to answer the call, naturally.

Mrs. Penfield's voice came thinly over the wire.

"I think you had better come in to see us this morning, doctor," she said, "as soon as possible."

"Nothing serious, is there? Is your daughter worse, this morning?"

"Well, she's no better," triumphed Mrs. Penfield, plaintively. "I know she had another bad night."

The receiver was scarcely on its hook, when the door bell rang. Again, Bragge's pulses jumped. His palms grew clammy as he heard a masculine voice ask Mrs. Hicks:

"Is Dr. Bragge in?"

He moved slowly towards the door of his waiting room, prepared to see some one from Headquarters. For the first time in his life, he felt the crushing force of circumstance, and in those few minutes the feebleness of a great age seemed to settle upon him. In the eyes of the law—the world, indeed, he was a murderer. Where was there a power to palliate that unintentional act of his?

With his hand on the knob, Bragge paused. Some latent pride asserted itself. Remorse—even the bitterest—need not make a cowed and cringing creature out of him. He flung up his head and squared his shoulders. After all, he had not meant to kill the man?

The visitor was not from Headquarters. He was a patient, the last person in the world Bragge expected to see, and the first of three that morning!

Mechanically, he attended to their simple wants, while his mind busied itself with a distracting suspicion. What was the meaning of this sudden popularity; did these people really consider themselves in need of his advice, or were they tools of the Police sent to spy upon him?

The misery of his existence increased. He was conscious as never before of his friendlessness, his lack of intimates, of a pal to whom he could turn in the hour of his trouble. He began to imagine that suspicion lurked in the eyes of the man in the street, and he felt ill at ease in the presence of Mrs. Hicks, and—

The Oyster!

Bragge recoiled as though from a sharp blow. Was this fellow who had eaten his salt—A Spy? Was he in the employ of the Police? Was that the reason his disappearance called forth no enquiry and no search?

A wretched half hour followed, during which Bragge considered the possibility from every conceivable angle. One minute he was convinced that this was the solution to the mystery surrounding the strange young man; the next, he was persuaded that such an idea was preposterous. One minute he felt an impulse to place a well-directed fist upon the point of The Oyster's jaw, and the next, he fell to wondering what he could do to release the fellow from his affliction.

Finally, he decided that connection with the Police was most improbable. What young man would hack at his head and tear great patches off his face on the chance of being taken into a suspect's household? What young man could sustain the role he was playing so flawlessly, hour after hour?

And yet, although he put the idea determinedly out of his mind, the shadow of it kept falling over him, disturbing his brief periods of relaxation, reminding him to be constantly on his guard. The Oyster had noticed his horror upon discovering the changed positions of the vials; he had probably seen that the one containing poison was half empty. What further evidence was he waiting for? Why did he not strike and be done with it?

A glance at the fellow seemed sufficient to answer the questions. There could be no normal mind behind that blankness of expression. No man capable of thought could empty his eyes of all intelligence so completely. Like a faithful dog he sat motionless in the waiting-room, looking up with a sort of stupid hopefulness each time Bragge opened the door to admit or dismiss a patient.

"Won't you soon have time for me?" he seemed to ask, in his mute way.

Alone with him, Bragge made another effort to cajole or coerce him into speech, to wring from him some small hint that would lead eventually to his identification. His effort was as unsuccessful as its predecessors. The Oyster sat silent and unresponsive; free from care, ambition, passion and worldly bonds. A man without a mind, a name, a home; without friends, relations, human attachments!

"The man without—" muttered Bragge. "By Jove, that's the best title yet!"

What to do with the fellow

while making his infrequent professional visits, was the next problem that vexed Allison Bragge. Mrs. Hicks flatly refused to be responsible for him, and The Oyster himself signified a very definite determination not to be left behind. It seemed to the doctor that even as he cast a speculative eye upon him, the young man divined his thought and made himself ready for the street. More than ever did he suggest a dog, a dignified and affectionate dog, who expects to accompany his master for a walk.

With some misgiving Bragge allowed him to get into the car.

When almost at the Penfields' door, his courage failed him. He felt that he could not face them. The idea of abusing their confidence was excessively repugnant; indeed, he was not at all certain that he could play the part of an innocent man, honorably performing the duties of his calling under Bernice's eye.

To gain time he drove to the hospital, where, he knew that the poisoning would be discussed in its most fantastic as well as its most scientific aspect; where, also, he was apt to get a line on the latest conjectures of the medical fraternity as to the author of the crime. If they suspected him, the sooner he realized it, the better.

Drawing up at the curb, he turned with some perplexity to his companion. He did not want to take him into the building, and yet he felt uneasy at the thought of leaving him alone in the car. If another spell of wanderlust should seize him, Bragge feared that a less cordial welcome might await at the next house across whose threshhold he might tumble.

Experience had proved that talking to The Oyster with the expectation of getting a response was a futile proceeding. Still Bragge talked, especially when something broke in upon the thread of his unaccustomed and morose reflections. Therefore, he mused aloud:

"Now, what the deuce shall I do with you while I am gone?"

Said The Oyster, calmly:

"Thanks, I'll wait in the car!"

The doctor gaped. Surprise robbed him of speech. The fellow had not only understood, but answered a question. Here was a step in the right direction. The mental floods must be subsiding. The good old Oyster must be coming round!

Bragge felt the first thrill of pleasure he had known for hours. He tried to think of something compelling, arresting, something that would reach out like a cant-hook and drag another speech to the surface of this rational moment, and prevent the back-wash of the wave from extinguishing the tiny spark of intelligence that had glowed so unexpectedly. But as often happens, the English language fails in the most critical moments. Before Bragge's advance, it receded until he was left stranded, helpless, stammering the words.

"You will? Er—um—you will wait in the car? Just the thing—er—to wait, you know! I'll expect you to wait, for I won't be long, old man."

The length of his host's absence seemed of much less concern to The Oyster than the lamp on a nearby car. He studied it fixedly, but with an air of profound detachment. For him, patently, nothing else existed.

It was utterly discouraging!

Bragge entered the hospital wondering if he had imagined the flicker of perplexity that followed The Oyster's words. True, he was looking very eagerly for it, knowing that it would signify the consciousness of unfamiliar surroundings and people, the realization of a mental lapse, without which, normality would ever remain a will-o'-the-wisp. So long as The Oyster found nothing strange in a perfectly strange environment, Bragge knew better than to look for his recovery. But the moment he expressed bewilderment, stopped in a sentence midway, and murmured like the heroine of melodrama, "Where am I?" then, there would be reason to expect a definite improvement.

Had The Oyster looked perplexed? It was difficult to say.

Bragge found a group of doctors and nurses discussing the poison case. Their manner, he felt, underwent a subtle change as he approached. They suspected him. He was sure of it. He wondered whether he looked miserable and guilty.

"I suppose you went down to view the late lamented?" a young specialist asked him.

"Why should I?" he returned immediately conscious that he had said the wrong thing. He had never been obliged to weigh his words, and the necessity harrassed him, filled him with panic.

"Interest of science, my good fellow! Right in your line, isn't it? Weren't you always brewing some deadly mess back yonder in our happy school days?"

"They say it was a gruesome spectacle," one of the nurses cut in.

"Foullest thing I ever saw! Ugh! What with the damage done by the wheel of the car, and the effects of the dose, not to mention the natural disintegration that attacks this human carcass after death—" the young specialist broke off, significantly.

(To be continued)

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Commercial Correspondence in French

By Guy de Lestard, Principal of Toronto School of Languages and Commerce

Lesson III.

Business expressions to memorize:—

I. Nous vous remercions de votre lettre du 4 courant et en réponse à votre demande . . . .
We thank you for your letter of the 4th inst., and in answer to your enquiry . . .

II. Nous prenons la liberté de vous rappeler que vous nous devez encore $4.35 (4 piastres et 35 centins).
We take the liberty to remind you that you still owe us $4.35.

III. Nous avons l'honneur de vous accuser réception de votre mandat - poste (cheque).

We beg to acknowledge receipt of your money-order (cheque).

IV. Conformement à vos ordres, nous écrivons par ce même courier à Mr. Smith, de la maison Eaton.

According to your instructions, we are writing by the same mail to Mr. Smith . . .

V. Nous vous envoyons ci-inclus notre chèque de 10 piastres, montant de notre facture du mois passé.

We are sending you enclosed our cheque for 10 dollars amount of our invoice of last month.

VI. Voulez-vous, je vous prie, m'envoyer payable à la livraison (contre remboursement) les articles suivants:

Will you please send me C.O.D. the following articles:

VII. Dans l'espoir d'une prompte réponse, recevez, Messieurs, nos salutations empressées.
Hoping to hear from you soon, we remain, yours truly.

Verb "Pouvoir" (can, to be able)
je peux, il peut, elle peut, nous pouvons, vous pouvez, ils peuvent, elles peuvent

je pourrai, il pourra . . . .
j'ai pu, il a pu, elle a pu, nous avons pu, vous avez pu . .

Verb Vouloir (want, to be willing).
je veux, il veut, elle veut, nous voulons, vous voulez, ils veulent, elles veulent.

je voudrai, il voudra, etc. . .
j'ai voulu, il a voulu, elle a voulu, etc. . . . .

Verb Devoir (to owe, must, to have to)
je dois, il doit, elle doit, nous devons, vous devez, ils doivent, elles doivent.

je devrai, il devra, etc. . .
j'ai dû, il a dû, elle a dû, nous avons dû, vous avez dû, il ils ont dû, elles one dû.

Translate into French:
Do you want to come to-morrow?
We are not able to do that for you (faire cela pour vous)
I owe money (de l'argent). Do you owe money? We owe $9.25.
I owe you 8 dollars. We must come.
I have to write. I will have to write next week.
I do not want to go to New York this week (cette semaine) but I will have to go next week.

Enclosed please find our cheque for 45 dollars in payment of our last invoice.

In answer to your kind (aimable) letter of yesterday, I have the pleasure to inform you that our Mr. Gendron will be able to go to New York in a few weeks and shall call on you (passera chez vous), with the new samples of the season (avec les nouveaux echantillons de la saison). Can you not bring to-morrow the new samples which you have?

Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain yours truly.

Translate into English:—

5 Aout 1922.
Messieurs Eaton et Cie
56 rue Yonge
Toronto
Messieurs
Voulez-vous, je vous prie, m'envoyer, aussitôt que possible, votre catalogue illustré et vos, prix pour vos mouchoirs de satin de la meilleure qualité.
Je vous envoie ci-inclus un mandat-poste, de 5 piastres en payment des articles que vous m'avez envoyéz la semaine dernière.
Nous espèrons aller à Toronto dans quelques semaines et nous irons vous voir.
Voulez-vous, s'il vous plait, me dire si vous pouvez m'envoyer quelques (a few) echantillons de vos étoffes (material) de soies pour faire des robes d'été (summer).
Dans l'espoir de vous lire bientôt, recevez, Messieurs, mes salutations empressées.

Answers to Correspondents

Mrs. Maundrell (Armstrong, B.C.).

Miss Nellie Cathcart (Gladston, Man.).

Miss Emily Wilkins (272 Park Street, Hamilton).

Miss T. Bell, Mr. Prime, Miss Stervarl.

I have received your stamped envelope and am waiting for your exercises to be corrected. Mrs. L. M. Barton.

The Verb "Envoyer" (to send, to ship), is irregular—j'envoie, j'enverrai, j'ai envoyé. The Verbs ending in "yer" change y to i before a mute e.

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Name .....

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An Ambiguous Compliment.

There was at Ferney a theater where they performed the tragedies of Voltaire. The parts were played by the guests. Madame Denis, the niece of Voltaire, almost always took part in these performances (y figurer). She had just played the role of Zaire, when a gentleman from the neighbourhood came up to her and complimented her very highly (lui adresse force compliments) on her dramatic talent.

"In order to fill this rôle suitably, one ought at least to be young and pretty" said Madame Denis with feigned modesty.

"Ah, Madame," answered the gentleman naively, "you have certainly proved the contrary." And he went off delighted with the compliment he imagined he had paid her.

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Gentlemen,—Please send me details of your plan for making my spare time valuable.
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Tit For Tat.

Napoleon the Third, at that time Emperor of France, was one day chatting with his wife, the Empress Eugénie.

As she was talking somewhat thoughtlessly, her husband said to her jokingly (par maniere de plaisanterie):

"Do you know, Madam, what difference there is between a mirror and yourself?"

"No," she answered.

"Well, my dear, the difference is that a mirror reflects without speaking and you speak without reflecting."

"Ah . . and you, sir," said Eugénie quickly "do you know what difference there is between a mirror and you?"

"No," said Napoleon in his turn.

"Well, my dear, it is that the mirror is polished and you . . . are not.!"

NATIONAL BRIDGE

By "Pontifex"

The Third Hand Bid.

Third Hand is in a very important position in the game. He has had the opportunity to hear from his partner, the dealer, and from one opponent, and upon his correct reading of the previous bidding and proper action thereon depends the success of the joint hands of his partner and himself. He must always remember this axiom, Third Hand NEVER has a FREE BID. The dealer has such a chance, second hand even may have, provided dealer has passed, but Third hand has not, even over two passes, for he has, in that event, the information that his partner is so weak that he cannot make a sound declaration of one, in suit or no trump. Let us take, firstly then, the situation in which the bid is passed up to him. The inference is, not only that the dealer is weak, but that second player on the right is also weak. Therefore, any strength that may be massed in one hand against Third Hand, must lie to the left that is with Fourth Hand. So then it may be taken for granted that to make a No Trump bid in such circumstances, Third Hand must hold much more than is necessary for a dealer's declaration. In no case should he declare No Trump without five sure tricks, and three suits well stopped. On the other hand with a sound bid of One in any suit, this may be made; if overcalled by Fourth Hand, First hand will not raise unless he is justified, and if the overcall is a No Trump bid, First Hand has the benefit of knowing the suit Third Hand wishes lead to him.

With a very strong suit, and game in sight call two and if strong enough, three. Never mind the failure of your partner to bid, that does not show an absolute Yarborough, and the odd ace or King may turn up; the pass simply shows Less Than Three sure Tricks in the hand. If he has two, you will get by, and, moreover, you force Fourth Player to extend himself, which unless he is very strong he may refuse to do.

If the Dealer has bid One in a minor suit, as we have before stated when considering the First Hand bid, it is a call for No Trump in the first instance. If your hand justifies it, make it. Your partner has guaranteed you a quick trick in the suit he bids, and a quick trick in one other. But if you have real support in the suit bid, and one or two outside sure tricks, go to Two of the suit bid at once, particularly if you have anything on the game score. This serves two purposes, it informs your partner that no matter how short the suit shown may be with him, you prefer to play that to either no trumps or a major declaration, and it also forces Fourth Hand to go to Two over a pass from his partner.

Should Second Hand have bid over the Minor suit declared by the Dealer and you have the suit declared against you stopped, your partner's second suit is well marked, and a No Trump bid is called for.

Do not call a No Trump over the minor declaration by your partner if you have a strong Major suit call, Show the Heart or Spade and let the Dealer decide whether he wishes to go to No Trumps or support you in case of an overcall. Above all, watch the score, nine times out of ten a good Major suit scores more than a doubtful No Trump.

The Warning.

If the Dealer has bid One no trump, and second hand has passed, do not pass as a matter of course. If your hand is weak all the more reason to consider whether you cannot warn your partner against continuing in the No Trump, and whether there is not a possibility of playing the hand at a two bid contract in suit which at the worst will result in less loss than a badly beaten No Trumper. If the hand held is a very weak one, without sure tricks at No Trump, but containing a minor suit of five cards, bid two in that suit at once. You have told your partner that your hand is no good, and if he choose to disregard your warning you are not responsible. Never mind the fact that you are also giving the same information to the opponents; if you remain silent you may deceive them, but you certainly will also mislead your partner, the unforgiveable sin at Bridge. Any five cards suit played as Trumps is good for at least two tricks, your partner has guaranteed four at No Trumps, and if left in the suit bid you have the advantage of playing the hand, generally taken as one trick, so that in all probability if you fail to make the contract it will be by a margin of one only.

In order that your partner may never be deceived as to the meaning of this 'Warning' it must only be made in a Minor suit. NEVER MAKE A WARNING BID IN HEARTS OR SPADES. And for this reason, you may want to bid on a strong Major suit, and prefer to play the hand, say in Spades. If you are in the habit of 'Warning' in all suits, your partner cannot tell that you mean Spades and may continue or switch. Therefore it is preferable in the long run, only to use the two bid warning in the minors. If second hand has not overcalled No Trump with a strong major, Fourth hand may, and the suit in which he calls may be your long and low one. I know that there are a great many players who will use the two bid as a Warning or takeout, irrespective of suit, but if it is remembered that an original Dealer's No Trump is a very light one, generally on the borderland of safety, and that if he had any real strength in a Major suit he would have bid it in preference, the danger of a two bid takeout in the Major is apparent.

Again with a long, strong Major, six or seven, with the three top, or any four honors, bid Three. THAT will tell your partner decidedly what you want, and if he goes back to three no trumps, bless him fervently, but silently. If he fails don't ask him what he meant, you still have to play with him.

With a similar suit in a minor and a missing suit or singleton likewise bid Three. This time, not as an indication that you wish to play the hand with a minor as trump, but that he can depend on that suit as being solid and good for five to six tricks at No Trump. He can then judge from his own holdings whether he should go to three No Trumps or leave you in on the chance of your being able to make a slam.

The Overbid or Raise.

When the dealer has bid No Trump, and second hand has Passed, you may find yourself with good support for a No Trump play. In that case it is often not advisable simply to pass. By doing so you allow Fourth player to come in with a bid of two in any suit to indicate to his partner what he desires led to him. This you can prevent by raising the bid at once to Two No Trump. The Dealer has informed you that he holds four tricks with three suits stopped, if you have four also, and three suits stopped, or three sure tricks in one suit and a sure card of re-entry, bid the Two. Fourth Hand is frozen out of the game, except at the risk of a certain double, and may be deprived of tricks because of the inability of his partner to know for a certainty what suit he should open. Of course, if the long strong suit be one of the Majors, consider whether the score makes it preferable to play the suit or the No Trump. If the former, remember the bid is Three, not Two.

Please remember in the weakness take out or Warning, the bid must always be made on the first round. If you do not then speak, for ever after hold your peace. You have missed your chance and the possibilities are that if you take up the argument later your poor partner will expect you to have great strength in that suit and the result may break a friendship.

The Third Hand Suit bid will be dealt with in the next issue.

* * *

AN ANCIENT GAME.

As is the case with all very ancient pastimes the origin of playing-cards is obscure, many nations having been credited with the invention but the generally accepted view is that they come from Asia. In the Chinese dictionary, Ching-tsze-tung (1678), it is said that cards have existed in India from time immemorial—very ancient ones, round in form, are preserved in museums—and that they were invented by the Brahmans. Their invention has also been assigned to the Egyptians, with whom they were said to have had a religious meaning, and to the Arabs.

The time and manner of the introduction of cards into Europe are matters of dispute. The 38th canon of the council of Worcester (1240) is often quoted as evidence of cards having been known in England in the middle of the 13th century; but the games *de rege et regina* there mentioned are now thought to have been a kind of mumming exhibition (Strutt says chess). No queen is found in the earliest European cards.

The safe conclusion with regard to their introduction is that, though they may possibly have been known to a few persons in Europe about the middle of the 14th century, they did not come into general use until about a half-century later.

PASSING IT ALONG

Drowning Man: "Quick, throw me a lifebelt!" Rescuer (a tailor): "Yes, sir. What size round the waist?"

* * *

A little girl was spending a night away from home. When it was time to go to bed she knelt at the knee of her hostess to say her prayers, expecting the usual prompting. This not coming, she was heard to remark: "Please 'scuse me. I can't remember my prayer, and I'm staying with a lady that don't know any."

* * *

Jimmy: "My medicine isn't so nasty as it used to be, mother I think it must be that I'm getting used to it." Mother: "Do you take a whole dessertspoonful after each meal?" Jimmy: "No, mother. I couldn't find a spoon, so I've been using a fork."

* * *

One of the most important office holders passed away and, before his funeral had been held, an office seeker sought the mayor and asked for the job.

"Mr. Mayor, do you see any objection to my being put in his place-" asked the seeker.

"Why, no," said the mayor. "I see no objection if the undertaker doesn't."

* * *

Willie (reading racing news): "Father, what is meant by the 'home stretch'?" Father (looking at his large family): "Trying to get a ten-roomed family into a five-roomed house."

* * *

A colored Baptist Preacher was exhorting. "Now, bredden and sisters come up to de altar and have yore sins washed away."

All came up but one man.

"Why, Brudder Jones, don't yo' want yore sins washed away?"

"I done had my sins washed away."

"Yo'has? Where yo' had yore sins washed away?"

"Ober at de Methodist church."

"Ah, Brudder Jones, yo' ain't been washed; yo' jes' been dry cleaned."

* * *

Little Louise was lost on the street and was brought into the police station. The officers tried in every way to learn her name. Finally one of the officers said, "What name does your mother call your father?" "Why," said Louise, very innocently, "she don't call him any name; she likes him."—Harper's Magazine.

* * *

"Whom does the baby resemble?"

"Well, he has my wife's eyes and my nose, but I can't imagine where he got his voice, unless it was from my motor siren."—London Opinion.

* * *

We were taking the fresh-air children back to the city. At the last minute we missed small Annie. We made a hurried search and found her at last on the floor beside her bed, with her face buried in the pillow. "What's the matter, Annie?" we asked. "What are you crying for?" "I ain't crying," was the indignant reply. "I was just kissing my bed good-by, cause I don't know when I'll ever see another."—Youth's Companion.

* * *

Woman:"I should think you would be ashamed to beg in this neighbourhood."

Tramp: "Don't apologize for it, mum, I've seen worse."

* * *

Aunt Ethel: "Well, Beatrice, were you very brave at the dentist's-"

Beatrice: "Yes, auntie, I was."

Aunt Ethel: "Then there's the half-crown I promised you. And now tell me what he did to you."

Beatrice: "He pulled out two of Willie's teeth!"—Punch.

* * *

"My dear, you've forgotten again that to-day is my birthday."

Husband: "Er—listen, love, I know I forgot it, but there isn't a thing about you to remind me that you are a day older than you were a year ago."—London Opinion.

THE LATE LAMENTED.

O early morning fly,
That through my unscreened casement flutterest in
To stalk in semi-darkness o'er my chin,
Whence camest thou? How didst thou find me out?
Why dost upon my features stroll about,
O early morning fly?

O early morning fly,
Far more attractive human promenades
Than this, my face, should witness thy parades;
Why must I thus be singled out by thee
That thou mightst now perambulate o'er me,
Thou early morning fly?

O early morning fly,
I form thy morning drill ground with ill grace;
This is thy last parade o'er any face;
A swoop with my good right—a gentle squeeze—
No more at 4 a.m I'll feel thee tease,
O late lamented
Early morning fly.

ANON.

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DETACHABLE SECTION FOR CHILDREN.

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Managing Editor

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Editorial

WE have pleasure in announcing that, starting with this issue, the price of "National Life" is reduced from 20 cents to 10 cents a copy, and the yearly subscription price from two dollars to one dollar.

This reduction will, we feel sure, place it within the reach of everyone's purse, and considerably increase the number of our appreciative readers, whose interests we endeavour to serve.

The subscription period of those who have already subscribed at the old rate of two dollars a year will be extended from the date of this issue. Thus a subscription having five months to run will be extended to ten months—and so on. Where issues have been combined the subscription period will be extended in a similar manner.

CORRESPONDENTS

ALMOST every mail brings numerous letters from readers either desiring to express views or seeking information, and as the task of answering correspondents is getting rather too big for the editor to handle, we have asked Mr. Guy de Lestard (who is well fitted for the task) to conduct a page in the magazine dealing with the voluminous, but always interesting, communications from our subscribers.

A CANADIAN IDEAL IN EDUCATION

WE would earnestly advise all women throughout Canada who are engaged in the various phases of social work to look into the activities and seek information regarding the work and scope of the National Council of Education, whose Canadian Ideal in Education holds the key to the problems the organized women are to-day grappling with. As the National Council states "the vital problem we have to solve is how to make life a richer and more beautiful thing for the mass of men and women—which means how to bring back both art and laughter into the workers' lives of which they have been robbed, primarily, by the mechanization of the life of the age. Increased productivity has bred a parasitism and scarcely anywhere has the systematization of life brought a knowledge of the right use of leisure which accrues. Education has emphasized the imperative of livelihood for the worker and the pleasures of leisure for the idle, but it has found no synthesis of livelihood and leisure as expressed in a whole life. It has exalted the value of each of these aspects, as separate and distinct, and has sought to offer equal opportunity to all, ignoring the gulf created between livelihood and leisure, between industry and culture, and forgetful that equal opportunity assumes equal effort and equal ability. Education has suggested, if not actually promised, material rewards which to the many have in great measure proved fallacious, and the result in social life is a natural discontent, following disillusionment." This is the disease and we believe the National Council have the right remedy.

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THE RURAL EXODUS PROBLEM

CANADA'S new immigration policy is a decided improvement upon the old. Instead of letting people drift into the country and shift for themselves, they will now be met upon arrival, looked after both socially and in other ways until they are settled on the land, and after which they will have guidance and advice in all matters concerning agriculture. The value of this new innovation cannot be overestimated, but does it go far enough? We are starting a new settlement campaign for the West and if we again meet failure the result will be disastrous. It is firmly believed by many thoroughly conversant with conditions in the West, that no effective settlement can be secured until living conditions are made more attractive. Social environment is as essential, if not more so, than the opportunity of securing land at a low price and on a plan of long period repayments. What social environment is there on the prairie? How many people have gone out West and after a few years given up because they could not stand the loneliness, and the bleakness of the winter? Is any attempt being made to tackle that problem? The question is one of vital importance, as is evidenced by the fact that from time to time schemes have been brought forward suggesting community settlement. That they have not been adopted was due, seemingly, to the fact they called for a complete change in the survey system, and consequent complete disorganization of the system of registration. In an article appearing in our next issue a comprehensive plan is outlined which is both practical, simple, and at the same time calls for no expense or change in the present survey system. The author, Mr. Algar-Bailey, is a man of practical experience, has been resident in the West since 1909, has seen every phase of farm life, and is in a position to know whereof he speaks. The plan outlined suggests a method whereby a rural village life akin to that of the Mother Country and of Europe generally can be brought into existence on the prairie. The proposal has the endorsement of outstanding men and women, who see in it the beginning of a complete transformation of living conditions in the West. Authorities claim it solves the consolidated school problem and facilitates school attendance. Moreover, it makes concerts, dances, lectures, and a variety of amusements—including Radio—possible at any time and in any weather. If, as alleged, we are on the eve of a gigantic immigration movement, the time to make such rural settlements is now—not when people have built their homes and are miles apart from one another. We urge that a thorough investigation be made of the project.

Rabel

A Complete Short Story of a Wondrous Love

By Archie P. McKishnie

RABEL was an Irish Setter, gaunt of frame and heavy of muzzle. His brown, golden-flecked eyes were true and steady and sought questioningly his young master's face each morning when the dew-drenched stubble gleamed in the lifting sun, and the whole big world called "Come." His shaggy coat was brownish red, warm and glistening as the down on ripe sumach blossoms; and none of his pedigreed sires had ever possessed a more fiery heart than was his. Temperamental, loving, by happy chance he had not inherited that super-sensitiveness and inclination to moods of sullen depression, common to his Celtic strain. He fought, of course; to him conflict was joy just as sward-scented breeze, or brittle lisp of meadow grass was joy. He accepted what his world threw him with an appreciation, the breadth and depth of which could be gauged by but one—young Bob, his master.

Perhaps the soul of the boy and that inner something, capable of love, understanding and heroism belonging to the dog had been coupled close by the Creator of wise understanding. The boy, whose hair was reddish brown, and eyes golden-flecked as were Rabel's, loved the spicy sweeps and spaces, just as did the setter.

He was twelve years old. His cabin home snuggled a brown dot amid frowsy green, with a flashing, soft-voiced river in the distance and big hardwoods lisping eternal song through the summer days.

Beyond a wide valley the tree-studded land rose and melted into the blue drab of a mountain, but as yet Bob and Rabel had never explored that mystic, calling region, although they hoped some day to do so. For the present there was all boy and dog could wish for nearer home.

For them, summer was a period of long, pleasant days when, the log settlement school closed for the holidays, Bob helped his father with the stump-pulling and clearing of the new land, while Rabel followed close, alert for mouse or mole, and glorying with his master in the huge bonfires which Bob kindled in the slashing.

A shrill-voiced brook gurgled its pebbly, winding course through the cleared land, down through the forest to the lake, and in its deep, shady pockets the speckled trout were to be found by one skilled in the ways of these dappled beauties.

From this stream Bob caught many a splendid breakfast, and although Rabel—who detested fish—wondered perhaps why his master so eagerly sought the speckled denizens of the stream, he remained always loyally close to him, seeming to enjoy it all and exulting with Bob whenever an "old whopper" succumbed to the lad's prowess.

Autumn brought to their world new glories and wonders; web-spun, golden and shimmering; verdancy ripened to copper-bronze and smoky haze that soothed and intoxicated; warm, silent uplands, where partridge coveys basked, or thundered to wing at sudden sound; yellow ridges of fruited beech, where black and grey squirrels scampered, hoarding their winter stores of nuts, and over all the deep silence and peace which ever attends the passing out of Nature's life and beauty.

With the white frosts and the stiffening of sward and stubble, the grey hue of decay on leaf and fern, the sibilant, stinging whisper of earth-sweeping wind, and leaden skies drooping low above wood and field, would come a new call for boy and dog.

Where not long since violet-carpeted aisles and knolls bedecked with snowy trilliums had gleamed and thrown their spirits to soft breezes, now stretched drab colorlessness; the boy would stalk silently, his gun swung below elbow, while with heavy nose thrust straight out before him, the setter trailed the partridge coveys to cover.

Suddenly would come a tenser stiffening of the dog's body, as he froze to point and as the young hunter stepped before him, the nerve-shattering "burr" of frantic wings would sound, as the birds flashed and hurtled to denser cover, or were brought to the brown sward by the unerring "snapshot" of the boy.

Later, when the threatening skies made good their promise, and wild winds sent the snow flurrying, the two would seek the marsh-beds of the lake. Dawn creeping tardily up leaden skies would find them in their blind on the rush-point, watching the bobbing decoys. With the slow lighting of the skies would sound the shrill whistle of cutting wings, and long lines of Redheads, Canvasbacks and Bluebills would swerve in, fooled by the life-like wooden ducks. Then the boy's gun would speak twice and the frantic wild ducks would dart up and out to melt with the brooding clouds. Sometimes a wisp of snowy Widgeon would hurtle in—and speed swiftly away again at the bark of the gun, wings flashing against the sombre canopy like snowflakes against black velvet.

Usually the young shooter took toll, and when the dead ducks splashed on the shallow water, Rabel, at a word from his master, would leap from the blind and retrieve them. It was glorious.

Then, with shortening days, would come a tightening of the streams and a hardening of the boggy crust, while across upland, field and wood would rest a mantle of snow. During the winter months, boy and dog sat much beside the glowing log of the big fireplace, Bob with his books and lessons to be learned; Rabel sleeping at his feet, whimpering and jerking nervously as he relived old trail-downs in his dreams.

* * *

It is unlikely that ever as much as a thought that they might some day become parted ever entered the mind of boy or dog. The boy trusted implicitly the Creator of vast understanding Who had always given him happiness, and the dog's God was the boy upon whom he had fastened his undying loyalty and affection.

And indeed for these two the seasons might have continued to come and go, each fraught with ever new, ever joyful experiences, had not, one day in early spring, the boy been stricken with a dangerous sickness.

Late that night, the doctor, who had been hastily summoned from the city, one hundred miles distant, arrived, and Rabel, tail drooping, brown eyes dumb with a pain his dog's intuition had newly brought him, knew, before Bob knew, that his young master was going to leave him. In his heart the torture of great loneliness, he slipped out and away into the star-sprayed shadows.

It was Bob himself who told Rabel, next day, that he must go to the city and have the thing which caused him such pain removed from his side.

Rabel listened, his brown eyes on the boy's, his tail a-wag and jaws half open. Oh, strong and brave indeed is the love that would deceive for sake of the beloved. But Bob was not deceived. He saw behind that feigned resignation that which reminded him of the tears behind his mother's smile, when she had kissed him, and called him her brave boy. He threw his arms about the setter's neck and hugged him close.

On the morning that Bob was carried from the cabin, Rabel was missing. But the boy, understanding Rabel as he did, did not wonder at this. He believed that Rabel had carried his hurt into the tangle whose trails he must wander alone for a time.

That night, the setter, his silken coat ragged, muddy and burred, slunk back to the cabin. He gazed pleadingly up into the face of the man who patted his head, but refused his supper. Bob's father felt a clutch in his throat, for the dog's grief was also his own.

Next morning when the man

arose, Rabel was gone again. As on the day before, he returned at twilight. But this time he did not enter the cabin. He stood outside the door and his eyes, deep with loneliness, asked a question. Then, with a low whine of dumb misery, he turned and loped away.

Straight as the crow flies, across slashing and open country, Rabel sped, and two hours later lay crouching in the weeds alongside the tiny flag-station, where Bob and his mother had taken the train for the city two days before. Unbeknown to his young master, he had followed the democrat, keeping well to the woods which bordered the road; had seen him carried aboard the train, which glided swiftly in and away again.

And now, as he waited, but one thought pervaded Rabel's mind. He must find Bob. He feared that swift-moving thing whose black head hissed and vomitted fire and smoke; but his love was greater than fear; heart loneliness, the mightiest driving-force in the world, was urging him on.

He lay shivering until far up through the forest the train's whistle shattered the spring stillness, and the hills threw back the echo in barking crescendos. Into the deep eyes sprang an alertness, the rippling muscles of legs and neck tensed as to a point. Rabel was ready for the great adventure.

But the train which shot from forest to clearing crashed on and past. Rabel sank down among the weeds and cried voicelessly, nose between his paws.

He had been trained to patience. He would wait.

It was hours later, and the sun was low in the sky, when he awoke from a doze to the whistles of another approaching train.

From the tiny station he saw two men issue. One of them carried a small red flag in his hand, which he unwound and waved. A moment or two later the train slipped into the station, slowed, and stood still.

Muscles tensed, Rabel crept forward. The train began to move out. The setter crouched and sprang straight for the open door of the baggage car.

The fat baggage-man, sorting checks at an improvised desk, leaped from his stool as the dog's feet found and braced on the car floor. Then his eyes opened wide.

"Well, what do you think of that?" he muttered. "Say, you," wagging a finger at the setter, crouched between two big trunks, and gazing levelly out at him, "what do you mean by it. Eh?"

Rabel growled.

The baggage-man grinned and the growl subsided to a whine. The dog's tail began to wag slowly.

The conductor, an elderly, keen-faced man, entered the car just here. The baggage-man pointed to the dog.

"This fellow jumped aboard at Three Elms," he chuckled. "Reckon he belongs to that passenger who got on there."

"Well," said the other gruffly, "you'll have to throw him off; we slow down at Pontiac; you can dump him there."

He went out slamming the door behind him.

The baggage-man went over and stood beside Rabel.

"Heard what the boss said didn't you?" he spoke to the dog. "You get off at Pontiac."

The friendliness died in Rabel's eyes. His upper lip lifted. The man backed quickly away.

Twenty minutes later the conductor returned to the baggage car. He was accompanied by the man who had boarded the train at Three Elms.

The latter surveyed Rabel with quick, appraising eyes. He was a strongly built, coarse-featured man, with the tanned skin of one who spent much time in the open.

His gaze focussed on the setter, and a gleam of admiration came into the close-set orbs. "Pure bred Irish," was his thought. "Count Grafton strain; no doubt of that. I can use that fellow."

He turned to the conductor. "Yep, he's mine," he said. "I've been hunting for him high and low. Broke kennel last week and strayed down here."

The conductor turned to the baggage-man. "Hear that, Bill?" he asked.

Bill grinned. "I do, and seein's I'm not hankerin' after the job of throwin' that dog off at Pontiac, I'm glad enough to hear it," he answered. "Somebody's got to pay the railway for carryin' him, though."

"I'll pay it," agreed the passenger.

"One ninety-five to Claxton City." The baggage-man reached for a blank form check. "Rules is, he's gotta be on a chain or crated, but under existin' conditions——"

He glanced enquiringly at the conductor.

The latter nodded. "Rules needn't necessarily apply in this case, I guess," he said, shortly.

The passenger peeled a five-dollar bill from a plump roll and laid it on the desk.

"Understan'," Bill addressed him, "the railway company ain't goin' to be responsible for safe delivery of this dog."

"I understand."

"You'll be on hand to handle him yourself?"

"I'll be here."

The big man went back to his coach. The baggage-man glanced at the conductor. Both were shrewd readers of men.

"He's lyin', of course," affirmed Bill. "He never so much as glimpsed that dog before in his life."

The conductor nodded. "It relieves us of all responsibility in the matter, though," he returned. "We'll take his word for it. Unless," he smiled sourly, "you prefer to put that dog off the train at Pontiac."

"Not me," shuddered the baggage-man. "I'd need a suit of armour and a derrick before I tackled that job. Say," as the conductor turned toward the door, "tell that man his change is waitin' here for him. He forgot it, I guess."

Left alone with the setter, Bill stood gazing down at the dog.

"Old man," he said, "I just wonder if I'm not doin' you a shabby turn?"

Rabel lifted his splendid head. His eyes searched the big, good-natured face. Then he arose and came over to the man. Something in the dog's attitude dispelled the baggageman's distrust. He found himself stroking the long, narrow head and silken ears.

"Don't want to go with that feller, eh?"

"No?" as he felt the bristles stiffen beneath his touch. "All right, red dog, you don't have to then."

Rabel whined, quivering throughout his finely-nerved body. "That is," Bill added, "providin' you want to jump out at the tank, when we stop for water. How about it?"

A long, moist muzzle sought his dangling left hand. A hot tongue licked his wrist.

"By George" muttered the man, "he understands every word I say. It's uncanny, that's what it is. All right, red dog; it's the suburbs for yours. When we stop at the tank, remember, it'll be your move. I'm goin' to open the door there to yell 'howdee' to the pump man. That'll be your cur cue, savey?"

The train crashed onward. Bill went back to his work, the dog to his old position between the two heavy trunks.

As the train slowed for Pontiac Station, Bill, his hands on the door, spoke to the dog.

"Not here, red dog. This isn't your gettin' off spot. Just lie low."

Rabel sank down again, head between forepaws.

As the train gathered speed again after leaving the station, the man who had claimed ownership of the setter came into the baggage car.

"Thought I'd better come back and ride with him the rest of the way," he informed the baggage-man.

The latter pointed to some bills and silver on the desk. "There's your change," he said shortly.

"Oh, that's all right," returned the other; "buy yourself a cigar with the change, my good fellow."

Bill picked up an envelope, scooped the money into it, and tossed it on the desk.

Then he turned back to his work. He remained hunched above his task, until a long, throbbing whistle proclaimed that the train was approaching the water-tank in the suburbs.

Then slowly he raised his head, From between two big trunks in the far end of the car another head lifted slowly.

For a brief moment the eyes of man and dog met. Then Bill, whistling softly, arose and went over to the door.

"What place is this?" asked the passenger, rising.

"Tank," answered Bill laconically; "three miles out from city station."

The car swerved to the grinding clutch of brakes, settled back and came to a standstill.

Bill shot back the door, and Rabel sprang up and flashed toward the opening.

It was all over in a second. A streak of golden red cut the partial gloom of the car as Rabel leaped forward and out, and the man who had laid claim to the setter stood beside the baggageman in the open doorway, on his face a look of blank surprise and consternation.

Then he turned and took one long look at the man in the blue smock.

The latter returned the look from wide, baby-blue eyes.

"Well, what do you think o' that?" he sighed. "Made up his mind he'd cross-lot it and beat you home, I guess. You'll most likely find him waitin' for you there. Eh?"

The big man did not answer. He went out hurriedly.

The baggage-man's broad face cracked in a grin.

"Red dog," he murmured, peering out into the twilight shadows, "I sure don't know where you're bound for, but I'm hopin' you make it."

. . . .

Rabel, darting swiftly in and out along a line of empty box-cars on a siding, had never so much as given a thought as to where he was bound for. All he knew was that he was searching for young Bob, his master, and that something had drawn him to this spot. In his dog's heart gnawed the pain of great homesickness for his companion.

He knew Bob was here, somewhere in this strange world of jar and jangle and strange smells which roused the fighting Irish in his heart, and at the same time a numb terror he was powerless to control. That something which had pointed to him the way whis-

(Concluded on page 28)

The Ambitions of Delphine

By Lorna Dent

THE small farm of forty acres attached to the Seigneury of Du-Chatel in the Province of Quebec, sufficed for the few wants of Pierre Dubois. But his chattering wife, Addess, was ambitious for the pretty daughter Delphine, who was as a rare garden rose compared to her elder sisters. Albina was cross-eyed and Minette, owing to a bad fall in childhood was hopelessly deformed and lame. So Addess, the mother said:

"Bah, dey are like de cabbages beside my lit'l rose, Delphine!"

Delphine had ambition as well as beauty. Her flashing black eyes, her joyous smile and above all her bird-like singing had already set the pulses of Monsieur Jacques—son of the great Seigneur—dancing. So the boy was promptly sent away to Laval University on the advice of the village Cure, who spoke seriously of the matter to Delphine. But her mocking laugh was scant satisfaction and **le petit pere** turned away, muttering to himself.

"La, tis de voice of de bird, but de hawk he get de bird——sometime!"

The Seigneur, determined to cure his son's folly, made an offer to buy the forty acres, and to send old Pierre with his family out to the great prairie land. He got the shabby-soutaned little Cure to describe the advantages of the boundless prairie acreage, to hint boldly that out there where women were scarce both Albina and Minette would, of a surety, find good husbands; and, of course, to prophesy certain wealth and prosperity for the homesteader.

So one day Pierre Dubois announced to his wife and daughters that he had disposed of the farm, that he was going to take them to the "great Nord Oueste," and that there he would, undoubtedly get Albina and Minette off his hands. His Delphine, she would of course, marry **un gentilhomme**—for she had "de ambitions."

The family, except pretty Delphine, wept in despair.

"Where shall we fin' ano'der farm lak dis?" sobbed Minette.

"It is de bes' place in de whole worl'," sighed Albina, looking at Andre Defleur, who had not yet "spoken"; but Addess, the wife, groaned in terror,

"Ah, mon Dieu, you 'ave sol' my coffin for silver! Le Seigneur he mek de fool of you, jus' because his son love my pretty Delphine! Now, I mus' to die in a strange land, and shall 'ave no place to be bury!"

"Never fear," growled the distracted Pierre, "I'll fin' de place to bury you w'en you are done complain'!"

After Mass one May morning, amid the tears and prayers of the simple village people, away to the Lone Land went Pierre Dubois and the weeping women of his household. In due time they arrived with other toilers of the trail, settling in Saskatchewan, and putting the plow to the furrow uncomplainingly, as is the way of the poor but hopeful ones. The rough log shack soon took on an air of homely comfort through the tireless efforts of the sisters Albina and Minette, who tried to cheer their mother and distract her from the continuous wail,

"Ah, dis terrible lan'—I mus' die on here. It is not for good Christian peoples, but for des **sauvages!**"

And Delphine? She was delighted with the new freedom of the life; she was charmed to be rid of the Cure and his constant reproofs, for out there the Missionary came seldom, and the neighbors told no jealous tales. She loved driving miles to the country dances, she was ornamental at the different "Bees," and cast never a backward thought to the old days in the east. Her voice went to women's heads and to men's hearts; one hated her and the other loved her, so that old Addess, whose pride knew no bounds, whispered to the settlers,

"Ah, my lit'l Delphine, she is mek for the gre't lady. You shall see! But dat poor Minette she will be no-body; and Albina dere, she will be de mod'er of ten childrens. However, my Minette she can bake bread."

Time passed and the first crop sowed on the prairie stubble proved a failure by reason of drought. The following year unexpected frost came upon the growing fields, and old Pierre whose pride as a land-owner—almost like the great Seigneur—was truly presumptuous, was obliged to hire out at service on neighboring farms, while Albina and Minette found work in the families of the officers stationed at the Barracks. Delphine, of course, remained at home with the weeping Addess, the one watching for the handsome young trooper who passed so often on the trail, and the other rocking herself in exquisite misery and sobbing,

'Ah, I 'ave come to poverty in my ol' age! My girl' mus' hire out lak common servant; an' my lit'l Delphine she will lose her ambitions, now—in dis savage country she will nevaire become de gre't lady!"

But Delphine laughed lightly. She was happy; there was no particular work for her to do—she could not hire herself out, she had too much "de ambitions." But she thought out a plan and spoke of it to her mother.

"We are getting poorer and poorer. Dis prairie lan' is no good. It iss to work lak de dog all de years—an' voila de fros' comes. I 'ave de ambitions to work in de town. Le bon Dieu give me my voice, my shape, my face. What? Shall I t'row dem away lak dis? I will go to de town, my Ma-ma; I will mak de moneys and tak you all dere—I will get on, because, you see, I 'ave de ambitions!"

"What is ambitions to your fad'er?" sobbed the utterly discouraged Addess. "'E has not even de ambitions to lay by enough money for his own coffin—an' mine—la, la!"

So she wept and wailed in spite of the fact that on Sunday evening Albina and Minette, smartened in appearance, had come home and poured into old Pierre's trembling palm, the wages of their hard worked bodies. They said,

"Don't you feel sorry, my papa; we will help you till de crop come'; we will work!"

Through the instrumentality of the gay young trooper, Delphine secured all necessary information concerning the city and its joys; and one morning she went down the trail leaving old Pierre with naught but the mortgage on his farm to remind him of his pretty daughter's vivacious presence.

The thought of that mortgage became as a cloud, it settled on the old man's brain and would not lift. Thereafter he was called "queer." And Addess the scolding wife, railed unceasingly at them all in spite of the fact that the "crops came" and the little farm flourished—ever harking back to the dirge-like refrain,

"Ah, me, who is dere, now, to buy my coffin? I shall be bury lak a dog or a **sauvage** in dis terrible lan'!"

. . . . .

Delphine had been gone three long, anxious years, and yet no word had come back. The neighbors shook their heads, but Addess weeping, still said,

"Ah, ma pauvre petite, she has foun' de city hard, but she will get on, she has de ambitions, an' she will come back de gre't lady, yet."

"Per'aps," growled Minette, "an' be too proud to kees us, her seester'."

"Tut," spat Albina, out of all patience, "we cannot waste time to cry about Delphine; she does not to think of us in our poverty."

Even while they spoke a loud "halloo" came from the trail, and through the gate rough but sympathetic neighbors bore a rude stretcher. Upon this bed of pain lay the maimed and broken body of Pierre Dubois. The old man, whose movements were less agile than formerly, and whose brain less clear, had been drawn under the relentless knives of a threshing machine he was feeding, and from a bloody tangle of iron and straw the workmen pulled his wrecked body.

That night Addess had reason for her wail, "Mon Dieu, mon Dieu, who, now will buy me a coffin?"

One day great excitement was created by the arrival of a letter which bore a foreign post-mark. It was addressed to old Pierre, whose arms had never regained their use, and whose eyes hungrily followed the slow movements of heavy Minette as she curiously examined the seal and squinted at the post-marks.

"Who is it that has the time to write the letters?" she enquired complainingly. "As for me I am too busy to read dem—"

Pierre broke in angrily, exclaiming,

"Allons, allons, Minette, do you stop that grumble! I know—I know it is my lit'l Delphine—read it to me how she does—she is my favorite chil'."

The letter, read between prayerful ejaculations from bed-bound Pierre, and disconsolate sobs from Addess, was droned out by the angry Minette, in a dull tone which never altered, never varied during the reading.

The letter ran:—

NEW YORK.

Novembre, 1, 18——

My Pa-pa,

You will think your little Delphine is lost, but I am well and happy. I tell you I have been having the good times! It will not astonish you to be tell that I have made the ambitions of me and I am the great lady now; my picture which to you I send, is in the windows of the shops, and the peoples stare and ask, "That is Delphine, the Beauties!"

I have made marry with a great **gentilhomme** great' than the Seigneur. Do you mind that silly boy, his son, who has made love with me? Pah, I would not wipe my shoes in his face now. My husband is greater as the Seigneur, he has spoken with kings—he has talk with the greatest peoples in the world. Think of your Delphine who is marry

(Continued on page 27)

The Woman Who Never Wept

The Story of a Starved Heart That Learned to Weep and Love

By Annie Gray Butcher

THE noise of the children laughing, tumbling and squabbling among the thistles, hollyhocks and blackberry bushes that grew in a wild, unchecked tangle in the little front garden, drowned the click of Lillian Hammond's high heels and the silken swish of her skirts as she came up the rickety walk, so that the woman who sat, with her head bowed on her hands, behind the honeysuckle vines on the sagging verandah, did not hear her approaching. "Eleanor—Eleanor Kemp," Lillian ventured, tentatively, for the recognized line of cheek and neck visible beside the worn hands, conflicted sharply with the unexpected streaks of gray in the abundant once-brown hair that swept back plainly from the woman's brow to the confines of a tight knot behind.

The woman raised her head and made a hasty, ineffectual attempt to wipe away her tears.

"Lillian," she greeted her visitor, tremulously, sensitively conscious of the humiliating fact that she had been surprised in her weeping.

Rising, she offered a welcoming hand, and stood a minute mutely contemplating her visitor's handsome, carefully-toiletted face, under the big black hat that went so stunningly with the white suit. Hurriedly her eyes swept the untidy verandah in quest of a seat worthy of so elegant a toilette, but finding none she took off her clean apron and spread it over the seat of an old reed chair.

"Sit here, Lillian," she said, nervously moving a litter of makeshift toys out of the way with her foot. "The children get things mused up so," she ended, with a tired sigh.

"You have children?" questioned Lillian, deeming that a timely topic from which to begin the renewal of an old friendship.

"Four," answered Eleanor, dully.

"Four! No wonder I found you weeping." Lillian's tone was full of appreciation of what she considered a dismaying situation.

Eleanor drew the vines apart and looked out at the group of shabby children playing in the garden, and a light sprang into her eyes that dried up the traces of tears.

"They do not make me weep," she said, in a voice sweet with mother-tones. "It is John—my husband—he is ill, you know."

"I did not know," said Lillian, "it is so long since I heard anything about you—ten years. I happen to be spending a few days in Springfield with a motoring party, and I thought I would look you up. I am sorry if my visit is inopportune."

"No, no, it is all right," protested Eleanor. "I am glad to see you—glad—glad to have someone to talk to besides the children. I am so lonely and worried. John is in a hospital undergoing an operation and I'm afraid——" Her voice refused to utter the great, grim fear that haunted her, and she sank back in her chair, twisting her thin fingers together in her lap in mute but eloquent misery.

"Tell me about yourself," said Lillian, with the assurance of an old-time friend.

"Tell me how it is that I come here and find my old chum, once the prettiest girl in Springfield, with gray streaks in her hair—and weeping?"

"Everyone weeps sometime," defended Eleanor.

A hard little sound broke from Lillian's red lips. It was meant for a laugh but it was only the ghost of one.

"I never weep," she said.

"Then your story must be more interesting than mine," said Eleanor. "Weeping is as much a part of life as is laughing. It is more common for women to weep than it is for them not to weep."

Again Lillian's little ghost-laugh sounded. She leaned over and put one firm white jewelled hand on Eleanor's arm, her fine eyes narrowing till their dark beauty was swallowed up in an expression of cynicism.

"I think you are right in that, Eleanor," she said.

"It is more common for women to weep than it is for them not to weep, but I found that out when I was very young, and I determined to be one of the rare uncommon ones. Listen—I saw my beautiful mother weep herself to death over a wayward son and an unworthy husband, and my idolized only sister repeated the bitter performance in her married life. It made a great impression on me and I vowed that I would never let anyone—anyone—come close enough to me—to my inner life—to make me weep. My life is my own, your life is your own. Why should we let others—husband, children—anyone—touch us in such a way that it hurts us and makes us weep? When I married Richard Hammond I could have loved him—loved him in the way you weeping women love your men, but I remembered that they who love weep, and I would not. When our baby came I felt within me the stirring of some strange emotion—maternal instinct, I believe they call it—that I knew would put me on the rack for the baby's sake if I did not snuff it out in its first spark. My baby did not grow like other babies. He was disfigured, distorted, deformed—horrible! I would have wept indeed if I had looked much on him, for misshapen creature that he was he fanned that spark of maternal instinct to a blaze that scorched my soul when I looked at him. I put him away from me, for I refused to weep. He has the best nurses that money can get and he is well looked after, so he does not miss me."

"And your husband?" asked Eleanor.

"Richard devotes himself to the boy—and weeps—figuratively," answered Lillian, grimly.

"And you?" probed Eleanor.

"I—? Oh I spend my time looking for things to make me laugh," answered Lillian, lightly.

"Yes, your story is much more uncommon than mine," said Eleanor, thoughfully. "Mine is very, very commonplace indeed. I married John Kemp because I loved him and he loved me and we knew we would rather weep together than laugh apart. We have always been poor, for John was often ill and not able to work and the children came close together. A year ago his health failed completely. I have managed to keep things going by sewing for the townspeople. John is undergoing an operation today, as I told you, and I am just waiting to hear whither—" Eleanor's voice failed again and a few slow tears rolled down her pale cheeks.

"Could you stay with me till—till a message comes?" she whispered.

With concealed reluctance Lillian consented, for to leave her friend in her distress seemed even more heartless than she, with all her heart-protecting theories, cared to admit herself. All through the long, drowsy, flower-scented afternoon they waited for news from the hospital.

At tea-time the children romped in hungry and dirty, clamoring for supper and protesting against the prescribed face-washing. Eleanor prepared a frugal meal in the clean bare little dining room, of which she choked down a few mouthfuls herself while she waited on the children with loving patience and pressed her poor but sincere hospitality upon her guest.

At dusk the children, bathed and white-nightgowned, sweet and drowsy, knelt around their mother's knee and ducked slick heads and curly heads in a golden and brown confusion into her lap while they repeated at her promptings their evening prayer, not forgetting to ask a blessing on their guest and her "little boy who was not like other children and his father who never left him."

Then there were good-night kisses and little hands smoothing admiringly her pretty gown, and one chubby boy sat down on the floor to get a better look at the glittering buckles on her pumps, and the baby fixed her special attention—and her fingers—on Lillian's long string of jade beads and was forcibly detached and carried away to bed by her mother. As the last sleepy good-night sounded Lillian admitted to herself in surprised consternation that she had never felt more like weeping—and yet she had seldom felt quite so happy.

It was nearly midnight when a message came from the hospital. John Kemp had survived the operation and was doing as well as could be expected. It was just the usual stereotyped noncommital report that told nothing except that he still lived, but to the waiting anxious wife it was a straw to cling to, to keep her spirit afloat till she could take a long breath of strength from whatever source she put her faith in, to enable her to fight the breakers that might be ahead.

It was too late for Lillian to return to her hotel that night so she slept beside Eleanor—slept, and talked, and whiled the dreary night away.

Early next morning another message came. John Kemp was a little better and was fretting to see his wife. It was advisable that she should come to him.

Eleanor read the message and looked around on her little family with so wistful a sigh that before she quite realized what she was doing, Lillian was insisting on her going to John.

Eleanor demurred while expressing her extreme longing to do so. The hospital was in a neighboring town and a visit to it would necessitate being away from home overnight.

But the look of trouble on the wan face of the "prettiest girl in Springfield" was too much for Lillian and she literally bundled Eleanor out with an abundant supply of money—"a loan" she called it, and promised that she herself would look after the children.

Many times Lillian laughed her dry little laugh as she went about the work of the house clad in one of Eleanor's scant, faded

cotton dresses. Often she had to call one of the children to tell her what to do and how to do it, but they got along very well and the day was a memorable one to the children because of all the good things Lillian sent them out to buy.

She was somewhat at a loss when bedtime came and the children crowded around her knee to say their evening prayer. No one knew the entire prayer, but by each one contributing a remembered portion of it they were able to present a fairly eligible petition, and because they were all sure that they had left out something they said it over twice, ending by asking a special—a very special—blessing on: "The beautiful lady with the shiny buckles on her shoes, and her little boy who is not like other children, and his daddy who never leaves him."

"And weeps," added Lillian, to herself, thoughtfully.

Tired and sleepy from her unusual day's work Lillian was just slipping into a confused dream when she heard a croaking cry from baby Irene. She sat up, alert. The cry came again mingled with a hoarse cough. In a minute she had a light lit and was beside the baby. Inexperienced as she was she knew by the fevered cheeks and labored breathing that the child was very ill. There was no phone in the house so there was nothing to do but run to the nearest neighbor for help. A kindly woman returned with her, and together, under the woman's directions, they applied first aids to the child while waiting for the doctor. He came at last, a gruff little man of the old school, and pronounced it as a bad case of bronchitis.

"Can you get a nurse for me?" asked Lillian, greatly perturbed.

"You don't need a nurse," snapped the doctor. "The best nurse a child can have is its mother. A mother can give her child that which no one else has to give. Anyway there isn't a nurse to be had in town."

"But I am not the child's mother and I'm afraid of making a mistake," protested Lillian.

"You're doing all right," said the doctor.

Having done all he could do for the baby the doctor left medicine and directions for further treatment and went away.

The neighbor, who had a sick husband at home, went back to her own cares, and Lillian went on with the work of caring for her little patient alone.

All through the long dismal hours of darkness she watched and worked, sometimes holding the hot little form in her arms. And over and over again through the silence of the night there came to her the words of the children's prayer: "Bless the beautiful lady with the shiny buckles on her shoes, the little boy who is not like other children, and his daddy, who never leaves him." And following hard upon the words of the prayer as though to drive them into some empty cranny of her soul came the doctor's words: "A mother can give her child that which no one else has to give." When morning and the doctor came Irene was out of danger but still in need of careful nursing.

Eleanor came home that evening. John was still living and seemed a little better. That was the extent of her assurance, but she made the best of it as she turned her attention to her sick child.

The next ten days were strange ones to Lillian. She cancelled all her engagements, left the hotel where she had been staying with her friends, and took up her abode with Eleanor to the delight of the children and the deep grateful satisfaction of their mother.

She helped to nurse the sick baby back to health, and every night the children insisted on gathering around her knee to say their prayers, invariably finishing up with: "Bless the beautiful lady with the shiny buckles on her shoes, her little boy who is not like other children, and his daddy who never leaves him," and her memory faithfully followed with the echo: "A mother can give her child that which no one else has to give."

At last the great day came when Eleanor brought John home, a very frail helpless John indeed, carried in by two attendants, with Eleanor holding his thin hand and smiling through her tears till she almost looked again "The prettiest girl in Springfield." When they had made John comfortable Eleanor, her eyes ashine, came out to where Lillian waited.

"He will live," she said, "but he will never walk again."

"Never walk again," echoed Lillian, "and you can look like that!"

"But he will live," Eleanor summed up the total of her happiness radiantly.

"And you? What will you do?—how will you manage?" asked Lillian.

"Oh, I will have to work a little harder, but I shall be so happy doing it, for I shall have John and the children to do it for," answered Eleanor happily.

That evening Lillian sat out on the little verandah alone—alone with new strange thoughts, thoughts born of the quickening of crushed-back emotions that she had thought dead.

She could hear the happy but subdued revels of the reunited family in the little parlor—the children's shrill prattle, John's weak voice answering them, and over all, like a shower of melody from a peal of silver bells, rang Eleanor's happy laugh—a laugh so full of joy of living and the wonder of loving that Lillian marvelled.

The next morning Lillian announced to Eleanor and her family her intention of leaving them.

"But where are you going?" cried the dismayed children as they clung to her.

"I'm going home to the little boy who is not like other children and his daddy who never leaves him," she answered, slowly.

"But it will make you weep," cried Eleanor in deep concern for the happiness of her friend.

"I think I shall like to weep," Lillian said, softly—"to love and weep like other women. And then perhaps I shall learn to laugh like you. I have laughed—but not like that."

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SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA

HEAD OFFICE - MONTREAL

Should Canada Welcome the Japanese?

The Case Against the Japanese

By David Loughnan

JUST across the Pacific Ocean, facing Canada, lies the Empire of Japan, with an area of less than one hundred and fifty thousand square miles and a population of fifty millions. Beyond Japan is China, with its four hundred million souls, and India, with an additional three hundred and forty million. Canada may, therefore, be considered as next door to the world's Asiatic countries. Of them all, Japan presents the greatest problem and decidedly the gravest menace. Unfortunately, ignorance of actual conditions regarding the Asiatic peril and consequent unconcern exists very largely both in Canada and the United States, but the situation has now reached a stage that will awaken public opinion, and, it is to be hoped, secure protection for the white race. For the life and future stability of Canada depend upon the kind of immigrant we permit to enter.

The relation of plain facts concerning the Japanese does not imply anything hostile or discreditable in our attitude as a nation towards Japan or towards the Japanese as a race. Canada has a perfect right to demand that foreigners who are admitted to this country conform to the principles of Canadian citizenship. If they refuse to accept this reasonable basis of admittance, the onus of discrimination must rest with and upon them That, in a nutshell, is the difficulty and problem of Japanese immigration. The Japanese who come to Canada cannot and will not assimilate; they cannot become naturalized, for Japan will not expatriate them; they retain lower standards of living, and thereby create economic competition which drives our citizens to the wall; they come here with the declared intent of creating for the Yomato race in this country a permanent and independent position; they obey only the voice of the Mikado; they believe themselves to be a superior race, and, therefore, have no incentive to merge their identity in an inferior race; their policy is one of peaceful penetration and dispossession of the white race. Language, heredity, religion, ideals, the law and policy of Japan, all militate against, and prevent, even sociological assimilation of Japanese. By their own actions, beliefs and expressed intentions, the Japanese have declared themselves to be totally unfit and incompatible as Canadian citizens. They cannot, therefore, complain at the growing demand for their exclusion from this country.

Incomplete Immigration Statistics.

In Canada, and in the United States, official census figures as to Japanese population cannot be relied upon. It is estimated that between 15,00 and 16,000 Japanese now reside in Canada, but Mr. McQuarrie, M.P., New Westminster, B.C., who has made a study of Asiatic immigration, stated, in the House of Commons recently, that the actual Japanese population here in 1920 was approximately 50,000. As an instance of their evasive methods of registration, it is recorded that the United States census of 1910 showed a Japanese population in California of 41,356. A Japanese census, taken by order of the Japanese Government during the same year, and under its own direction, reported a total of 54,480, or 13,000 more than the United States enumerators found. Again, in 1920, the same procedure was followed, and nearly 12,000 additional Japanese registered under their own Government's census. Further evidence of census evasion is not lacking. The Canadian-Japanese Association of British Columbia sent out a pamphlet some little time ago, in which it was asserted that the Japanese population in Canada at the end of 1920 was only 15,453. Of this number 7,153 were stated to be males of 20 years and upwards. Their occupations were given as fishermen, farmers, domestic servants, dock laborers, businessmen, etc. There were only 1,467 fishermen, according to the pamphlet. Yet the Dominion Government has issued 3,276 fishing licenses on the British Columbia coast to Japanese fishermen!

The Japanese population of the United States is estimated to be about 290,000, of which 115,000, plus 20,000 minors temporarily in Japan, are credited to Hawaii. California's quota is estimated at 105,000. Japan has over-run Hawaii, and the territory now affords a striking example of Asiatic invasion and consequent loss to the white race.

The Peaceful Penetration Plan.

Hawaiian sugar planters were largely responsible for giving the Japanese an opportunity for peaceful penetration. In their greed for cheap labor, Japanese workers were imported to the plantations. These laborers introduced Asiatic standards of low-living. Soon they learned trades as helpers to white mechanics, and ultimately replaced whites by working at lower wages. Then they drifted into Honolulu and Hilo, driving out white carpenters, blacksmiths, plumbers, painters and other tradesmen. Next they took hold of the contracting business, and to-day the building trade is practically in the hands of Japanese contractors. Japanese women and children assist in the process of peaceful penetration, the women working as laborers, irrespective of their condition as prospective mothers. Peaceful penetration methods adopted by the Japanese follow the lines of first supplanting white labor by working for lower wages. After having driven out white competitors the rate of wages is raised until it is as high, or even higher, than that asked by white men. The next step is to refuse to work for whites under the wage system and to work only for Japanese for wages under the "co-operative" plan, or to lease land from white people and then squeeze the whites out. Concentration in selected districts and selected industries enables the Japanese to further their plans of peaceful penetration. As Japanese move into a district, whites move out. A glaring example of Japanese supplanting white men is furnished in a California incident when 1,000 Japanese displaced whites in the Turlock cantaloupe district—among the whites being many ex-service men—by offering to pick and pack cantaloupes at 26 cents per crate, while the whites were receiving 35 cents per crate.

In British Columbia Japanese penetration has secured what amounts to a monopoly of the fishing industry—an occupation which would be suitable to ex-service men and profitable to whites—because competition is impossible against Asiatic standards of living. Japanese are also busily engaged in driving out white fruit settlers in British Columbia. They also have secured very extensive control of the logging industry of the Pacific Coast Province. They own, lease or cultivate thousands of acres of the most fertile land in the Province and are steadily securing more. When a Japanese is able to purchase five acres of berry land he is allowed to send to Japan for a laborer, who comes over and works during the berry season for about $15 a month. During the winter this laborer secures employment in some other field of industry, returning the following spring. Two years of this work generally places him in a position to branch out as his own master on a fruit farm or in some other line. The Japanese who owns ten acres is able to secure two helpers from Japan. The profits these people are making may be judged by the fact that in the year 1920 Canada stood third in the number of post office money orders sent out of the country by Japanese to Japan, the United States being first and Great Britain second.

Multiplication of Japanese.

The avowed policy of the Japanese in their plan of peaceful penetration is expressed in their motto, "Get more land and beget many children." Miss Frances Hewitt, who taught in the public schools of Japan for six years, has the following to say about female Japanese immigrants: "Every schoolgirl is thoroughly drilled in the doctrine that, should she become a 'picture bride' in America, or an immigrant to other lands, her loyal duty to her

Emperor is to have as many children as possible, so that the foreigners' land may become in time a possession of Japan through the expressed will of a majority of the people."

Japan has secured considerable support for her emigration policy by claiming that she has not sufficient space in her own empire to accommodate her rapidly increasing population, the annual increase being estimated at approximately 800,000. Upon this basis she has demanded that her people be allowed to colonize in other countries favorable to her own selection. The claim is not true, but even if it were, it does not substantiate a reason for other countries being flooded with a race that refuses to be assimilated and is competitive to an extreme. As a matter of fact, land is available in Japan, but is unused by reason of its being held by the nobility and the crown. In 1910 there were only 35,000,000 acres held in private ownership as against 53,000,000 acres held by the crown. Of the total acreage of land in Japan only 37,547,500 acres pay taxes, out of nearly 90,000,000 acres.

In the matter of multiplication by births, statistics provide conclusive and startling evidence of Japan's effort to secure control by means of increasing numbers. In British Columbia, for the first six months of 1921 the number of Japanese births was 438, which would be equivalent, in a growing ratio, to a total of 900 for the year, or about one in thirteen of the births in the Province. In California the Japanese birth rate per thousand is, or was in 1921, 69.4, as against a white birth rate of only 18.1.

Japanese Colonization.

Japan has, within the past two years, established the policy of paying the expenses, both ways, of her nationals in the United States, who return to Japan, temporarily, under orders, to perform their conscription duties. She goes even further. Quoting from "Brief," a pamphlet issued by the Japanese Exclusion League of California, we find that, "She not only has encouraged or forced the growth in our midst of an alien, or unassimilable element—and has insisted that it remain alien and unassimilated, but she has organized and maintains here a government within a government, which rules the entire Japanese population living under the American flag. She has an elaborate system of organization by which they are controlled ostensibly by some of their own number, but really by the official representative of Japan. They are thus held together for solidarity of action, and such action is naturally for the benefit of themselves or of Japan, and also, usually, either directly or indirectly, opposed to the vital interests of this country. On the Pacific Coast the system includes local associations and district agricultural associations, which are subject to main central associations, one of which is located at each of the five consular ports on the coast—Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland, Seattle, and Vancouver, B.C. . . . Individual Japanese . . . are, in effect, compelled to obey orders transmitted through local associations. . . . These local associations are effective in enabling the Japanese to drive the whites out of industries or localities in economic competition. They make it their business to move Japanese laborers from place to place as the crops and conditions suggest. . . . They assist in securing control of markets and otherwise promoting the interests of the Japanese colonists as opposed to those of white citizens. . . . Through them, too, the Japanese Government takes a census of its citizens. . . . and sees that they are listed for conscription duty and that they respond for that duty. For instance, Nichi Bei', a Japanese newspaper of San Francisco, on May 3, 1921, called attention to the punishment of one Kikosaburo Jimbo, of Sacramento, for failing to report for conscription, and cites it as a warning 'to all Japanese residents of military age'."

From this it will be seen that British Columbia is under full colonization control by the Japanese through their consular office in Vancouver. And the fact should not be overlooked that Canadian naturalized Japanese, never expatriated by Japan, must respond to the military call of their country, without exception. Such systematic intrigue cannot be regarded with equanimity.

Impossibility of Assimilation.

Zealous missionaries and church workers plead for the admission and equal treatment of Japanese as the first step towards their Christianization and assimilation. Quoting again from "Brief," we get the following analysis: "Sidney Gulick, after conceding in his pamphlet, 'Hawaii's American---Japanese Problem,' the grave difficulties attending conversion of a Japanese into a good American citizen, pleads that we give them citizenship and then try and make them good citizens through conversion to Christianity. That would be a most dangerous experiment, doubtful even as to a superficial change in religion, and certain to end in disaster. Before a fair proportion of the Japanese would be converted, they would control this country, as they control Hawaii. This evangelical experiment is the bait held out by earnest missionaries to the Church interests of this country as an inducement for sympathetic endorsement of Japan's demands for admission for her immigrants. It is believed, or hoped, by zealous Church members that Japan, in return, will encourage Christian evangelization of her people here and in Japan. Nothing could be further from the facts. Japan does not wish her people to become Christians, because Christianity teaches democracy and democracy would spell ruin for the present Government of Japan. Shintoism (worship of the Mikado) is a wonderful aid in maintaining the unparalleled national solidarity of the Japanese. . . . The Japanese Government, in the past two or three years, has shown in a practical manner its antagonism to Christianity in the massacre by her troops of Christians in Korea and Manchuria, and in the confiscation by the Government of all mission property, created by millions of dollars sent by American religious organizations for Christianization of the Japanese."

In addition to the religious barrier against assimilation and that of dual citizenship, there is the impossibility of intermarriage. The progeny of a union between white and brown people would have no standing on either side of the Pacific. And, in any case, the Japanese consider themselves the superior race, and will not lower themselves by intermarriage.

Monopolization.

Notwithstanding the demands of the Japanese in the matter of giving them full rights and privileges without any returns in the duty of citizenship, Japan steadfastly refuses to accord similar rights to "Foreigners" in Japan. Aliens cannot own land in Japan except in a few isolated cases and under old regulations. The monopoly they desire is, therefore, of a very one-sided nature. Japan boasts of her control and monopoly of the British Columbia, Californian and Hawaii fishing industry. This control was attained by the successful competition of a lower-living-standard race—the Japanese—against the standards of white people. Notwithstanding Japan's attitude in demanding rights for her own race in foreign countries, she will not permit other races to come into Japan and reduce the standard of living among her people. Japan rigorously excludes the entry of skilled and unskilled Koreans into Japan, on the grounds that these people maintain a lower standard of living than the Japanese and their entry would subject the Japanese to disastrous competition!

The problem of restriction or exclusion is complicated by existing Acts and Treaties, but the situation demands immediate attention on the part of the Federal Government. Canadian citizens have a right to demand protection against the inroads which Asiatic immigration and multiplication is producing. Japan teaches her children that they are children of the Son of Heaven, superior to all foreigners, and that their natural destiny is to bring all other peoples to subjection. Thus it is useless to face the problem with foolish ideas of assimilation, education or Christianization.

There would appear to be but one solution to the menace of allowing our national heritage to pass into the hands of unchangeable aliens; the method adopted by Australia—that of exclusion by means of the language test. This test is applicable and can be enforced without reference to treaties or other discriminatory international agreements. It is not necessary that the examination be in the English language. If the immigrant is undesirable the examination could be made as to his knowledge of Sanskrit, Hindustani or other language with which he may be expected to be unfamiliar.

But the method of exclusion is

(*Concluded on page 16*)

The Rose Lady

By Constance L. Davies

THE "Rose-lady"——that's what they called her. And no wonder! During the summer her rambling garden was a veritable rose-paradise. They stood in rows on either side of the flagged paths. They hung over the hedge and brushed the sleeves of the passers-by, as though begging to be noticed and admired. They climbed the walls of her quaint little cottage, peeking in at the little leaded panes. They formed a screen for the little porch-seat where the "Rose-lady" sat with her sewing in the summer twilight. There were white ones,—as white as the marble tombstone of the rich American when the moonlight lay on it; there were red ones—as red as the Autumn sun when it went down over the flaming maple-woods; there were delicate pink ones that matched the cheeks of the "Rose-lady" herself. When the cool breezes stirred after the sunset the fragrance of dew-sprinkled roses drifted far across the lanes.

Everybody in that little country-district knew and respected the "Rose-lady." There was always a bowl of her choicest roses at the bedside of the sick. Many a young bride had hidden her blushing face in a bouquet that had come out of the "Rose-lady's" garden. The neighbors knew that her real name was "Miss Dorothy Drew," but they never spoke of her save as the "Rose-lady." They spoke of her a good deal. Indeed, she was the centre of interest in that quiet little valley. The mention of her name always put new life into a flagging conversation. At present she was being discussed by two old busybodies, who had paused in the task of sweeping their front paths to have a little chat.

"They say the 'Rose-lady' is making the christening-gown for Mrs. Anderson's new baby," remarked Mrs. Porter. "She was in the store on Saturday night buying the embroidery. Swell-looking stuff she got, too!"

"You don't say!" exclaimed her neighbor, Mrs. Newcombe, registering deep interest. "That was a grand wedding-dress she made for Mary Summers last week! Did you see it?"

"Yes, I was at the church. They say the 'Rose-lady' herself makes all those pretty dresses that the little girl wears."

"Is that so?" Mrs. Newcombe leaned a little farther over the hedge and lowered her voice:

"Has it never struck you as kind of queer, Mrs. Porter, that a fine looking woman like her should be living here, unmarried, taking in sewing and selling flowers to motorists?"

"Yes, indeed. Many a time." said her neighbor, also dropping her voice half an octave. "But what puzzles me most is that child she keeps. Whoever does it belong to?"

"That's a mystery sobody seems able to fathom. I remember when she first brought the child here, though. It must be about ten years since the 'Rose-lady' came here with a baby and bought that cottage. I know it was soon after that rich old American died, and the 'Manor House' was sold. She looked about twenty-five then. She began to do dress-making and sell flowers almost as soon as she came. And here's an odd thing!—Don't ever tell a soul, for I've never breathed it before!—but as I was passing the hill cemetery one moonlit night, I saw the 'Rose-lady' putting a heap of roses on that old American's tombstone. I know it was the 'Rose-lady' because I hid until she came out of the cemetery and went past."

Mrs. Porter looked much impressed by this extraordinary piece of information.

"And another queer thing that happened some time after she came! It was in the Fall, I remember, because I noticed her garden-paths were covered with dead leaves. She got a letter addressed to 'Miss Dorothy Drew.' The mail-man remembers to this day how she looked when she read it, standing there in the dusk. Says he: 'Her face went as white as them there roses growin' up the wall, and she was all of a tremble like!' Goodness knows where that letter came from, or what was in it! But the next day she left hurriedly with her luggage, taking the baby too, and the cottage was closed for two months. She came back then with the baby, and has been here ever since."

Mrs. Porter's eyes grew rounder behind her big round, black-rimmed spectacles. She looked more than ever like an old owl, as she leaned still closer, and almost whispered:

"Mrs. Newcombe, have you ever noticed how strikingly like the 'Rose-lady' herself that child is, with that brown curly hair, that small straight nose, those big blue eyes and pink cheeks?"

"Yes, I certainly have, but it doesn't do these days to say all one thinks, Mrs. Porter!"

"No, indeed it doesn't!" heartily agreed her neighbor with a sage nod. Then she sniffed and grimaced.

"My, but these automobiles are a nuisance! That nasty, smelly gasoline gets right on my stomach at times, I do declare!"

But Mrs. Newcombe scarcely heard her. She was too busy looking over the hedge to try to get a glimpse of the occupants of the approaching car. She saw that there was only one occupant —the man at the wheel—as the car passed in a cloud of dust. Looking after it, she exclaimed:

"What a striking-looking——! Lord have mercy! Whatever's happened?" as a woman's shrill scream echoed down the lane. "That scream came from the 'Rose-lady's' cottage. Let's run and see what's wrong!"

She set off down the lane as fast as her short, fat legs could carry her, followed by the flustered, panting Mrs. Porter. They rounded the bend in the lane. What a sight met their astonished eyes! The handsome blue car lay on its side in the ditch. A couple of burly farmers were trying to extricate a man's still form from beneath it. Near by stood the "Rose-lady," clasping her sobbing, frightened child, and watching, with fear and horrow in her eyes, the struggles of the two farmers. They managed to get the man from under the car at last, and laid him gently down on the grass until the doctor should arrive. At sight of the bad cuts about his closed eyes, and his blood-stained collar, Mrs. Porter and Mrs. Newcombe turned their heads away, and remained standing in awed silence beside the "Rose-lady," who appeared not to be aware of their presence.

The doctor had arrived. The injured man had been carried into the "Rose-lady's" cottage at her request. The damaged car had been removed to a nearby garage. A little knot of curious people had gathered at the gate of the cottage. When the two farmers came out, they were showered with hushed questions. They told briefly how they had been coming down the lane, and had seen the blue car approaching at a pretty good speed. It had almost reached the "Rose-lady's" cottage, when the little girl's ball had rolled across the lane. She had run out after it so suddenly, that in order to avoid knocking her down, the driver of the car had swerved into the ditch, where the car had overturned.

* * *

Hugh Carnforth stirred. He opened his eyes. They saw nothing. He was in darkness. There was burning pain in his head, his face, his right arm, his legs. The scent of roses was all about him. Where was he? He moved his left hand gropingly, and discovered that he was in a cool, soft bed somewhere, and that his eyes were bandaged. How strong was the perfume of those roses! Roses! What was it they were trying to bring back to him? Ah, now he remembered! There had been roses in the garden where he had put the ring on her finger. How far away it seemed now—that garden! How long ago it seemed since that wonderful night when she had promised to be his wife! He sighed wearily. Soft, warm fingers crept into his left hand. They were little fingers—the fingers of a child, he knew. There was strange comfort in their touch. He lay quite still, drinking in the scent of the roses, gladdened by the touch of the little hand. He felt no desire to speak, even to think definitely.

He knew not how long he had lain there in silence and darkness. He seemed to be in a world of dreams, in which a little child-hand guided him. He was vaguely aware of people who moved around him like phantoms, of hushed voices that seemed to come from a long way off. And always the scent of unseen roses was about him.

There came a time when he felt stronger, more alert. He was weary of the darkness. He stirred restlessly, and weakly put up his hand to touch the bandage covering his eyes. Cool fingers gently clasped his own. There was magic in their touch that sent a thrill of joy through his whole being. They were a woman's fingers this time. Of that he felt sure. Feebly he pressed them, as though to reassure himself that he was not dreaming still. A woman's voice spoke then:

"Not to-day, but to-morrow you shall see. You were badly hurt, and have been here for several days. Lie still, and try to sleep again."

If she would only go on talking! Her voice was like music. It soothed his tired nerves. Gently she withdrew her fingers. Something dropped on to his own. He was surprised to find them wet. Roses—red ones and white ones—and jasmine starry-eyed! He slept.

He wakened to find those magic fingers gently untying the bandage. He lay still, and waited in a fever of impatience. The bandage was removed. At first the light blinded him even though the room was half-darkened. He put up his left hand to shield his eyes. When he looked again, he met the big round blue eyes of a little girl. She had a bowl of fresh roses in her hands—red roses and white roses, wonderfully sweet. She returned his smile shyly, and bade him a soft "Good morning!" But where was the woman with the magic touch and the voice like music? With an effort he turned his aching head a little. Yes, a woman stood there beside his bed, her hands tightly clasped against her breast. There was a great radiance in her

(Continued on page 14)

Vancouver's Mountains

By Olive Macken

Mountains of the Coast Range.

VANCOUVER'S Mountains! How shall we sing of majesty infinite, which, now in awful splendor—now, divine sublimity—enwraps their towering peaks, enfolds their giant sides! Pen of rarest jewel, dipped in ink of living flame, would crumble into dust, and fade into dim blurr, in vain attempt to even chant to listening humanity, the glories of Vancouver's Mountains! Omnipotence alone, must herald forth the story of these mighty hills, for only God, their Maker, can attune the song aright!

But—how we love our Mountains! Their attributes are human; their moods legion. Ten thousand dawns; ten thousand noons; ten thousand twilight eves; ten thousand midnight watches, have conspired to teach mankind the lesson—that changes are eternal——

Their attributes. Their moods. Chastity? Go out into the dawn, and see enshrouding vapors of dull grey, behind which hide, with all the modesty of maidens fair, those heights of rock. The day is young; not yet must prying human eyes intrude into their sanctity. Laughter? Have we never heard the laughter of the Mountains? Then, watch in noonday glare, the sunshine chase the shadows over jutting boulders into shady vales, and as we follow lights and shades with seeing eyes, our ears will catch the laughing music of the gurgling valley streams, harmonizing with the rushing of the mountain torrents, and we will know and understand, in truth, the Psalmist's song, "the mountains and the hills shall clap their hands." Vanity? Our Mountains vain? Behold them as the setting sun paints sea and sky with rays of rainbow hues. Watch as they drape themselves in regal robes of purple haze, adorn their snow-crowned heads with radiance snatched from the mysteries of the twilight, and deck their tossing trees with jewels, stolen from the moonbeams' shafts. Then, only in our souls may we give worship, for our voices trail off into silence as we see Vancouver's Mountains beautify themselves, as if in readiness to wait for their liege lord. Anger? Yes, we have seen these heights raging in their wrath, and none there are who dare resist them in their fury. Mountain streams are swollen into seething torrents, and, to the clouds above, their spray is splashed and tossed. Huge trees are dashed, like tiny saplings, into a million splinters. Torn from the mountain crest, and out from granite sides, come tumbling masses of earth, stone and forest giants. Halted relentlessly, is the progress of mankind. The living things in mountain lairs are crushed remorselessly, and, in their anger, too, these mountains oft exact as toll the lives of men.

And, can it be that mountains brood? Go under midnight skies and see. A myriad of stars watches over their dark forms, and they in turn, guard well Vancouver's sleeping folk. Perhaps, upon the moving waters that ever wash our shores; in half-dimmed steeets, where busy strife has ceased awhile; or, in the darkened by-ways, where sometimes stalks cruelty and sin, their million eyes have witnessed tragedies and woes unnamed; and so it is that, while the watches of the night ring out the flight of time, our mountains, while they keep their vigil well, brood over fair Vancouver and her people.

When do we love our Mountains best? Is it, when looking to the wintry skies, they beckon to the snows to come and crown their heads with purity and rest upon their bosoms for awhile—protecting all the little tender things that nestle in their caverns dark? Is it, when snows have gone, and nature calls again to tiny birds and sleeping flowers, and sings of life anew, that best love for our mountains fills our hearts? Is it, when summer suns blaze forth life-giving heat, and soft south winds at night sigh through the mountain passes, and sway and swing the tall tops of the pines? Or, is it when summer plumes her wings to say farewell; when first frosts nip and tinge the maple leaves, and autumn flings her challenge far adrift, and flaunts her gorgeous dress in glade, on moor and hill?

The seasons come and go, as they have come and gone all down the ages past, and never have our mountains yet betrayed their trust. Strength, courage, protection, endurance, hope! These—theirs to give——.

And surely it must be that little children whose tender feet have yet life's race to run; the youths and maidens standing on the threshold of the untried future, tense with ambition's daring hopes; those of maturer years, whose lives are forged with fetters of experience and its sure reward; the aged ones, who totter falteringly adown the steep that leads to Home—we all will lift our eyes, our hearts, our souls, to worship and to trust, and we will glean and garner all we need for this life, and yet another life to come—from these great gifts from Everlasting God—VANCOUVER'S MOUNTAINS!

Rugged Mountain Scenery Keeping Guard Over the Fraser River, Vancouver, B.C.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Three novels of outstanding merit are the publications of F. D. Goodchild Co., Toronto—novels that have excited widespread comment in England. Vere Hutchinson, the sister of the author of "This Freedom," is the author of one of these books, "SEA WRACK," which has been called by some critics a masterpiece. "WAY OF REVELATION," by Wilfrid Ewart, is another novel of which Sir Philip Gibbs says: "No more truthful and vivid picture of life between 1914-19 has been written in English." Of the third novel, "THE LOVE STORY OF ALIETTE BRUNTON," the London critics have this to say: "It is more than an interest-compelling book; it is a courageous and illuminating book, which should influence men and women who give serious thought of the modern problems of marriage and divorce."

Typical Mountain Grandeur in the Vicinity of Vancouver.

The Man Without

By Madge Macbeth

Author of "Kleath," etc.

CHAPTER III.—(Contd.)

"RUM thing, there doesn't seem to be a clue," said a surgeon just off a case. "Not that I think it would do us any good to find one. I, for one, shall not overtax myself in a diligent search."

"Meaning——?" demanded the specialist.

"Bluntly my son, meaning that the less said about inoculation with faulty sera, errors in mixing prescriptions, the slipping of an operating knife, and so on, the better for you struggling young practitioners! Personally, I should like to meet our erring brother near a river on some dark night, and quietly do him in, without any public ceremony whatsoever!"

"What do you think, Bragge?" someone suddenly asked.

"I'm inclined to agree with Morrow," he managed to say. "Certainly, the less fuss made about it, the better."

"That view precludes the possibility of crime," argued the younger man.

"Crime your grandmother!" snorted the surgeon. "The city's full of criminals, according to that!"

A horrible pause followed. Inwarly Bragge writhed, feeling that every word, every look, was directed at him; feeling that every time he spoke, he said the wrong thing, and strengthened their suspicion. Worse, he was convinced that his silences were as pregnant as his speech. Never had he suffered more acutely.

He returned to The Oyster—sitting patiently in the car, and staring dreamily at nothing—much as a child returns to the comfort of its mother's protection. Whether or not the fellow was playing a part, at least, he did not harry him!

With the air of one who feels that he has plumbed the utmost depths of wretchedness, he turned the car toward the Penfield's home.

"I can't say much for your first treatment," whispered Mrs. Penfield, inviting him by means of mysterious signs and gestures, to a private conference in her bedroom. "Not that I am surprised, or that I looked for a miracle. Considering your ignorance of my daughter's weaknesses, I think the result is as satisfactory as possible."

Bragge bowed gravely, and asked, "Does she seem nervous?"

"Bernice always had amazing self-control," complained her mother.

"What about her appetite?"

"Well, she never eats much. I don't know that she has exactly refused her food, but she has not shown any relish for it," replied Mrs. Penfield, aggrievedly.

"Did she rest well?"

"Off and on. I looked into her room every hour, and asked how she was feeling. She didn't seem to have any specific pain, but although you may not notice it, doctor, being unfamiliar with her habitual expression and manner, I can see that she is not well. There is something about her——I can't explain——not quite natural——"

"Rouge," suggested Bobby, rushing into the room like a tornado, and demanding an immediate lunch. "Rouge, Ma——you may take it from me——the vulgar, artful hussy!"

"Robert!"

Mrs. Penfield achieved the feat of reproving and dismissing her son without seeming to interrupt the plaintive flow of her remarks.

"Her appearance of good health, her assumed brightness of manner, do not deceive me in the least. There is something beneath all that——"

Even had Bragge been the type of physician who granted to his patients the right to hold no opinion of their own—especially if it should be at variance to his!—even had he discarded Mrs. Penfield's complaints as the results of her obsession, still, he would have been obliged to admit that Bernice had not made a complete recovery. Indeed, the effects of the shock she had suffered seemed more apparent to Bragge than on the day previous. It was as though she had just begun to realize what she had been through.

She greeted the doctor in a manner that was more friendly than professional, and her answers to his enquiries were made palpably with the intention of giving her mother satisfaction, for each solemn avowal was contradicted by a twinkle that fell short by the merest shade of being mischievous. Certainly, the girl possessed magnificent self-control.

But a change took place when Mrs. Penfield, responding to Bobby's pathetic appeal for food, went downstairs to adjust some trifling domestic disorder. There was an instant when the mask fell from Bernice's face, when she drooped wearily in the huge blue chair, and when her long, white eyelids closed in utter exhaustion, more possibly of spirit than of body. She seemed, in that brief space, to clutch at relief from a nerve-racking irritation, a temporary respite from the tension of maintaining a false position. She seemed to luxuriate in relaxation.

The effect was scarcely produced before she opened her eyes and looked at Bragge defiantly, as though to say:

"Well, that's that! But for all you think you have seen, you are not to pry!"

So he said nothing. The desire to win her confidence, to clear her eyes of their pain, was stronger than ever, but he could not batter at the doors of her reserve in order to gain the secret behind them. He knew that his pills and potions would not help her, that no "treatment," as her mother translated the term, would achieve his object. He must wait until she was ready to confide in him, until she found him worthy of her trust. In the meantime, he could not dimly guess what she wished to hide.

The shadows beneath her eyes had faded, but those within their depths still pulsed and throbbed, even while she talked enthusiastically of football and the probable personnel of the hockey team.

Then Mrs. Penfield fluttered annxiously into the room.

"My love," she exclaimed, "have you wanted anything? Bobby is so tiresome about his food! And that new maid is the stupidest thing! And Bobby would have his own particular brand of pickles!"

She felt Bernice's forehead, handed her a glass of water, lowered the blind and went on without pausing.

"He saw by the bulletin that another of the Jamieson party died this morning. Shocking, isn't it? But what a gold mine a tragedy of this sort is to the papers!"

"And the man—the man who—was poisoned, mother? Has nothing further been discovered about him?"

Bragge was startled by the peculiar intensity, the strained quality of Bernice's voice, as she asked the question. He who fought so hard for self-possession was quick to recognize the evidences of that fight in another. Instinctively, intuitively, perhaps, he knew that the girl's heart was thumping as heavily, as irregularly as his own. But why?

"Have I stumbled on a clue?" he asked himself. "Has this anything to do with her trouble? Who was this man and what was he to her, that the thought of him should arouse an emotion she dare not betray?"

A new sensation added itself to the burden of horror he already carried, but he would have laughed in derision had anyone suggested its remotest resemblance to jealousy.

Mrs. Penfield shook her faded little head. "Nothing," she said, "at least nothing has been given out. That, however, is to me a significant fact. I believe that the police are really working on a clue, when they say nothing. It is when columns of theories are published that the criminal can afford to sit back and laugh. What is your opinion, doctor?" she demanded, suddenly. "Do you think it possible for such a crime to be traced?"

Bragge strangled a mad impulse to cry, "Undoubtedly, for I am driven to confess it!" Subterfuge, secretiveness, deception, were as foreign to his nature as stealing. He felt hunted, trapped, cornered, and marvelled that guilt was not written plainly across his face, even while he expressed absolute faith in the capability of the Police Force.

Bernice cut into the conversation with another question. She had herself well in hand now.

"Why do you—why do so many people take it for granted that the man died as the result of crime? Why isn't it just as reasonable to suppose he was the victim of an accident?"

Bragge's stomach seemed actually to rise up and turn over. He felt an overpowering nausea. What did she mean?——What did she know?

Again, he felt that he could never endure the strain of living, shadowed by the suspicion that seemed to lurk in every reference to the tragedy. Sooner or later, he knew that either his silence or his reason would break.

"Accident!" he heard Mrs. Penfield cry, sharply. "Good heavens, child, what an idea! Do leave me with some illusions! I prefer to think that a fiend deliberately planned murder, rather than that an imbecile vested with the authority of a physician caused death unintentionally!" She shuddered. "Why, think what this would mean! Where would we turn to escape the beneficent ministrations of an irresponsible assassin, to say nothing of finding relief from our afflictions? At whose hands could we expect life, and at whose would we fear death? No——no——" she said, with astounding energy for one so frail, "it's bad enough to think that the poison was administered maliciously; the idea of its being given innocently is quite intolerable! Put it out of your head, child, or you'll be suggesting that Dr. Bragge is the guilty man, next!"

IV.

"You'll be suggesting that Dr. Bragge is the guilty man next!"

Mentally, Bragge staggered, as, like a white-hot iron, the words bit into his brain. The revulsion of feeling was too much

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Our Letter Box

Conducted by Guy de Lestard

Readers of NATIONAL LIFE are invited to use these columns as a medium through which to express their views, or to open up questions for discussion. Envelopes should be marked Department L.B.

Space forbids printing the numerous letters we have received regarding the letter by E. W. R., appearing in our last issue, but the following extracts from replies are typical of the general tenor of them all.

Canadian Motion Picture Distributors Association.

To the Editor, NATIONAL LIFE.

Dear Sir,—My attention has been drawn to an editorial note and a letter which appeared in the August number of "National Life." I am deeply pained that you should have been misled by statements which are so absolutely wide of the mark as those made by "E.W.R."

I also am a father and have a "dandy" family. My eldest daughter is a graduate of the University and I have three boys seventeen and under. My children all attend the movies but their parents take enough interest in them to prevent them going to see plays which are not intended for children of that age. We feel just as much responsibility in keeping our children from "grown up" movies as we do from "grown up" plays of the spoken stage. Nor do we think that they have yet attained the age when they may be allowed to go to vaudeville shows freely; nor to read certain novels which are not intended for people of their age.

Is not this a question of parents rather than a question as to the character of movies? Does not E.W.R. by his own statements show that he has failed in the management of his own family?

I have a good deal of information on this subject and if there are any points on which you desire the facts I shall be glad to supply them so far as I am able. I can produce a great deal of evidence from Judges and prominent social workers to prove that child crime and misdemeanours have not been increased to any extent by moving picture shows. No one would be foolish enough to claim that all movies are good, any more than they would claim that all plays, dramas, vaudeville entertainment and works of fiction are beneficial to humanity.

Yours sincerely,
JOHN A. COOPER.

To the Editor, NATIONAL LIFE.

We hear a great deal of the harm which is done by the Moving Pictures. There is scarcely a new invention, but people will not find some harm in it! Now we know that there is good and bad in everything! Food is good in itself; but if we eat too much it is bad for us. Most things are bad when taken in excess, or in the wrong way.

To my mind, the Moving Pictures are a great force, either for good or bad. People are better for having seen a good picture. Bible History, English, American and other Histories can be excellently taught by means of the Movies. We must not blame the Movies for what is not altogether their fault!

The Moving Pictures seem to have come to stay, so, instead of blaming them for everything, I think we ought to find out a way to make them better and more useful. One does not blame a gun because the six-year-old hurt himself with it! In this instance, we should, probably, blame the parents for allowing their small boy to use such a weapon before he was old enough to understand or handle it right.

It is thus with the Moving Pictures. Parents should not take their children to them, indiscriminately. They should, themselves, have seen the pictures first, before they take their children to them.

If parents refused to allow their children to go to questionable Moving Pictures, these last would have to improve or they would find themselves empty. The Producers of Moving Pictures give the Public just what it demands.

If the Moving Pictures will not try to educate and uplift the people, then it is the Women and especially the Mothers of to-day who must try to do so. A well-trained, clean-minded child could not enjoy some of the Pictures which are at present so popular.

Therefore, it is in the home that our children must be taught what Pictures to appreciate and which to despise. Later on, they will not want to waste their money on Pictures not fit to be seen.

Parents are the first people with whom children come in contact, and first impressions are everything! So, instead of blaming the Movies for the depravity of the youth of to-day, let us first examine ourselves and see if we women cannot so influence our girls and boys that nothing in the future will be able to destroy those good seeds which we shall have implanted in them.

If there is a Moral, it is surely this:—Better Parents, better Movies.

MRS. NESTOR NOEL,
Alcomdale, Alberta.

To the Editor, NATIONAL LIFE.

Oh, Mr. E. W. R.! Man, you are away off your trolley. A daddy indeed, but what a misfit you must be. Who ever heard of the pal-father's boy lacking so in judgment that he shoots out the eye of a companion with an air rifle? Why don't you be a pal to that boy—by teaching him, by real chummy example, the right way to live, to think, and to strive.

You don't understand your boy—your letter shows that—and because you have never tried to understand him, you deserve the blame you are showering on the "movies."

The writer isn't so far out of the boy stage himself, but just the same he was a boy when there weren't any movies and he was a boy when there were movies. Fact is, he peddled the bills for the first movie house that opened up in a certain Victoria county town, so he has rather grown up with the movies, you see.

And do you know, in those days before the Movies, boys were just as bad as they are now, and they did just such things. I remember distinctly a duplicate of the air-rifle episode you mention, and the boy who perpetrated that had never been inside a movie house, and he had never read a dime novel, either—he couldn't read.

You quote "Tom Sawyer" and "Huck Finn." If there had been movies in their day the blame would all have fallen on them, for didn't Huck Finn and Tom do most outlandish things. But no, there weren't movies and there weren't dime novels; there were just God-given imaginations that create all sorts of devilish—yes, that's the word—things in boys' minds. It's that self-same imagination to-day that carries the boys along, and when there hasn't been the proper home-training or the proper home example, imagination runs riot.

And then the Movies aren't so bad, are they? The Cinderella story you say doesn't take, has been done so many times by the Movies in one form or another, it must be the greatest attraction the box office has ever known. Every Movie star of any note has played a Cinderella part of some kind at some time, and it has helped to make her famous. And then the

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THE ROSE LADY.

(Continued from page 11)

face. Unshed tears glistened in her eyes. He gazed and gazed. Roses—red ones and white ones—and jasmine starry-eyed!

"Dorothy!"

It was just a husky whisper, but she heard. She was on her knees beside him in an instant. The curling tendrils of brown hair caressed his cheek. She kissed him very softly, very tenderly on the lips.

The little girl, who had been standing by, noiselessly set down the bowl of roses on the table, then tiptoed from the room.

Under the eaves a little wren sang. The fragrance of clover drifted in at the window and mingled with the sweetness of the roses. The man lay still, with closed eyes, afraid that if he spoke he might shatter a wonderful dream. The "Rose-lady" stirred in the circle of his left arm.

"Oh, Hugh! I was afraid at first that you were never going to get better. In saving my little Marie's life you nearly lost your own."

My little Marie! So that was why she had sent back his ring without any explanation! She had loved somebody else better. His voice was faint:

"But Dorothy, why didn't you tell me you wanted to marry the other man? It would not have hurt so much as your silence did."

"What other man, Hugh? There has never been anyone in my life but you. I have remained Dorothy Drew to this day."

He wrinkled his brows, and winced at the pain it caused him.

"I don't quite understand, dear. The little girl——!"

"Is my dead sister's child, Hugh. I don't know if I ever spoke to you of my twin-sister. I was with her when Marie was born. She was scarcely her old self again, when the news came that her husband had been drowned in the lake during a terrible storm. She never recovered from the blow. She knew that she could not get better, and begged me to be a mother to little Marie. I knew that you could take to very young children then. You were young and wouldn't have understood. I knew I must devote my life to either the child or you. I could not have both and be happy. For a long time I was torn between my love for you and my duty to my sister. But one night, when I was bathing the little one, her little restless, clinging fingers accidently caught at my sleeve and tugged. It was just as if she had tugged at my very heart, Hugh. I decided. I sent no word with your ring because I knew that, man-like, you would plead; that your passion would blind you to my duty."

A lump rose in his throat. His hand stroked tenderly the brown head bowed on his breast. After a long silence he asked:

"But how came you here of all places?"

"Well, I read in the papers of your father's death, and learned that the 'Manor House' was to be sold. I knew you must have gone away, and I wanted so much to get a glimpse of the old home you had loved, so I came here early one morning to look around. I happened to see this cottage, and carried away a picture of it in my mind. After my sister had been taken to a sanitarium, I bought this cottage with my savings, and came here with little Marie. Soon afterwards my sister's nurse wrote to tell me that the end was near, and that my sister was asking for her baby. I went to stay near the sanitarium, and visited her every day until she died."

"Dorothy! Dear little sweetheart! If only I had known the truth long ago! But I never thought of looking for you near my old home. The day the accident happened I was going to take a look at the 'Manor House' and dear old dad's grave for the first time since his death. I've been wandering around, trying to forget you, and at the same time hoping to find you, for the last ten years. Now that I have found you, I will never let you go again!"

"Hugh! I hear the doctor coming up the path. Kiss me once! Then I must go."

Considering he was an invalid, it was surprising what a lot of strength he could put into that kiss!

A year later the "Manor House" had again changed hands. The Mrs. Porters and Mrs. Newcombes of the district, who peeked curiously in at the gates as they passed, could often see little curly-headed Marie, playing hide-and-seek with her dog round beds of roses—red ones and white ones—and jasmine, starry-eyed.

Fighting a Moth

By E. A. Taylor

PORTHETRIA is the scientific name of the Gipsy Moth, the most deadly enemy of living trees known on this continent. We say living trees, for, though the bark-boring beetle of Canada and America is reckoned to destroy as many trees each year as we lose by our great forest fires, it never attacks a healthy living tree, because the bark is too hard. Nature employs this insect to destroy fallen trees and dead wood, but our careless lumbering leaves hundreds of acres of high dead stumps, and into the bark of these the male beetle bores its way, followed by several females. Well into the wood he digs a round mating chamber, and from this the female bores a long egg gallery, with holes at regular intervals through the bark for ventilation. Close to these holes or "windows" she puts two eggs, one on each side, and when the egg hatches, the grub bores a side gallery, where it feeds and, later, develops into a beetle. It then bores its way out—and the whole proceeding starts over gaain.

Now, the dead wood left by careless lumbering enables these beetles to breed in millions, so when a forest fire sweeps through, leaving as many trees slightly damaged as it has destroyed, the beetle attacks the scorched parts of the bark on the living trees. As the new bark has not had time to grow, the beetle finds an easy entrance. If a woodpecker is around, he will soon detect and capture the borer, but we killed off so many woodpeckers that now, whenever a forest fire destroys a million dollars' worth of lumber, we have to add to the bill a second million dollars for the slightly injured trees which are killed off by the borers. The remedy is to guard against forest fires and protect the woodpecker. We are working towards the first and have made successful laws for the second.

While the borer is a Canadian insect, and, if we are careful, only helps to keep the forest clean, the Gipsy Moth is a foreign immigrant of a very undesirable type. Its caterpillar attacks healthy trees in forest and orchard, or shading our streets and lawns, swarming over them until the green leaves which the tree breathes through are all eaten, and the tree dies.

The Gipsy Moth is a native of France, where its numbers are too small to do any harm. It is simply listed among the butterflies, the male being white, marked with black lines, and an inch and a half across the outspread wings. The female, as usual in insects, is much larger, being two inches and a half across and covered with brownish spots. Every year the female lays five hundred or more eggs on the bark of trees, covering them carefully with hairs and scales off its own body. Then it dies, and in due time the caterpillars are hatched out, and prove enormous eaters. When full-grown they measure an inch and five-eighths in length and have a white, hairy body, with black marks.

In France so few caterpillars survived out of the numerous eggs laid that no one thought they were harmful. Then a misguided man who thought he was a naturalist, but certainly did not know much of natural history, brought some to his home in Malden, in the State of Massachusetts, where a pair escaped from his study, and immediately got busy.

This was in 1868, and for a few years no one noticed anything unusual, though all round Malden the number of dead trees increased, and men talked angrily of the "plaguey caterpillars" that seemed to fall from the skies. Before long, however, there was general consternation, for every tree in Malden was stripped, and either dead or dying, and the neighboring country was clamoring for the Government to do something.

The first sensible idea was to protect the birds, and photographs of poor Malden, taken in "leafy June," showing the trees that had been her pride standing stripped as skeletons along her streets, helped much in the passing of the present laws for the protection of birds.

But even protected birds could not remedy the evil immediately, beside which, many native caterpillars were on the increase, and the birds seemed to prefer the taste of them, for they left the Gipsy Moth's children practically alone.

The one virtue the Gipsy Moth has in the eyes of tree lovers is that it is a weak flier, and so moves very slowly across the country. The caterpillars, however, not only attack every kind of tree, but when these are stripped, they fall off, and devour any and all green vegetation, a very plague indeed.

The Government and the people worked hard together, but by 1900, though the Government had spent $1,550,000 in spraying, etc., the Gipsy Moth had only been slightly checked in some localities, and was spreading all around.

By this time Washington had come to the help of Massachusetts and the other states invaded; and hence war was very seriously declared on the Gipsy Moth, as it was realized that only its poor flying powers delayed the destruction of every tree on the continent.

Across the line, Canada was resolutely passing bird-protecting laws, and desperately trying to find some means to defend her border when it pleased the Gipsy Moth to start crossing it. War is bad enough when one can make munitions to kill the enemy, but when one is threatened with invasion by an army that one's weapons are no good against, it is very unpleasant indeed! Certainly poison gas or liquid flame would have killed even a Gipsy Moth, but these were unknown outside laboratories in 1900, and in any case such weapons would have killed everything in the neighbourhood, which would have been far from desirable.

So the majority of people in the threatened districts merely made contemptuous remarks about their unfortunate Governments, as they gloomily stitched poison-soaked burlap round the tree trunks, and sprayed energetically.

But still the killing, (rather than fighting) line of the Gipsy Moth advanced, everywhere defeating bewildered man, so the Governments of Canada and America started to think hard, for unless something could be found to fight the Gipsy Moth, the forests of the entire continent would soon be utterly destroyed, then where would the people and animals be?

Then a scientist spoke—"The Gipsy Moth came from France, so why not find out why it has not destroyed all the forests there?"

The best entomologists were sent to France to talk with Frenchmen who had studied insects. (The fight with the Gipsy Moth would never have been won, if there had not been colleges, and men who spend all their lives in study, for while the university, like everything else in our land, depends on the farm, the farm certainly depends on the university.)

So the entomologists found that the reason why the Gipsy Moth was a harmless butterfly in France, and a menace to the life of the nation in America was because in France there was a parasite insect, an Ichneumon Fly, which lived on Gipsy Moth caterpillars, laying its eggs only in the fat bodies of the caterpillars, where the grubs soon hatched, and then ate the unfortunate caterpillars up alive.

A parasite insect is a small carnivorous creature, that lays its eggs in the living body of some caterpillar and thus assists in keeping the leaf-eaters from becoming a plague. If the Gipsy Moth's parasite had been imported to America along with the Gipsy Moth, there would have been no trouble. Unfortunately

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The High Cost of Illness

Not infrequently the last illness is costly because of doctors' fees, and the period of incapacity from earning, with the result that the savings which may have been accumulated are either wholly used up, or are sadly depleted.

It is at this juncture—when it is needed most—that life insurance performs its highest service. It provides the necessary funds to pay all expenses. It leaves the dependent ones with a substantial balance with which to meet new conditions brought about by the loss of the breadwinner.

You cannot afford to delay placing that insurance upon your life. The time to make application for your policy is NOW, and the Company whose motto is "First in Real Security to Policyholders" is the one worthy of your confidence. It is—

THE NATIONAL LIFE

Assurance Company of Canada

Head Office: National Life Chambers, Toronto

THE GENTLEST AUTHOR.

By William Arthur Deacon

THE EASTERNER thinks of the Westerner as a big-voiced chap, a hustler and a braggart, and if he is a Western newspaper man double the amount of voice and hustle and gall. All these notions are wrong when the Westerner happens to be Will E. Ingersoll, who was born and brought up on a Manitoba farm, and has been on the staff of the Winnipeg Free Press for the last fifteen years, serving them in every repertorial capacity and at several "desk" jobs.

Mr. Ingersoll is one of the meekest men I ever met. He wouldn't hurt a fly. I doubt if he would ask it to get off his nose. He speaks seldom, slowly, and in the softest falsetto you can imagine. His ordinary conversational voice can only be heard with difficulty across a small room. I have never seen him in a hurry, and as he has a

singularly mild and equable temper, I cannot imagine anything that would goad him into sudden or violent action. He also carries the virtue of modesty pretty far. He is not shy nor different, simply meek and lowly of heart—a gentle man.

Yet Mr. Ingersoll might brag with some justification as he has achieved singular distinction as a short story writer. Visitors in Winnipeg from the United States have been known to go to the Free Press Office just to look at him. He is the first, and I think the only, Canadian to have a story in O'Brien's series of "The Best Short Stories." Mr. Ingersoll's "The Centennarian" was included in the 1919 collection. It had been previously published in "Harpers."

During the last fifteen years he has supplied stories to McClure's, the Red Book, Everybody's and other representative American magazines. His first novel, "The Road That Led Home," was brought out by Harpers in 1918. It had taken five years to write. The second, called "Daisy Herself," was published by Mussons in 1920, and a third is expected for the spring of 1923.

These novels, which deal with farm life in the west, have had a good sale, but Mr. Ingersoll is really at his best in short stories about old people. The older they are the better he writes. Look at what happenned to "The Centennarian!" I once asked him, quite seriously, why he did not write a story about a man 110 years old. But evidently thinking I was joking he gave me a mild smile, turned silently, and walked slowly away.

William Arthur Deacon

HEART OF CANAAN.

All day beside the water's lazy brink
The purple flags stand motionless and still;
The tall, green grasses, bending down to drink,
Caress the mirrowed likeness of the hill.

Silent and grey, the twisted olive trees
Trail their thick shadows o'er the sun-drenched road;
The perfumed air bears up a thousand bees,
Plund'ring the locusts of each golden load.

A breathless hush lies quivering on the land;
Listening and still—for years have tarried long—
It waits the moment of Divine command
To sound its Horn of Plenty's mellow song.

Beyond that silent pool—a little way
Beyond that hill that shimmers in the sun—
A people marches onward night and day;
Behold, O Lord, the forty years are done!

Behold, O Lord, the forty years are done;
The fiery cloud sweeps on beneath Thine Hand;
Lead forth Thy wand'ring children to the Sun,
Across the Hills that shield their Promised Land!

Louisa Nelson Robertson

FOR PEACE.

O Terrible, Whose Face is turned away,
Forgive Thy world. Take all our restlessness,
Our discontent, our whining and our pain,
And let this aftermath of our distress
In Thy great Melting Pot be burned away;
Teach us to build again.

These are Thy Days of Peace.
Teach us to build
A Tower of Peace to touch Thy silver stars.
In ivory raise each Nation's offered trust
Till War's polluted dust
Is hid forever from the world it mars.

For Victory and Defeat are less than dust;
Their chariots rusted and their sabres bent.
What have we gained from Victory?
O Brothers,
Is this what War has meant?
Lord, turn us now from these our useless hates,
To build a Tower of Ivory at Thy Gates!

Louisa Nelson Robertson

THE SHIPS.

Remember the seas where the tall ships stand, sentinel to the shore;
Remember the seas that have taken our men, yet are loud in their cry for more;
For more of our youth, for more of our strength, the call goes ringing wide,
From end to end of our ocean seas, on the crest of the ocean tide.

The simple men and the great of heart, they shall go down to the sea,
With childlike faith in the things that are and careless of what shall be;
But, oh! for the sailors' women, when the threatening thunder runs
Across the skies. . . for the word on their lips, is What shall become of their sons?

The sons of sailors' women, and the wives of sailor men,
In the times of our ripeness and plenty, let us remember then,
How the sentinel ships are standing, on the seas outside the bay,
Where the fog rolls damp and thickening, and the dawns are often gray.

The tall ships and the strong ships, and the men that are their eyes,
They are waiting out beyond there where the dim horizon lies,
They are waiting there and watching, so we may be glad and free,
Shall we not remember the men who guard the sea?

Beatrice Redpath

ONLY A DOG.

Stretched in the shade of the sheltering elm tree,
Tiger, old comrade, take your rest.
Dream, dear pup, that my hand still pats you—
Dreams about friends are ever the best.
You lived your life like a high-born gentleman,
Facing the world with the soul of a god;
Rest, with my heartstrings twined around you—
Under the turf our feet have trod.

Still may I see, as I've ever seen, you,
Gallant and gay and undismayed;
Taking the road with a courtier's bearing
And just a touch of the roystering blade—
Eager to tackle the grim, grey badger;
Daring the fox to come out from his lair;
Yielding no way to the brindled bulldog;
Fearless, confident, debonnair

Who will come to me now when I whistle?
Echoes no scampering foot on the stair.
Gone is the slumbering head from the hearthrug,
Vanished the paw from the arm of my chair.
Part of myself have you taken with you,
Leaving but dreams and a mist of pain;
Sleep and wait for me, bravest and best of 'em—
Tiger, old chum, we shall meet again.

Lionel W. Claxton

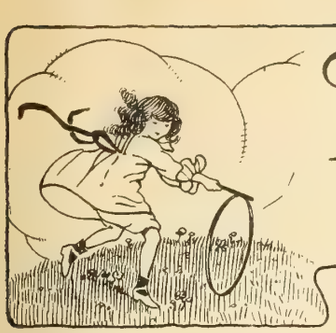
SHOULD CANADA WELCOME?

(*Continued from page 10*)

not so important as its efficacy. For it must be remembered that the Japanese are masters in the art of evasion and that all past "restriction" has signally failed to accomplish its purpose.

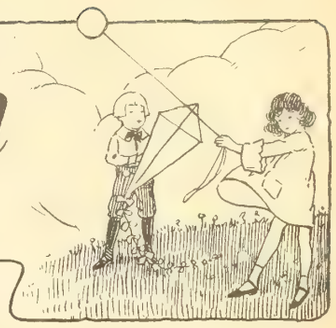
Behind the demand for exclusion are the fourteen members of the Federal House for British Columbia and the Yukon, the Trades and Labor Congress of Canada, retail merchants associations, the Great War Veterans' Association of Canada, boards of trade, and a hundred and one organizations, including the Asiatic Exclusion League of Canada.

What steps will the Women of Canada take to preserve their country only for people who are willing to become good citizens?



The Children's Section

Boys and Girls Come Out to Play



Dimbie Dustman Tales

By M. O. Taylor

"MUMMY," said Dimby one night as she lay in her little bed, "read the verse under my picture, the one with the big river and moon shining."

So mother read,

"Even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to the sea."

"Why does it want to go to the sea?" asked Dimby.

"Well, darling, because the sea is its big kind mother, and so just like all the little children, birds and flowers, and every living thing, there is nothing that means so much to them as mother. Listen, while I tell you the story of

The Little Brook

"Once upon a time a tiny drop of rain fell into the pond, and there it stayed quite happy and contented, just because it knew no better. But one day the 'Spirit of the River' came and whispered to the drop of rain, 'Why do you stay here in this pond, where no life is and where you can do no good? Don't you know that God sent you from the sky to water the earth and to keep it green and beautiful, to carry mighty ships upon your bosom, to be a broad, beautiful river; to flow on and on until at last you reach your mother and are at rest.'

"'Have I a mother?' asked the tiny drop of rain.

"'Yes,' said the Spirit of the River; 'the big boundless ocean is your mother. Come, stay no longer in this pond, start to grow and the more you flow the stronger you will be. Carry no evil thoughts in your clear water; throw them behind you. Gather all the good and beautiful and bear it on your broad, shining bosom to bring glad messages to the world, and when the way seems long and dreary you would wish to rest and be just a stagnant pool, keep on bravely flowing, ever flowing, and remember that

"Even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to the sea."'

"And the Spirit of the River entered into the tiny drop of rain, and he was not frightened any longer, but went round and round the pond, until at last he found a way out, but he felt very tiny and small, and it seemed hard to believe he would some day be a big, mighty river, but he kept steadily moving on and on, slowly creeping over the tiny pebbles (which seemed like great mountains to him), he felt himself growing stronger and stronger every day, and now he knew he was a tiny stream. 'I am not a drop of rain any longer,' said the little stream; 'the "Spirit of the River" was right.'

"And now he could move much faster and the little pebbles troubled him no longer and so he flowed on day by day, and the sunbeams came and spoke to him and danced along with him until the little stream shone and sparkled in the sunshine and everything was bright and gay.

"'Where are my troubles?' said the little stream. 'I have none.' But we can't go through this world without them if we are trying to do right and so one day there was the trouble right in front of him—a great big stone. He could run over the little pebbles, but he couldn't the stone.

"'What shall I do?' sighed the little stream, 'perhaps he will move if I ask him'; but the stone just laughed and said, 'Fancy me moving! why, I've been here years and years. I don't like the people who are always wanting to go on; why are you not contented? Stay here and be happy.'

"'Oh, but I couldn't,' said the little brook, 'I have to be doing something in this world. I must keep on flowing and by and by I shall grow big and strong and be a mighty river.'

"'Ha! Ha!' laughed the stone, 'that's funny, why you can't even push me out of the way; how could you move mighty ships and turn big mills? Don't talk nonsense.'

"'Once I was only a drop of rain,' said the little brook; 'now I am a brook, and will never rest content until I reach my wonderful mother, the Sea. No, I can't push you out of the way but I can go round you,' and the next minute he was safely past his first trouble and away on to the sea once more.

"And now other little streams joined him, and together they became a brook, laughing and dancing and playing over stones and big rocks, past little children at play, and the brook would wash over their pretty brown feet and lough to hear them scream with glee. The tall trees would bend over and whisper to him of the wonders of the mighty ocean and the brook would listen and flow faster than ever.

"How big and broad he was now. Could this be the tiny little drop of rain that had set out so bravely to do his part in the big world? Yes, it was. The tiny drop of rain was now a broad flowing river.

"And he could turn big wheels which helped to grind the flour to make bread and light the city streets and many other wonderful and useful things.

"He could not run and leap and play now, because he had seen many sad things. There were many bad and wicked thoughts cast into the poor river, and then he would flow darkly and silently.

"I wonder if we ever think that our wicked thoughts go out on the air and make the flowers die and the leaves fall and the rivers dark and silent.

"But the brave river cast the bad thoughts aside and gathered in the good ones and went steadily but surely on. He brought big ships, carrying many precious lives, safely into harbor; he flowed past prison walls; and weary men, as they watched him, bright and silent, thought of the little streams and green fields where they had played when tiny children; and so the river lived to bring happiness and do good and yet never forgot his duty—to reach the Sea.

"And at last, at the end of a long, weary day, the tired river saw in the distance the mighty blue Ocean—his Mother. On, on a few more miles and then the tiny drop of rain knew that the Spirit of the River was right and that courage and bravery had brought him safely home at last.

Velvet Paws and Shiny Eyes

By Carol Cassidy Cole

CHAPTER I.

The Night in the Owl's Nest.

ONCE there was a boy, who lived with his parents on the outskirts of a little Canadian village. He was not good for much—that boy, and sometimes made his mother and father very sad. His greatest delight was to tease and torment all the animals about the place, until they were at their wits' end. Also, he loved to get his dad's gun and go into the woods and shoot at the birds, squirrels and rabbits.

One day he was out in the little wood sitting under an oak tree waiting for something to come along that he might shoot at. It was a warm April day, and the boy soon became very drowsy. His head drooped against the tree, and he was almost asleep, when he was startled by a rustling above him. Leaning forward, he peered up into an owl's nest. So this is where the owl lived that he hunted so carefully for all spring! He stood on his feet, meaning to run his arm into the hollow and get the eggs which he thought must be there.

But as he looked the hole grew bigger and bigger, until it seemed as if he were looking into a dark cave. Strange thing this! He looked about him. The trees were unfamiliar and so huge. And then he looked down at his feet. He rubbed his eyes. Surely that pair of elf-like feet did not belong to him. In growing fear he looked at his hands. They were very small. He drew off his cap—it was no larger than a small round button. And then it came to him what must have happened—he was turned into an Elf, just as he had been reading about a boy that very morning, who had been unkind to the cat!

Now the boy became very frightened, and cried, and stood on his tiptoes. But it was no use—he stayed just as little.

"Bur-r, what's the trouble, what's the trouble?" called a voice from the depths of the cave. The boy started and looked up. Surely he must be asleep. He pinched himself, but no, it was not a dream then. There in the dim hollow of the tree sat a brown owl, and it was from him the words were coming. Strange, he had often heard that "bur-r" before, but now he understood just what the owl was saying, "Who are you, who are you?" sang the voice.

"I used to be a little boy, called Eric Oldson," said the boy, "but now I don't know who I am."

"Hoot! Hoot!" laughed the owl. "Little boy, indeed, you look to me more like one of our little Elves of the forest. Come up to my nest," invited the owl.

"My name is Tawny Owl, and I live in this tree trunk."

So Eric scrambled up, and found that he had no difficulty in sitting beside the owl in the opening of the hollow. "I'm glad you're not really a little boy," said the owl, "for some of them are not kind to us woodfolk. But the Elves are our good friends indeed. It will soon be dark now, and I shall have to go out to hunt food. You know, we owls sleep by day and hunt by night. You may as well spend the night in my nest, only be sure to keep on the lookout for that old egg-sucker, Willy Weasel. But, hist!" said Tawny Owl, suddenly, "Get behind me quickly." Eric did as he was told, and the owl held himself very still, but remained in the doorway. His head sank down in his neck-feathers, and his eyes closed to a mere slit. Footsteps approached, human footsteps, and a hunter passed within two feet of the opening. But Tawny Owl was wise. He knew that if he sat very still no human eye could find him out, so nearly the color and shape of the tree cavity was he. "That was one of the hunters from Scarboro village," said the owl, "and he's out after wild geese. But you never can tell, he might have taken a shot at us just for luck. Well, I must be off," said Tawny, ruffling his wings and preparing for flight; "Now don't forget to keep a sharp lookout for that old villain, Willy Weasel." His soft downy wings just brushed the edge of the nest, and he was gone.

CHAPTER II.

Willy Weasel Visits the Owl's Nest.

IT had been a very poor day for Willy Weasel. In the first place, Reddy Squirrel, whom he had been able to rout out, had in some way escaped him. Up and down the trees he had chased him, out upon the rocks, into the brush wood and then again up a tree. Reddy had just seemed to disappear amid the branches of a huge elm tree, and although Willy Weasel had waited patiently, not one sight of him could he get. Of course he did not know that Reddy Squirrel, who could venture out on the very tips of the tiniest branches, had jumped into the top of a neighboring tree, and was away hours ago, having no doubt a good laugh at the thought of Willy Weasel waiting in that old elm.

So, of course, Weasel was in a pretty bad humor when about dusk he was sneaking around Tawny Owl's nest. Now he knew that there were no eggs in the owl's nest; he had been there before, and he also knew that Tawny himself would be out, but, like all robbers, that was the time he liked best to visit. What he really hoped for was that Tawny Owl had left some scraps of the fine fat mice that he saw him carrying in yesterday. Anyway, he stopped at the foot of the tree in which the owl lived.

Now, little Eric Oldson, the boy who had been turned into an Elf, and was spending the night in Tawny Owl's nest, had not passed a very restful time. He had stayed up close to the opening that he might hear the approach of any danger. To tell the truth, he was pretty well frightened at the thought of a

visit from the weasel. He had never really seen a weasel himself, but he knew they were very bad, much to be dreaded creatures, and that his father had had several chickens killed by this same little pest. And also he remembered a story a neighbor had told of two weasels he had found fighting over a little chicken. Both had hold of the chicken, pulling in opposite directions. So busy were they that the farmer had been able to put his hands down and grab them both by the backs of the necks. He put them into a cage and offered them food. This they would not eat, but in a few days one of them had eaten the other, leaving nothing but the skeleton. This story had so impressed the boy that he had always had a dread of the animal. So, of course, it was in great fear that he lay and waited for Willy Weasel.

It seemed to him hours he had been there, when he heard a slight rustle at the foot of the tree. He put his head out and could just make out a wedge-shaped head and long snakelike body raised against the tree trunk. The back was brown, but the under part of the body was almost a pure white. With his snaky movement, he was working his way up the tree. The boy in the owl's nest shook like a leaf. What should he do? He gathered all his strength, which was not so much now that he was an Elf, and gave what seemed to him one mighty shout—at the same time he heaved out a bunch of old dry bones which he had found in the bottom of the nest, so that they all came rattling down in Willy Weasel's face.

Oh, gracious! Willy Weasel gave one squeak, and for once in his life went straight down a tree instead of circling round it. There was just one thing he feared, and that was a human being, and surely that was a human voice that had shouted at him, and human teeth that had rattle down into his face. He reached the ground and ran as if the seven devils were after him.

It was a good turn indeed that Eric had done Tawny Owl that night, for Willy Weasel never again dared so much as show his wicked face in that neighborhood.

(To be continued)

"AN OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN."

By Helen Boyd

"IT'S no use," cried Fay, frowning, oh! such a great big frown, while her curls went wobbling in all directions. "It's just no use trying to be good."

She was a very little girl—just seven—and she had the bluest of eyes, and the prettiest black curls and the sweetest smile—that is, when everything went all right.

But somehow things sometimes had a habit of getting all turned around, and that's exactly what had happened that very morning.

Somehow the porridge didn't taste quite right, and Fay was certain that the milk wasn't—well, wasn't just as fresh as it usually was. Then everybody seemed so cross that Fay decided that the only thing to do was to run away from them all. Perhaps that would make her mother and her father and Bobbie realize just how badly they had treated her.

So down the lane she wandered, kicking the dust up with her little bare toes. Oh! she went ever so far until at last she came to a garden—just a dear, sweet, old-fashioned garden. Now there was something about that garden that made Fay feel as if she simply couldn't go by without stepping in for just a few minutes.

"My, it makes me feel as if I'm in church," said Fay, softly, as she gently opened the gate and walked in. "It's all so peaceful and quiet-like. O-o-oh!" she cried in delight, while she took a great deep breath. "Why it just smells as if somebody had upset a great big perfume bottle."

It was a wonderful garden. There were poppies, and larkspur, and mignonette, and Canterbury bells, and pansies and sweet peas, and ever and ever so many more different kinds.

Fay was just going out as as softly as she came in when someone said, "Oh, please don't go away without saying 'How do you do,' at least."

Fay turned quickly around, and there, sitting on the porch, was a dear, old-fashioned little lady, and she just fitted in perfectly with the pretty rambling garden.

"Oh! excuse me," said Fay, rather confused. "But I never saw such a pretty garden before in all my life."

The little old lady seemed quite pleased at this.

"I'm so glad you like it, my dear," she returned. "But what do you think happened the other day?" she went on, very impressively; "there was a little girl ran in here the other day and she was in a frightful temper. You know I had to send her out. I was really afraid she would frighten my flowers."

Fay looked quite surprised when she heard this.

"Just a little fancy of mine," nodded the little old lady brightly. "But they've always been used to peace and quietness. You don't know how glad I was when I looked at your face and saw how sweet it was."

Fay flushed a little when she remembered how angry it had been just a few minutes before.

"Now, my dear," broke in the little old lady, briskly, "I'm going to bring a little lunch out here, just for you and me," and it wasn't long before she had a dainty little spread set out, and my! how Fay enjoyed it all.

And when she had eaten every crumb, the little old lady picked her a beautiful bouquet, and even went down the road a little way to see her off.

"Well, my dear, I must go back," she said, gently. "Now, remember, if you ever do get out of sorts, you just ask your mother if you can't come over to see me; it'll do you the world of good. Good-bye, good-bye," and back she trotted to her little garden.

And after that when Fay felt—well, just a little fussy, she would say to her mother:

Mother dear, could I just run away for a little while?"

And her mother, who had been told all about the little old lady, and the old-fashioned garden, would smile and say:

"Yes, run along, dear."

And Fay would always come back with a smile on her face and a smile in her heart, and a song of peace on her lips.

TRADES OF THE INSECT WORLD.

By T. M. Matthews

"See that graceful wasp, looking like a chemist's retort? That is one of the Eumens family. They are masons in stone and cement and lay the corner stones for their cells on a firm foundation. Each stone selected for their castles is weighed and measured with care; the inside walls will be smooth, the outside rough; and the funnel shaped openings made of pure cement. The cement is made of sand and saliva; and the rain will not soften it.

"These wasps are hunters and butchers, too. When the cells are finished, Mrs. Wasp goes off hunting and brings back tiny green caterpillars. Now the strange part is, she knows which egg will be a boy or a girl, so she provides ten to fifteen caterpillars for the girls' consumption and half as many for the boys', as the girls are much larger. She stings the caterpillars in a certain place and paralyses them so they cannot crawl, then packs them carefully away, alive, for the young wasps, or larva. She then places an egg in each cell, just above the captives meant for food so that the grub will not be injured by the feet and mandibles of the martyrs; for they can move though they cannot change their positions—horrible fate for the caterpillars if they understand. Often these caterpillars begin their transformation while waiting to be eaten, showing that the sting of the wasp though causing paralysis, does not injure them seriously.

"Look, girls," added Rita, as she paused to poke about under a bit of brush, "here is a burying beetle. This little thing and its friends would bury a dead mouse in a very short time. If the mouse happened to be suspended on a twig or a bit of brush, they would climb up and push it off or gnaw through the support in some way. They would never give up till they had the animal carefully covered with earth. I forgot to mention the undertaker when I was telling you of the business places in this fairy town.

"But we must get home to tea, it is growing dusk; wait a moment though do you hear that tinkly tune—like the glass wind harps that hang in doorways for the breeze to touch and turn into silvery music? That is the fairies' early evening orchestra, and is made by little toads sitting under stones and singing love songs.

"Did you know that with the Toad family the father is the one that takes all responsibility of raising the family? When the eggs are laid he gathers them up, fastens them in some way about his legs and back, covering himself completely, then waddles off to find a pond. He hates going out in the open away from a place of retreat, but he does it, this little 'Bell Ringing' toad, and he goes a mile if necessary till he finds a body of water. He also hates the water, but he dives in, rubs the eggs off by brushing them with his long back legs, under some stone or weed, and back he waddles to his hidden home, while his lazy wife simply refers to him as 'silly' and goes back to her nap.

"Oh, girls, it is all interesting. There are the Pine Caterpillars that follow each other like sheep. They call them The Processionary. These caterpillars that gnaw pine, live in a community house they build together for protection in the winter; before they bury themselves in the earth for the transformation or chrysalis stage.

"In making a path, where a cobweb or tight rope is necessary they each spin a thread of silk to strengthen it as they cross, till it serves to hold them all, then they all follow this path to their feeding ground, the pine trees where they eat the foliage. As they eat at night it has been thought that they go together so they will not be lost. They spin a nest large enough to hold them all, so they are protected collectively. If their pathway is disturbed they are at a loss till one is found with courage to lead in a new direction. But come, girls, we must go, I am through 'lecturing.'"

"Oh, Rita, tell us some more, I would never get tired listening I do not wonder you rather

(Continued on page 33)

Young Helpers' League of Service

Dedicated to Every Boy and Girl in Canada

Conducted by Aunt June

Pledge for Helpers.

"Do a little kindness to someone every day,
Scatter rays of sunshine all along the way."

I pledge myself in the service of my King and Country to DO MY BEST IN MY DAILY WORK wherever it may be, to help others wherever possible and to endeavor in every way to make myself A Good Citizen.

Date———.

Name .....

Age .....

Address .....

AUNT JUNE'S CORNER.

Dear Boys and Girls:—

As I write to you the shops are ablaze with colors and pretty favors for Hallowe'en, and before my next letter is written, not only Hallowe'en but Thanksgiving Day will have passed by.

What a pretty time of year this is—both indoor and out! There is much to attract one—so much excitement and bustle of parties and preparations for jolly times. I hope that both holidays will be very happily spent by all our Helpers.

Speaking of Thanksgiving, what a number of good things we all have to be thankful for this year. Perhaps most of all for the beautiful weather that we have enjoyed all through the year and such lovely past summer days, with the final result of it all—a rich harvest. Those of you who are living in the country with daddy and mother on the farm, the Helpers who write and tell me of good deeds done every day in feeding the animals and helping with chores, will realize far more what a good harvest must mean to everyone than we city cousins, though I can tell you that some city pictures arranged in the large store windows and on the counters take me back very often to country days and scenes

Only yesterday I went through one of the very large stores in this city and saw the most beautiful display of ripe pumpkins, squash, piles of cauliflower, leeks, potatoes, barrels of apples, and many other fruits—the whole assortment making a very pretty picture. As I looked them over I was wondering how far some of those fruits had come and whether the hands of any of our members had helped to pick and pack them. Of all the pleasant helping jobs, I should think that helping in with the harvest home is one of the happiest.

This month you are going to be introduced to a new series of stories about a little Canadian boy and his adventures with animals. I am sure you will like these stories and the pretty pictures that accompany them. I want more boys and girls to write and tell me the things they like best in the Children's Section. There are all kinds of other stories and winter games planned for you, which we hope to be able to start running in your own little magazine soon, and I should like to hear from more of you about the things you like best.

Read over the rules for the Bank Account very carefully this month, because you will see a change in the price of our magazine, which means that those members who wish to win a Bank Book, with a new dollar bill, should be able to win this prize more quickly.

The Editor has warned me that we have no room for any letters for the Mail Box this time.

Love to all our young Helpers, and thanks for letters,

Yours lovingly,
AUNT JUNE.

HOW TO WIN THE BANK ACCOUNT AND PRIZE MONEY.

The Editor of the Children's Section of "National Life" wants to get every boy and girl in Canada interested in reading this magazine. There are all kinds of good things in the way of stories and news and pictures stored away in the brains of the people who are writing for this little magazine of yours, and we want every boy and girl to enjoy them during the coming months, so what you have to do to earn the prize is to get the mothers of your boy and girl friends to subscribe to "National Life." We only want you to take subscriptions from homes where there are other children. Any boy or girl sending in three subscriptions to "National Life" will win a prize of a bank account with One Dollar paid in.

HOW TO SET ABOUT WINNING THE PRIZE.

If you wish to enter into this competition, send in your name and address to Aunt June, who will pass it on to the Editor and you will receive a set of forms with all directions. Boys and girls who get subscriptions for the magazine will receive their prizes immediately the subscriptions are received in this office.

Now, who will be the first to win a bank book? I shall watch with great interest to see whether the boys or the girls will be quickest to earn this prize.

Do not forget that there is more than one bank book to be given. If there are five good boys or five good girls, each one will receive a prize.

Making Money Grow

Perhaps there are many things you would like to buy—but you cannot afford them now. Why not save up for them?

There is much personal satisfaction to be found in saving money—one dollar grows to two—in a short time it is five—then ten and so on—but if you are saving for a definite object, you should open a bank account. Whilst the money is always there for you when you need it, there is less temptation to spend small sums—it grows quicker and is safe from loss. You will find our Managers and Staff willing to help you.

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

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TRADES OF THE INSECT WORLD.

(*Continued from page 19*)

watch bugs than do the silly things we girls do to kill time," cried Doreen.

"Will you bring us soon again, Rita?" asked Laura, quietly, "and will you forgive me for teasing you about your bugs? They are more absorbing than any novel I ever read, and I would like to hear about some of the other workers in the different trades in 'Insect City's Commercial Centre.'

"Yes," answered Rita, "I have wanted you to form a club, and help me collect specimens so that we could put them in boxes and watch them doing all these wonderful things. The Trap Door Spider is one of the most particular architects in the business; I'll tell you about him next. Come on, I'll race you to the house," and the three girls with laughing voices disturbing the night chorus of the frogs and insects set off up the country road on a run.

GREYFRIARS' BOBBY.

This is the story told of Greyfriars' Bobby:

A poor man died, and was buried in this graveyard at Edinburgh, Scotland, his only mourner a little Scotch terrier. On the two succeeding mornings the sexton found the dog lying on his master's grave, and drove him away with hard words, dogs being against the rules.

The third morning was cold and wet, and when the sexton found him shivering on the new-made grave, he hadn't the heart to drive him away, and gave him something to eat.

From that time the dog made the churchyard his home, every night for twelve years and five months. No matter how cold, or wet or stormy the night, he could not be induced to stay away from the beloved spot, and if shut up would howl dismally.

Every day, when the castle gun was fired at one o'clock, he went punctually to a restaurant near by, where the proprietor fed him. The Lord Provost of Edinburgh exempted him from the dog tax, and to mark his admiration of his fidelity, presented him with a handsome collar inscribed "'Greyfriars' Bobby'; presented by the Lord Provost of Edinburgh.

He had many friends and visitors, and many, beside the men employed about the yard, tried in vain to win his affections; but he refused to attach himself to any one person. For twelve years and five months he kept watch over his master's humble grave, and then died quietly of old age, and was buried in a flower-bed near by. The master's grave is unmarked by any stone, but an expensive marble fountain was erected to the memory of his homeless dog, and the sculptor was paid twenty-five hundred dollars for the model of the bronze statue of Bobby.

Dress

By Kathleen

WHERE ARE THE GOWNS OF YESTERYEAR?

GONE, with the fallen leaves Whirled into Space.

But the leaves fall lightly to the lap of Earth, and help the blossoms of another Season.

And who knows but that the clever Maid or Matron, cunningly cognizant of the newest modes in Jacquette Blouses, has not fashioned part at least of the one she wears, from a skirt whose retiring form is too circumscribed for the year's wardrobe.

For so far as skirts are concerned, by-gones must be allowed to be by-gones this season. They may appear as over-blouses, with floating sleeves hanging by a thread (made possibly of beads): or as fancy waistcoats, or gaiety bags. It depends upon the magic touch of their owners. But as skirts—we know them no more.

For Dame Fashion to-day has cast her models in two pieces, welded by the wedlock of style, into the perfect whole.

From shoulders to hip, Miss 1923 must resemble her Grandmother in many respects. Or is it her Great-Grandmother? The Bertha Collar, the gathered garniture for the neck, the sloping shoulders that were a distinctive if delicate feature of the Victorian Era—the long waist and occasionally bouffant hips, recall the Days that Are No More. But there the likeness ceases, and the modern mode asserts itself. The waist remains as nature made it. And tho' indeed there are circular skirts, they are circular skirts of a cut and contour unknown to our Forebears.

They come upon us like an Army with Banners.

Tucked, pleated and panelled: frilled, flounced or furbelowed, fluted, or in tiers; gathered or garnished; inset with lace and embroideries; fringed, furred, or even feathered, they dip and swirl, and circle around the ankles, playing Hide-and-Seek at odd angles across our buckled shoon. The circular skirt has caught us in its folds, in many a roundabout manner!

But tho' skirts have forsaken the straight and narrow path to the feet of Lovely Woman, they come nearer to those little feet than they have done for many a year. There is a downward trend to their demeanour. At certain points, they have almost touched the earth!

But they are not humbled in the dust. They swing lightly on their way, and are at their best in a Ballroom.

And still, for the mysterious minded, there are the draped skirts, enfolding their owners like clinging vines, and usually caught to one side slightly below the waist, with garnitures of embroidery, quaint buckles, beaded ornamentations, a garland or posy of flowers, or tassels of silk or jet.

And as for sleeves—Fancy runs riot from the neckline to the finger-tips!

Among the materials most desired for festive wear, are the soft velvets, unknown in the more formal days of Auld Lang Syne, when Damosels were hedged with conventions, and it was only their costumes that were expected to be able to stand alone.

Foremost of these rich yet lissome materials, are the lovely silks and chiffons with a cut and raised pattern in "pile"

Tissues of silver, copper, and gold, plain or shot with the gayest tints—flame or blue, orange or rose or lavender—take their pretty part in many of the evening frocks where radium laces glint their colourful way through dinners and dances.

And for out-of-door wear—every autumn tint that can by the widest stretch of imagination be called brown, is pressed in to the service.

Overheard at an Autumn Wedding.

"A delightful dress, my dear," quoth one September Matron to another. (A September Matron? Why—one who glistens with only the earliest of Autumn tints, and hardly hears the rustle of the sere and yellow leaf as yet.)

"Do you REALLY like it?" asked her friend, shrugging a sloping shoulder beneath a slipping circular neckline. "I should never have dared (with my particular kind of undivine female form!) to have chosen quite so fashionably shapeless a frock—I have to go without so much underneath, I feel almost ready for bed! But who should look a gift garment in the dear little elongated buttonhole that opens the way into it between the shoulders? Not I forsooth! Yes—a 'pattern' model. Evangeline brought it to me in a super-generous moment. But I think these guileless garments are most exacting—if not slightly embarrassing!—to those of us not fortunately formed by Nature as Dryads are."

"Oh I know," murmured her friend as "The Voice that breathed o'er Eden" blew gustily across the Choir. "One has to shed the Stay—the Brace—and park the Corset!—confining oneself to (or in) a continuously performing Brassiere-Belt. But think of the Blessed freedom!"

"Ah," whispered the other, "our Grandmothers often felt 'cribbed, cabined, and confined' I don't doubt—but as for us—'With a great price have we bought this fredom!' No bread—no potatoes—no cream—or sweets—or butter. Fifteen times every morning, hands clasped behind my head—do I propel myself from my pillowless mattress, and touch my elbows to my knees. Fifteen times more, face downwards, do I raise myself caterpillarwise. Then standing on my feet, with knees unbending, I touch the floor with my knuckles, and again fifteen times do I bend slowly backwards as far as the laws of gravity permit. After that I circle slowly from the waist, like a demented mandarin: and finally—extremely upright, and a tiptoe my chest. And even after that, my dear," she sighed with some constraint, "my contour is chiefly dependant upon my muscular contraction of what is politely but perhaps erroneously called 'the lower diaphram.' 'Youth will be served' the Poet says. And the service of the Youthful Figure is of the severest sort. Indeed, to the woman of maturing years, the Season's silhouette is mostly a matter of Spartan self-control!"

SERVICE DEPARTMENT.

EVERYBODY knows the stigma that attaches to anonymous letters. They are the expression of thoughts the writer is ashamed to own!

Why then, do we tolerate anonymous manufactured articles, which may easily become the product of somebody who is not prepared to guarantee them?

Trade-marked goods are a signed letter from the Manufacturer to the buyer, that means he is prepared to accept responsibility for what he has made. It often means, also, that he is really proud of what he has done!

Why not take care to find out if the Canadian manufacturer is worth supporting and in such case, make sure of buying his goods? "Contrariwise" if his goods are poor, make sure to avoid them. It lies with the Canadian Buyer to make certain that the Canadian Manufacturer shall

Make Good—or Make Way.

If you find something good that is made in Canada Boost it! Advise your friends to use it, for their own sakes. Write to us about it. We will help you.

If you find something bad that is Canadian made—Bar it! Advise your friends to avoid it, for their own sakes. Write to us about it. We will help you.

We, for our part, will make a search for the most up-to-date; the most reliable; **the best**

Good-Made-in-Canada-Goods.

They will be advertised in our pages. To prove that we believe in them, and WE will be responsible TO YOU for them.

Canadian made in a Canadian Factory by Canadian Workers

"Doris"

This exquisite gown of Spanish lace is draped over cloth of silver and finished with a corsage of silver flowers making this novel lace dress a symphony in silver and black.

"Regina"

This pretty model suggesting the demure charm of the Victorian era is the latest in Canton crepe dresses and is trimmed with the most up-to-date in neckwear—a Bertha collar of lovely lace.

"Jacqueline"

The Jacquette Blouse—a simple model in heavy charmeuse satin. One fold of Georgette crepe in a contrasting colour finishes the bottom of this smart blouse.

NOTE—All good stores carry the superior products of "Ladies Wear Ltd" so when asking your local dealer for one of these dresses carry the magazine with you, when there can be no mistake. If you cannot get the dress you require, write to our Service Department which will give you every assistance, and ensure you getting the goods you require.

LADIES WEAR LTD.

TORONTO, ONT.

CREATORS, DESIGNERS AND MAKERS OF HIGH CLASS WEARING APPAREL FOR WOMEN OF DISCRIMINATING TASTE

Canadian made in a Canadian Factory by Canadian Workers

A NEW LARGE Bertha Collar
"Beatrice". Made entirely of wide Swiss lace.

A Bertha Collar
"Beulah". In white embroidered net finished with coloured ribbon.

A Bertha Collar
"Brenda". In silk radium lace finished with black corded ribbon.

A Panel Collar
"Bernice" made in cream net with fine filet insertion.

"Eulalie"

Something new in underwear. A new envelope chemise with a flare skirt so necessary when worn with the new dresses. This style in heavy Crepe de Chene is very popular.

The symmetry of the most carefully designed toilette is ruined by the wrong foundation, but the lissome grace of this envelope chemise forms the perfect preparation for the Season's silhouette.

"Venetia"

Very chic! These Swiss Crepe de Chene Pyjamas are shown in all light shades and trimmed with a touch of black satin ribbon.

The "lovely lady garmented in white" of whom Shelley sings, is here portrayed "clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful".

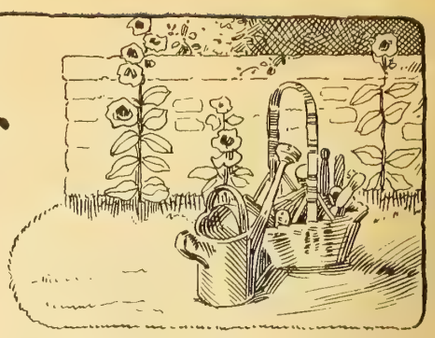
These delightful Pyjamas may be obtained in the most alluring of delicate colours.

NOTE—All good stores carry the superior products of "Ladies Wear Ltd" so when asking your local dealer for one of these dresses carry the magazine with you, when there can be no mistake. If you cannot get the dress you require, write to our Service Department which will give you every assistance, and ensure you getting the goods you require.

LADIES WEAR LTD.
TORONTO, ONT.

CREATORS, DESIGNERS AND MAKERS OF HIGH CLASS WEARING APPAREL FOR WOMEN OF DISCRIMINATING TASTE

Gardening



With Adam and Eve in the Garden

An Indoor Sport That's Growing

ALL the gardens are being put to bed: getting a sort of Saturday scrub — corners looked over, nails cut, and hair trimmed as it were— before Old Mother Nature tucks them under the soft coverlet for a long quiet rest.

Peonies and roses are strawed, or otherwise bedded for the winter. Hedges and small fruits trimmed: asparagus cut to the earth; leaves raked into unwindy places, and sprinkled with loam, to make that leaf mold that will be such a joy in years to come; tools oiled and put away; the winter vegetables stored; and fall ploughing or digging finished.

'Tis a busy season.

Then there are the last late bulbs to be tucked into the grass perhaps, for April blooming. The house-flowering ones, that will make glad the heart at Christmas, to be set in soil or water. And do not forget to pot plenty of your Faithful Friend—Parsley. What is left in the garden should be covered with two boards, set as the children set two cards to make a house. The snow will keep it safe and snug, and before the last of "the beautiful" is melted in the Spring, the little pert green leaves will again come curling upwards towards the sun. Even if Danny Meadowmouse SHOULD make a nest for himself under one corner of the shelter—who will begrudge a bit of board, or even a root or two of green stuff, to that lively little fellow? It is better he should have a lodging on the cold, cold ground among the parsley, than that he should creep into cellar or store-room during the winter, seeking what he may devour.

Especially if there is a Cellar Garden in your house.

What, haven't you heard of Cellar Gardens?

Roof Gardens flourish in New York. Winter Gardens once gave gaiety to Berlin—and at present bloom, in a more democratic form, in many of our Canadian Cities——. But since cellars—due to the lack of heating materials, liquid and solid,—seem to have outlived their natural uses, there's a new idea underground.

And it's sprouting!

Rhubarb, for instance:—generally speaking, it runs to seed in the garden in June or July, because nobody cares about it when the cherries and the peaches appear. But how about a fresh rhubarb pie round about Thanksgiving or Christmas?—the time when the clotted cream is thickest. Um-m-m! I thought you would say yes.

Why, there's even a rhyme about the growing indoor sport.

"Mary, Mary, you underground Fairy,
How does your cellar sprout?"

"With rhubarb and cress and the endive, I guess,
Like the mushrooms, will shortly be out!"

First of all, catch your cellar. Then make yourself monarch of all you survey there, by finding out just exactly what you can do with it.

Is there a warm spot near the furnace? A cool corner where some vegetables are already stored? A window where the sun looks in for several hours a day? These requisites are to be found in more cellars than are dreamed of in most householders philosophy, and all can be utilized. A few tubs will make adequate garden beds at the beginning.

Rhubarb Roots should be dug up in the late fall, tightly packed with soil in a box, and kept in a shed, or some cool but sheltered place. Plant a few at a time, at intervals of two or three weeks, and you will be cutting it fresh until the New Year. Keep it dark! Rhubarb grown in the cellar may be good indeed, but it does not love the light. It will turn, not pallid, but pink in the dim light, and come out "Strawberry Rhubarb"—the most approved kind.

Sea Kale with which many people in this country are quite unacquainted, has only to be known to become a favourite. In England and Scotland, it is one of the most popular vegetables.

In the autumn the plants should be dug up with a compact clod of earth around the roots. Their corner of the winter garden should be secluded: "dark and cool." They should be planted practically shoulder to shoulder. The stalks may be boiled, or served with a cream sauce, or drawn butter. Many people think them superior to asparagus.

However, if you want to compare points, have Asparagus as well. Get seven-year-old "forcing crowns" and plant them in a large tub or box. Or in a bed made directly on the floor of the cellar itself. They require light, and a fairly warm atmosphere. But they deserve both!

Celery also demands light and air. If these can be supplied then celery in the cellar may soon be an accomplished fact.

And **Mushrooms!** It is quite possible to grow mushrooms, not only for one's family, but for one's friends as well. Or perhaps to sell a few, to make the underground garden pay its way. It takes a good deal of care and labor to start them properly. Not every kind of manure will give the right results. The temperature and atmosphere must be just so. The spawn likewise. But when the initial labor is over, the happy gardener—if lucky!—will only have to pick, and eat or sell —the product.

A good many ifs—But!!

In addition to these, there are many of "the salad clan" that have a high food value, and which are especially welcome in winter, when fresh vegetables are apt to be both scarce and dear.

Of these, **Witloof Chicory** is one of the very best. Seed that has been sown in the spring will produce long "forcing roots" by November. These should be dug up, trimmed to a uniform length (8 inches), and allowed to dry out a little. Then plant ten or twelve roots at a time, as close together as possible, in the box bed. The top of the root should be covered with garden loam to a depth of two or three inches. Make a mat of prepared moss (peat fibre), soak it, and squeeze as dry as possible. Spread this over the top. It is one of the best possible mediums for blanching, and may also be used with advantage over the Sea Kale.

Curled Green Endive (that French favorite) is another palatable pleasure. It should be treated in the same way as the Sea Kale, and will provide the gardener with crisp, luscious salad stuff all winter.

Nor are **Cress** and **Parsley** to be despised. Well-grown roots of the latter may be potted or boxed, and, if fertilized once in a while, with any of the prepared fertilizers, will give dainty decorations till springtime. It should be kept in a sunny window—not necessarily below stairs.

Cress may be most easily grown on a wet flannel. A strip should be stretched across a frame, with both ends in water, and the seed sown directly on the damp material. Occasional crops may be grown every few weeks during the winter.

Tomatoes and **Winter Radishes** are not actually grown in the cellar. But the latter—if sown in July and August—may be packed in sand by November, or pitted out of doors, and will lend an additional tang to many a dainty dish. While tomato plants, taken up by the roots before the frost comes, can be festooned from the store-room roof, and allowed to ripen by degrees.

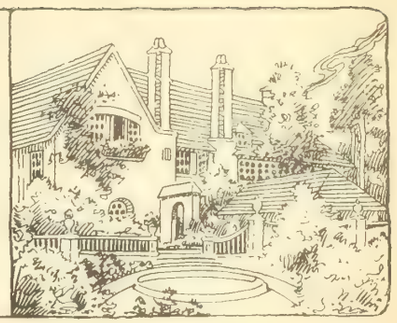
Such of these roots as you have not in your own garden, can usually be obtained from any good market gardener, or seed house.

But do not try to replant any of them in the spring. For by that time they will have outlived their usefulness.

It is not only in the deep Wells that we find the Best Cellars!

NOTE—"Advice on gardens and all pertaining to them, will be given for the asking to those who care to write to this department, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Suitable lists of seeds, plants, etc., for individual gardens will be compiled on request, and addresses given of seed houses for specialties, garden utensils, etc., etc."

The Home



Delia's Dietetics

By Kathleen K. Bowker

THE Proof of the Pudding is in the Eating."

Delia tapped her pencil against her teeth, and looked thoughtfuly out across the autumn fields—across the river—to where the Hill of Learning rose like a Sacred Fane against the sunset. Now that most of the leaves were scattered from the lighter timber, the pine trees stood up, lovely and aloof, against the still vivid green of the "Tenth Hole," round which they made a rim of austere dignity. In and out among their sombre stems one might catch glimpses of Dryads in rainbow sweaters, vivid as the gold and scarlet that still flaunted undaunted banners here and there—beech, birch or maple, retiring with colors flying, before the approach of winter.

It was enough to rouse the Spirit of Poetry in a Profiteer.

"Puddings!" murmured Delia, her eyes on the sunset flame. "Heavy puddings! Now that the delightful meals of fruits and sandwiches are finished, one must attack the subject of puddings with one's whole heart. Nice, stodgy, warming pudding—like a blanket on the tummy."

She sighed a little, as though the puddings already lay heavy on some portion of her anatomy, and began searching her card index carefully. She found it useful, about four times a year, to hold a review of her Cookery Books, and make a list of seasonable dishes. Otherwise the Housekeeper was apt to get into a rut.

She marked the following:

Baroness Pudding.

1-4 lb. raisins, 1-4 lb. suet, 1-4 lb. bread crumbs, 1 gill milk, 1-4 teaspoonful salt, 1-2 teaspoonful baking powder. Mix well, and boil six hours. Serve with lemon sauce or hard sauce.

Daulton Pudding.

2 eggs, 3 oz. flour, 2 oz. butter, 4 tablespoonfuls raspberry jam; 1 tablespoonful brown sugar, 1-3 teaspoonful soda, or 1-4 teaspoonful baking powder. Method: Beat the butter and sugar to a cream. Add jam. Beat eggs separately, add the yolks first, then the whites, beating thoroughly between each. Beat well for ten minutes. Sift baking powder with the flour, and add. Boil three hours.

Suet Pudding.

1-4 lb. flour, 1-4 lb. suet, pinch of salt, apples, sugar, five cloves. Method: Mix suet, flour and salt, with sufficient flour to make a stiff paste. Roll two-thirds of this mixture thin, and line a greased pint bowl with it. Fill with sliced apples, the cloves, and plenty of brown sugar. Cover the bowl with the remainder of the paste, and steam three hours. Serve with whipped cream or hard sauce.

"Mercy," said Delia to herself, "I feel pounds and pounds fatter already! I must look for something a little less enlarging to the waist-band. I do love suet puddings to eat. But how I used to hate the making of them, when the suet had to be chopped. Thank goodness a vegetarian friend introduced me to the Nut-grinder."

This nutgrinder was a favorite machine of Delia's. She had bought one on a generous scale. It looked like an overgrown meat chopper, without the inner parts. An erection like the look-out on the top of a caboose, sat up aloft, and there was a squared piece of wood, with "a little round button on top," like the Great Panjandrum's, to hold it by. The nuts were put into the caboose, the four-cornered mallet held firmly on top, the handle turned—and, Presto! There were the nuts humbled into dust before you. Delia soon found, however, that this large machine was apt to induce her to be extravagant with nuts. She spent seventy-five cents on an infant edition of the same thing, and found that a few nuts grated through it made twice as big a pile when ground, and were a welcome decorative and nourishing addition to many dishes. The larger grinder, however, made a place for itself in the household as a glorified grater — for bread crumbs, cheeses, and particularly for suet. It was only necessary to remove the heavier bits of skin and membrane from the latter, and run it through the grinder (it took about one minute to do a quarter of a lb.) to altogether climinate the tiresome labor of suet chopping, and to have a heap of tiny little melting flakes ready for the choicest cookery.

Delia took a handful of the neat little white cards from their shiny box, and shuffled them through her fingers.

"Now for a few supper-and-dinner party dishes," said Delia, and chose:

Prune Shape.

1 lb. small prunes. Wash, soak overnight, in water enough to cover. Add four tablespoons brown sugar, and two tablesps. maple syrup. Boil (or cook in fireless cooker) till tender. Drain, stone, and run through the mincer, using the coarsest cutter. Dissolve 1-2 oz. gelatine in the prune syrup, mix all together, and flavor very well with the juice of half a lemon, 3-4 teaspoonful almond flavoring, and sherry (if you are lucky enough to have any!). Mold in a ring mold. When set, turn out, and stick thickly with blanched and split almonds. Serve with custard or whipped cream. Or (for a Particular Party) with both—custard around it, and whipped cream piled in the middle.

Peach Pudding.

A sponge cake, about 8 x 4 x 4 inches. Remove inside of cake, and soak the walls with sherry. Next to sherry, the juice from a jar of peaches. Fill the centre with the peaches, and cover with whipped cream. Split almonds may be stuck in the cake, or grated nuts strewn on top. Or the appearance improved with a few mint or maraschino cherries.

Pineapple Cream.

1 pint cream, beaten stiff; 8 sheets gelatine, wineglass sherry, 3-4 jar shredded pineapple, small pinch salt. Method: Heat the soaked gelatine in the syrup of the pineapple. When cool, beat in the cream, and the shredded fruit, with a pinch of salt. Mold. When cold, turn out, and serve with the juice from a jar of cherries, sherry-flavored, and the remainder of the pineapple sprinkled over the top.

"Extravagant, of course," thought Delia. "But, then—one can do without the sherry. And that sprinkle of pineapple may be reserved for something else, if necessary. Now something plainer—that we haven't had for ages——" and she marked down:

Souffle Pudding.

2 tablespoonfuls butter, 3 tablespoonfuls flour and 3 tablespoonfuls sugar. Cook together, and add 1 1-2 cups milk, stirring well till it leaves the sides of the pan. Beat in the yolks of three eggs, one at time, and set away to cool. Just before dinner, whip the whites of the eggs stiffly, with a pinch of salt. Fold in lightly, flavor the whole with vanilla, and bake half an hour in a fairly hot

(*Concluded on page 28*)

Warmed-up Dishes

Twice-cooked food will never be tasteless if you use Bovril. Bovril puts the flavour back. A spoonful in your stews, hashes, minces or pies, makes a big difference at small cost.

BOVRIL

Interior Decoration

The Value of Careful Window Treatment

By Hazel Howe

IT is difficult to say just what particular feature of house decoration is the most important. Opinions might differ to begin with, but it is quite certain that window treatment can do as much to make or mar a room as any other one feature. To begin with we get our daylight through our windows. This seems like a superfluous statement, but some people do not appear to realize this fact, judging from the appearance of their windows; also the trim affords an unlimited opportunity to introduce just the kind of individuality your room requires. If your room needs colour, there is no better place to use it. If you have a period room your curtains should conform with the spirit of the age you are reproducing.

There are many different kinds of windows, but in Canada we have, generally speaking, casement and double hung windows. As a matter of fact mostly all windows in any country come under these two classes, mechanically, but there are a variety of architectural features, some of which would not suit our climate very well. A casement window may be either single or in groups, and should open either out or in. Double hung windows are in two sections and open up and down.

With regard to curtains the length of the window should determine the length of the curtain, insofar, that only a double hung window where the trim runs to the floor, or a French window, demand full length curtains or portiers, all other windows call for curtains which either come just to the sill or to the bottom of the trim. If there is a valance across the top of the window then all the trim should be covered and the curtain pass the sill and run to the edge of the bottom trim; if, on the other hand, there is no valance, and side curtains are used the curtain should hang to the sill only, and as a matter of fact to within half an inch of it, as they will stay clean longer With regard to glass curtains too much emphasis cannot be placed on sheerness, as a lot of heavy design keeps out light and is also hard on the eyes. Where there is no valance used, glass curtains should be the same length as the side curtains; where there is a valance they should stop at the sill, unless the side curtains are portiers and run to the floor, then the glass curtains should do the same. On casement windows and French doors it may be better in most cases to place glass curtains on two rods, both top and bottom and stretch them very tightly. This will insure a very neat appearance and do away with the swinging of curtains when the windows are opened in or out. Leaded glass windows should have no glass curtains. It is quite likely that a lot of people underestimate the value of proper window fixtures, such as rods, etc., and these people will have careless uneven-looking window curtains. The use of the best fixtures is a very important point and well worth the additional outlay which they may necessitate. With regard to blinds they classify as a more or less necessary evil, which can, however, be eliminated by the use of night curtains drawn across on pulleys. This makes a third pair of curtains, but practically the same result may be obtained by arranging the side curtains on pulleys; however, where the material is heavy like velvet, for instance, it is more practical to use a soft material like "Shantung" and introduce a third curtain between the glass and side curtain in such manner that it pulls back entirely out of sight during the daytime, behind the side curtains, which can then be hung on small fixtures by themselves and not be constantly disturbed by being pulled back and forth. Where blinds are a necessity for economic reasons they should be either up or down, never half or part way. Some very charming Glazed Chintz are being used for blinds and have the additional value of being ornamental as well as useful. It should not be necessary to mention that curtains should be straight. However a very casual look around will testify to the importance of this one point. All chintz, velvets, wool and most silk curtains should be lined. Shadow cloths and some thin silks can be hung without a lining. The colour of the lining should be light, possibly cream so that it does not show through to the street.

The proper treatment of windows is an art in itself but perhaps a good "straight eye" will overcome most of the defects one finds on the windows of the average house.

FIGHTING A MOTH.

(*Concluded from page 15*)

it was not, and the question was how to get enough of these parasites across the Atlantic to fight the moth.

There are about two thousand species of Ichneumon Flies, each a parasite on some different insect. If you watch the cabbage patch this summer, you will see a tiny four winged fly darting in and out among the cabbages. You may think it a gnat, but it is the Ichneumon parasite of the Cabbage Butterfly, whose caterpillars eat many thousands of our cabbages each year. In fact if it were not for the birds and snakes and this species of Ichneumon Fly, we should have to give up growing cabbages altogether.

Its scientific name is **Ichneumonodia**, from the Greek **Ichneumen**, meaning a "tracker-out." An animal called the Ichneumon lives in most tropical countries, and is always protected by law, as it eats poisonous snakes and rats—in India it is called a Mongoose, and is familiar to all who have read Kipling's delightful Jungle Tales.

The Ichneumon Fly was named after the animal, because it destroys the "rats" of the insect world. It is quite harmless to men and animals, though if you should catch one when it is hot on the track of a cabbage caterpillar, it might prick you with the tool it digs into the caterpillar, so better leave it alone, it will save you a cabbage at least.

But to return to the parasite of the Gipsy Moth, and its adventures in crossing the Atlantic. The first attempt to get it over failed, as the mass of Ichneumon eggs brought on board suddenly decided to hatch on the voyage, and even the resources of a palatial liner were not equal to producing the Gipsy Moth caterpillars which the tiny passengers craved, so they all died. But the next lot were put in cold storage and kept quiet, till they safely reached the Government laboratories, in which they were carefully hatched, then turned loose on the Gipsy Moth.

Between the parasites and the rapid increase of birds, the Gipsy Moth was soon kept from spreading, and by 1913 the United States could report that the country was saved; for the Gipsy Moth was rapidly decreasing, thanks mainly to a tiny Ichneumon Fly.

Note.—The facts here given are adapted from a lecture recently given by Dr. Walker of Toronto University.

THE AMBITIONS OF DELPHINE

(Continued from page 6)

with so great a **gentilhomme** who has talk with kings! How are you, my pa-pa? How is my ma-ma? Have my sisters got the good husbands yet? Pray sell that ugly land, and come at the city. It is one dog's life—that life on the farm. Come and see your Delphine do the dance on the stage and hear the peoples all shout "Delphine, la belle Delphine!"

It is time to dress with the play, so adieu, my pa-pa,

Your Delphine.
Comptesse Ure.

P.S. Some day I come and visit at you with my husband who has talk with kings.

The breathless letter, ill- written and ill-worded, boastful in tone, contained a highly colored print of a dancing gazelle whose body, scantily clad, blazed with paste gems. The face faintly suggestive of the pretty Delphine of other rays had become boldly beautiful, but poor old Pierre looking at the indecent cut of the corsage, at the chiffon draped figure, turned his streaming eyes away, and moaned,

"It is not my girls—it is some Jezebel—t'row the picture at the fires!"

But Addess, looking at the changed face, saw through the eyes of motherhood the countenance of her darling, her long-lost Delphine, and she kissed the tawdry reflection, commanding Minette to hang it above the little altar in her bed-room. There kneeling each day, she would ask **le bon Dieu** to watch over her adored child.

Minette scowling at the picture said under her breath,

"Ah, Delphine, the hussy! She sit with de saints, while me, I mus' to bake de bread."

But good fortune came smiling to the log shack with its mort-gaged roof. The Canadian Pacific Railway had located one of its western branches in the settlement, and set its survey pegs upon the very threshold of the homestead of Pierre Dubois. Pierre looked upon this as a new affliction, and his moans with Addess' old wail about her coffin had just begun when, to the gasping unbelief of the family, it was discovered that the great Company was willing to pay for the property; indeed the old man wept with joy when the priest who signed the deeds placed in his broken hands a cheque for ten thousand dollars!

And Addess immediately gave thanks for the turn of events which had made her assured of her coffin.

Albina who had become the wife of a well-to-do man keeping a book shop in the settlement, saw one day in a colored supplement an "Interview" with the great danseuse, Comptesse Ure, the Delphine of long ago.

Her exclamation of surprise brought Minette from the floor where she played with the baby.

"Look at the brazen-face' hussy!" cried Minette in a fury. "She call herself 'comptesse' and the paper say how she is the daughter of a Seigneur in Quebec. Bah, she is worse as a cat!"

"But she mek moneys," argued Albina, six babies already at her knee, "an' you know, Minette, she was not mek to work lak us. See what more de paper say."

"Pah!" sneered Minette. "The man she call 'usband mek her to stan' on de stage in front of de peoples wit' no clo's; he t'row de knives all around de pretty face of Delphine, de fool! Some day he will forget, de knife will go s-p-v-tt—an' all de lovely looks of Delphine, it will be no more, it will be spoil'! Den, la, la, she will laugh no more!"

It all came too true. One night when the applause was loudest, when "la comptesse Ure" smiled her sweetest and brightest of smiles—the knife in the usually steady hand, shot wide of its human mark. There was a shrill cry, a spurt of blood, and the sickened audience knew that **la belle Delphine** would smile at them above the foot-lights no more.

For many months the favorite lay in the public ward of a great city's hospital. She was friendless and alone. Poor Delphine wept long for Pa-pa, Ma-ma, Minette and Albina while she thought with heart longings of the far-away prairie home. . . .

One June day as Minette played with Albina's children (they had come to visit their grandparents) the tottering figure of a shabbily dressed woman came toward the house. Addess praying before her little shrine, heard a shrill cry from her daughter and ran outside to find out its cause. Old Pierre, propped up in his chair on the verandah, watched the stranger with languid curiosity, but honest Minette's eyes instantly recognized the drooping form, the marked countenance of the once proud Delphine, who, as soon as she was within earshot, sobbed out, "Minette, Minette, I 'ave come 'ome again! Dere is no 'ome in de city! But I am a los' woman, an' I 'ave no more de ambitions!"

Minette took the wanderer to her ample bosom, crying,

"Ah, Delphine, you 'ave come at las'! God be thank'! My mod'er, she pray for you all day, and see! my fad'er he was mek ill at de loss for you. Now 'e will get well, again! Albina, she 'as six childrens and dere will be soon anod'er; but me? I 'ave no ambitions—I joost stay to my 'ome and bake de bread for you all!"

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Application for attendance should be made to the Principal of the school.

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Copies of the Regulations issued by the Department of Education may be obtained from the Deputy Minister of Education, Toronto.

Toronto, March, 1922.

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Decline Substitutes. **Made in Canada.**

DELIA'S DIETETICS

(Continued from page 25)

oven, in a buttered pudding dish. Serve with sauce made of one large tablespoon butter creamed with 1 ditto of sugar, add one whole egg, and beat as if your life depended on it. Flavor with lemon. Just before serving, add 1-3 cup of boiling water slowly, (beating all the time) and whisk with an egg-beater over boiling water for one minute. Do not let it cook, but have it piping hot. Serve in a hot jug.

For variations: add chopped preserved ginger to the pudding, and use a ginger sauce. Or a chocolate sauce with the plain vanilla pudding.

RABEL

(Continued from page 5)

pered "danger." But a wall of fire could not have held him from his quest. Above the din and jargon, the thousand and one commands of "Back," he could hear a boy's voice calling, "Rabel!"

Bedraggled, hungry, quivering in every nerve, he crept late at night into a narrow alley, on either side of which tall buildings lifted frowning faces to obscure the lights. It was quieter here. With a long sigh, he threw himself on the hot earth, alongside a high board fence, and slept.

His sleep was fitful. The insistent clamor of the city swept over him like a copper-lined wave, weighing him down and stirring strange fears and fancies within him. He knew that Bob was somewhere here. The intuition that had never failed him had brought him to this fearful place to find Bob. And the one desire of this dog's heart was to find Bob.

At dawn he got stiffly up from his bed of ashes and slunk down the alley. He was hungry; never in his life had he known such hunger and thirst as he was experiencing now. But nowhere was there water or food. Truly it was a queer world, this one into which devotion had led him.

Far down the alley, in the rear of a garage, a man in blue smock and overalls was washing a car. Rabel crept forward and watched him. Beside the man was a wooden bucket. His nose told him that there was water in that backet.

The man turned back into the garage. Rabel loped forward and drank from the bucket. The water was muddy and tasted of gasoline, but the draught was sweet to the dog's parched throat.

At the sound of approaching footsteps he sped away. A little later he came upon another dog, a mangy cur, with red, suspicious eyes and drooping, bedraggled tail. The cur held a bone in his mouth, no doubt purloined from some garbage-can.

Rabel swept down upon the other dog who, dropping his bone, sprang with bared fangs to meet him.

The setter felt the sharp teeth rip through his thick hair and pierce his hide, but he did not retaliate. He desired no battle with the strange dog, who was but defending his rights. All he wanted was the bone.

His heavy jaws closed upon it. He sank on his belly, gnawing and growling, while the smaller dog impotently strove to tear him to bits.

It was a good bone, meaty and sweet, with the tang of carrots and onions clinging to it. Rabel's shaggy tail wagged appreciatively as he champed.

The alley cur had withdrawn a little way, and sat growling and glowering at Rabel. The latter, having licked the last shred of meat from his purloined prize, arose and stretched himself, yawning. Then, utterly ignoring the snarling challenge of the other dog, he passed slowly on up the alley.

From that time forward life for Rabel was one nightmare of hunger, thirst and fears he could not analyze. There were days when he was forced to go without food or drink, nights when loneliness made him long to return to the rain-washed, sun-laved stretch of frowsy sweetness, where clear streams gurgled and food was for the taking. But Bob was not there. Bob was here. He must find Bob.

And so he tarried on in this place he feared and hated, shifting from alley to alley, searching, listening. His magnificent coat became matted and dead. His body grew thin, yellow-ridged where his ribs showed through. The happiness had gone from his deep-set eyes; only moody watchfulness and unquenchable hope rested there now. The pure blood of his noted strain was upholding him in time of sore trial. A mongrel would have given up the fight, but Rabel held grimly on.

Respite was his occasionally, when fitful sleep held him, and he dreamed of the olden by-ways, and Bob. Only awakening made what must be gone through all the harder; his must be eternal vigilance and patient suffering until he found his master, or until that Something whose voice had ever guided him bade him return to the world he knew and loved best.

. . . . . .

"Won't Rabel be glad to see me, Mother?"

Bob—a thin, wan-cheeked Bob—asked the question for the twentieth time as he and his mother were seated in the station waiting-room, waiting for the down train to carry them back to the land of golden fields and spicy forest.

The mother did not answer. How was she to tell the boy the news his father had written—that Rabel had disappeared and no trace of him could be found? And she longed to tell him, longed to share the misery the intelligence would bring him. But he had been very close to death; a shock of any kind, the doctors had told her, in his weakened condition, might prove fatal to him even yet.

And still he must be told sometime; better by herself, who knew and understood him best, than by others, or that he find out for himself.

"Bob,"—she held his hand in her two, pressing it tightly—"I have got to tell you something that will——"

Her voice broke. Bob leaned forward. His hand touched and caressed her cheek.

"You don't have to, mother," he said. "I——I think I know what you would tell me. It's about Rabel."

She nodded miserably.

"He's gone?"

Again she nodded.

The boy stood up.

"Then," he said, quietly, "he's here, somewhere in this city. I can't go and leave him, mother. We've got to find him. But how?"

He pressed his arm against his eyes, then slowly lowered it and stood intent, as though listening.

And as he stood so, through the swinging door of the waiting-room sprang a big, gaunt dog, grimy and bedraggled, and with a sobbing whine of joy, bounded across to where he stood. The next instant two great paws found Bob's shoulders; a red tongue caressed his face, his ears, his neck.

"Rabel!" The cry was almost a sob, as Bob's arms went about the setter's neck. His face was pressed deep in the tangled, ruddy hair.

Outside, the long train thundered in, and with grinding gnash of brakes came to a standstill.

Bob's mother went over and put her arms about the two. "Come," she said.

The three went out on the wide, sun-splashed platform. The boy's hand was clenched in the dog's tangled mane. The setter walked proudly upright, his brown, yellow-flecked eyes defying all the world.

The baggage-car door stood open. The fat baggage-man who lolled on a stool, glanced casually at the woman, boy and dog, then his baby-blue eyes grew large and round.

"Red Dog!"

Rabel lifted his long muzzle, and tongue lolling, wagged his tail.

Bob glanced up enquiringly.

"Yours?" the man asked him.

Bob nodded. "You bet," he answered, "I'm taking him home."

"Three Elms, ain't it?" The baggage-man reached for a check.

"Yes, sir," answered Bob, wonderingly.

"Thought so," chuckled the other. "Well, son, just take him aboard and lead him through to this car. He's got a return ticket all paid for.

"And I wouldn't wonder," he added, picking up an envelope and shaking it, "but what there'll be enough change left to buy him a collar."

"But," gasped Bob, "who gave you the money for Rabel's fare?"

The baggage-man winked.

"Why," he chuckled, "it was a fool man who thought he knew more than a dog."

—THE MAN WITHOUT—

(*Continued from page 13*)

for him—he felt confused, dizzy. "You'll be suggesting——" Then Mrs. Penfield did not suspect him. She trusted him!

He slid under the wheel beside the patient Oyster, scarcely realizing that he had done so. Bobby's words of farewell floated out to him, vague and indistinct, like the voice in a dream. He had no idea what he said in return.

Did Bernice trust him, too?

The cardinal sin in Bragge's code of morals was the abuse of confidence—of trust. His indulgence toward misdemeanors more prominently placed on Convention's Index earned for him, at college, a reputation for easy virtue that was quite undeserved. Bragge's fellow-students never bothered to find out whether he actually committed the deeds they imputed to him; they only saw that he readily condoned others for everything save deceit ——the smallest evidence of which magnified into a regular crime.

He was consistent, therefore, in feeling that silence would be sufficiently difficult while he was shadowed by suspicion, but that he should hide his guilt when people were beginning to put their faith in him, to place dependence upon him, was too dishonorable a thing to contemplate.

He imagined Mrs. Penfield's horror when she learned the truth. He remembered Bernice's expression when she asked about the poisoned man, and a sudden convulsive movement brought the motor to a standstill.

"Who could he have been?" Bragge groaned; "some one for whom she cared? God, how she will hate me!"

At the thought, he was conscious of a sensation that was not at all like that of remorse!

By the time he reached home, a rift of light had touched the blackness of his despair. There was no proof that his patient and the victim of the poisoning were the same person; indeed, there was no positive proof that he had murdered a man at all! He called himself a fool for assuming the burden of a crime he might not have committed. There might be some other explanation——.

This possibility died instantly, however, as the doctor opened his office door, and the Chief of Police stepped toward him.

"Caught," he thought to himself, "like a common criminal! This is what comes of trying to hide the thing. The boys always said that in a poison case, they would know where to lay the blame. I suppose Fenniman will want the whole story!"

But Fenniman had come on quite a different errand.

"Howdy, doctor," he said, extending his huge, red hand. "Just happened to be passing, and dropped in for a little chat."

His winks and signs explained that the "chat" was to take the form of an interview with The Oyster.

Bragge's skill at boxing stood him in good stead. It enabled him to make a quick recovery from the shocks he was continually forced to meet. If Fenniman had come to see The Oyster, then The Oyster was certainly not in league with the police. There was an immense amount of comfort in the thought.

"You two men must know one another,' he said, hoping to trap The Oyster into disclosing his name. "Fenniman, this is my friend——er——

"What name, doctor?" asked the Chief falling readily in with the idea.

The Oyster seemed to feel no embarrassment in the pause that followed. He shook hands, murmured his pleusure at meeting the Chief, and then detached himself as completely as though he had removed himself bodily from the room.

"Visiting the doctor?" Fenniman began, as one man to another.

Silence.

"First visit to the city?" he tried again.

The Oyster looked fixedly out of the window.

"What was your regiment?" Fenniman demanded, working on the theory of shell-shock.

There was not even a flick of response in The Oyster's eyes.

After a perspiring half-hour, the Chief confessed himself beaten. He had tried gentleness, slyness and threats without success. The Oyster would not speak; but he watched the two men uneasily, showing at times a sort of dumb distress that hurt Bragge.

"Doesn't it make you feel foolish, doctor?" asked the Chief, looking rather resentfully at the young man. "Might as well be talking to a cigar-store Indian!"

"Or an oyster," suggested Bragge; "I'm getting used to it."

"All the same," Fenniman went on, "I can't get it through my head that he doesn't take some of this in! I believe he's deeper than you think, doctor. He's a bad oyster, but a good actor, if you ask me—appears to have plenty of horse sense, practically applied. He can pick out a good home, borrow another man's clothes, eat his food, smoke his tobacco, and get himself pampered like a Pekin poodle! A damned clever bumming scheme, for all you know! Why don't you have someone take a look at the inside of his head?"

"I had thought of it," Bragge replied, "but—well, a lot of 'buts.' You see, I can't get it through my head that someone will not claim him, or that he will not recover, naturally. Anticipating the first—people are queer; Fenniman, you must have discovered that home truth. It's not at all unlikely that this chap's folks would kick up a devilish row because I took such a step; they might resent his being made a subject for tests and experimentation. One never knows. And just so soon as my noble colleagues got hold of the case, neither he nor I would have a moment's peace. Bluntly, I don't want to be bothered, and, besides, I think clinics and constant harrying would be bad for him. I do, really! Surely, another day will bring results, one way or another!"

"Why don't you give the yarn to the papers? Think of the free advertising you'd get out of it, doctor!"

Bragge frankly admitted the personal benefit to be derived from such a step, but he would not agree to take it—just yet

"Anticipating the chap's recovery," he explained, "I don't want to brand him a curiosity, a freak. This thing would stick to him all his life, you know. And again, there's his family to consider. One never knows what attitude a family will take—I might be doing the devil of a lot of damage to the fellow's career."

The truth was that Bragge's intense suffering had sharpened his perception of the suffering of others. Having seen The Oyster shrink from Fenniman's vigorous attack, he felt that giving him up to the mercy of reporters and sensation-seekers would be little short of brutal. He wanted to shield the fellow as long as possible. Fenniman reached for his hat.

"I'm bound to tell you that I think you're taking too sensitive a view of the matter," he said. "Of course, it's nothing to me if you want to adopt the 'nut.' You're welcome to any of the dependents upon the city's treasury—believe me! But I think you're getting stung, doctor. Give our little friend a few days of discomfort, and you'll be surprised how much he'll remember!"

He left the house convinced that The Oyster was a subject for discipline more than for pity; also convinced that the doctor was less of a humanitarian than an easy mark, and his opinion had considerable weight at headquarters. The men refused to connect the element of foul play or mystery with the nameless personality that had attached itself to Bragge, and agreed with their Chief that "the fellow was not so blighted in the roof that he didn't know a good thing when he saw it!"

There is no one so prone to ridicule the suppositions of others as your cocksure policeman. His contempt for the amateur detective is something grand, colossal, gargantuan. Therefore, Bragge's theories fell on unfertile ground. No one took him seriously. On the contrary, his daily telephone calls, his enquiries and suggestions, provided mirthful intervals in the depressing business of the day's routine. The men conceived ribald jokes about "Bragge's Baby," and concerned themselves with more interesting problems.

(To be continued.)

COWAN'S COOKERY COLUMN

Cocoa Doughnuts

3½ cups flour
1½ teaspoons salt
1¾ teaspoons soda
1¾ teaspoons cream of tartar
¼ teaspoon grated nutmeg
¼ teaspoon cinnamon
½ tablespoon butter
1 cup sugar
1 cup sour milk
1 egg
3 tablespoons Cowan's Cocoa

Method:—Mix and sift dry ingredients. Work in butter with tips of fingers, add beaten egg, and then add sour milk, mix thoroughly. Turn out on floured board, knead slightly; more flour may have to be added to obtain a soft, firm dough. Shape and fry 60 seconds in hot fat, drain thoroughly on brown paper and dust with pulverized sugar. Be careful to reheat fat before adding a fresh amount of doughnuts, or fat will not be hot enough to fry doughnuts. Fat is hot enough when a cube of bread will fry or brown in 60 seconds.

COWAN'S Perfection Cocoa comes packed in tins and thus retains its delicious flavor.

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The Library Window

By H. M. Ridley

THE THINGS WE ARE.

By John Middleton Murray.
Thomas Allen.

HOW delightful to take up a book that records the impressions made upon a subtle mind by such simple things as the interior of a bedroom at a rustic inn, with "casement windows opening on to a moonlit garden," a landlady who served eggs and bacon for breakfast and "beamed through her spectacles," a garden in which there were "clumps of clear blue delphinums, washed in a thousand rains, careless, sun-bonetted nasturtiums, and broad-faced sunflowers!"

The inn and the garden form the setting for the enactment of a little drama of the soul—a drama in which a man makes a step forward into a larger experience, leaving behind him the self that had been cramped and solitary and entering a sunny region wherein friendship and love smile upon him. But before entering the larger kingdom he has to make the surrender of his long-cherished, circumscribed self, and this involves a certain amount of struggle and pain. Worked out in a subtle way by a writer who is master of a language that expresses the nuances of emotion, the moral of the tale is the old Biblical one, "He that loseth his life . . . shall save it."

THE RETURN.

By Walter de la Mare.
Macmillan.

MODERN writers are turning to what used to be termed the Supernatural for their themes. In this strange tale by Walter de la Mare, a man, ill and nervous, visits an English churchyard. After resting a little while in this sombre retreat, he returns home feeling unusually bouyant and strong. He hastens to examine himself in the mirror and is appalled to find that his face is entirely changed, no feature remaining to prove to his commonplace and conventional wife that it is her husband who is occupying the connubial chamber! Thus does a man, against his will, come into contact with unseen forces, and the story depicts his pathetic struggle to retain his identity—a struggle which is brought to a successful issue through the sympathy and understanding of a woman—not his wife.

THROUGH THE SHADOWS.

By Cyril Arlington. Macmillan.

THE only object of the writer of this book apparently is to amuse, and happily he succeeds in his humble ambition. Sir Richard Atherton, a young English baronet, gives a house party, and in order to tempt the mother of his lady love to attend and incidentally to bring her daughter with her, he conceives a scheme of deception in which his unlucky secretary is obliged to take part. Sir Richard is apparently a young man who thinks nothing of telling a few falsehoods, nor does he mind persuading others to do likewise, and the result is that when the party finally assembles, there are only three people present who are not acting a part. These are his prospective mother-in-law and her daughter and a venerable archdeacon. The archdeacon and the mother-in-law contrive to make things extremely uncomfortable for the would-be deceivers, and the amusing situations that ensue help to make up a comedy of errors as delightful as a Shakespearean farce. At last things become so unpleasant for the participants that they are obliged to call a halt, and even the unscrupulous baronet would appear to have had enough when he murmurs to himself: "Good old Truth, stranger they say than Fiction, and a jolly sight more convincing! I do wish one could tell it oftener!" L. A. R.

THE BREAKING POINT.

By Mary Roberts Rinehart.
McClelland & Stewart.

ACCORDING to the psychoanalyst, the mind has a protective machinery which it sets in operation when a human being has suffered his limit of endurance. This protective machinery consists in the screen which memory puts up to shield the victim of excessive pain or fear; in other words, memory refuses to bear the burden of recollection.

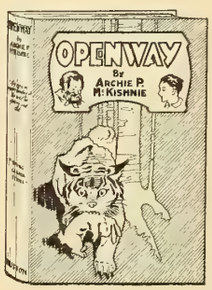
Imagine a man who in ten years has achieved a reputation for integrity, strength of character, and medical skill, utterly unaware of a past that, if it were known or discovered, would brand him as a murderer! The respected physician is a new man, unconscious of a youth that was wild and undisciplined. He has been made anew by the foster parent, who, at the psychological moment, inculcated into his mind helpful suggestions and assisted him in every way to reform.

"The boy, Judson Clark, was a new slate to write on," says the foster parent. "He had never had a chance. He had too much money, too much liberty, too little responsibility. His errors had been wiped away by the loss of his memory, and he had, I felt, a chance for a new and useful life. I deliberately built up for Judson Clark a new identity. It has worked out. The time may come when Judson Clark will again be Judson Clark, but he will never be the Judson Clark of ten years ago."

The time does come when a shock restores the memory of the successful young physician, Richard Livingstone, and he becomes, temporarily, the wild youth, Judson Clark, with a sentence for murder hanging over his head As Richard Livingstone he is engaged to a girl who has come out of a quiet family that has never known the breath of tragedy, but as Judson Clark, he repudiates her and returns for a time to his old love, an actress. But the foster parent is right—Richard Livingstone is stronger than Judson Clark, and the complications of this intensely dramatic situation are at length further unravelled when the charge of murder against Judson Clark is removed through the confession of the real culprit.

- Openway -

BY ARCHIE P. McKISHNIE



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A Classic in Understanding of the Wild for Young and Old

Openway, all you who will take up this book Openway for the refreshment you'd take from the wind over the hill or the mist by the stream.

Openway — open way in your hearts for a tenderness you will never lose again.

Openway—open way in your purse, that you may lay it in the hands of some boy who is dear to you, and tell him to keep it by him always, but read it first yourself.

It is the story of a boy who loved wild creatures, but whose only friend and companion, old Trapper Bob, considered most animals just "varmints." To him an animal was a pelt; to Benny, an animal was a pulsing life as warm and dear as his own. He couldn't seem to make Bob understand. Still, he was able to protect the few who sought protection, and to that end he dedicated the length of a certain rail fence where any wild dweller of Shagland might find a home unmolested. Watching and listening with Benny, you will find a new world, a new summer, a new winter, forever at your hand at the turning of a page. You will learn to know the myriad low cries of the wood, the whimperings, the soft paddings, the sorrow of little tragedies, the everlasting sweet rustling hum of the underbrush that is its life. And as the creatures lie warm in the soft home nest, or run or swim or fly from season to season; as they return after the long adventures of their kind, you will realize, as Trapper Bob did in the end, that "the line fence" is the symbol of that which is best between man and man, or man and beast—tolerance and understanding and kindness for all.

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The Poets' Corner

Conducted by Norah Holland

Author of "Spunyarn and Spindrift."

We will begin this month with the following from The Spectator by Ida Graves.

THE DANCING ANGEL.

Naked he, as smooth and fair
As an old tusk, his hair
Was dense as ebony, and he
Danced in delicate ecstacy.

Imagine a rich secret, some
Close ritual, unproved and dumb,
Let your feet tell it to the ground
And ring it down with subtle sound.
Let your bright hands, swift, swaying
high,
Tell it to the suspicious sky,
And let your face light its surprise
To pools and trees and peeping eyes,
For hidden eyes may understand
The strange significance of hand
And foot, and arm and ivory side,
And be so brimmed with shining pride.
That they'll betray with every glance
The tread of an eternal dance.

So he did move, and it was I
Who watched him with my hungry
eye.

Shaemus O'Sheel is the author of our next poem.

HE WHOM A DREAM HATH POSSESSED.

He whom a dream hath possessed
knoweth no more of doubting,
For mist and the blowing of winds
and the mouthing of words he
scorns;
Not the sinuous speech of schools he
hears, but a knightly shouting,
And never comes darkness down,
yet he greeteth a million morns.

He whom a dream hath possessed
knoweth no more of roaming;
All roads and the flowing of waves
and the speeding flight he knows,
But wherever his feet are set his
soul is forever homing,
And going he comes, and coming he
heareth a call and goes.

He whom a dream hath possessed
knoweth no more of sorrow,
At death and the dropping of leaves
and the fading of suns he smiles,
For a dream remembers no past and
scorns the desire of a morrow,
And a dream in a sea of doom sets
surely the ultimate isles.

He whom a dream hath possessed
treads the impalpable marches,
From the dust of the day's long road
he leaps to a laughing star,
And the ruin of worlds that fall he
views from eternal arches,
And rides God's battlefield in a
flashing and golden car.

Here is a nature poem by Mary A. Poynter, which first appeared in Stedman's American Anthology.

MY LITTLE NEIGHBOUR.

My little neighbour's table's set,
And slyly he comes down the tree,
His feet firm in each tiny fret
The bark has fashioned cunningly.
He pauses on a favourite knot;
Beneath the oak his feast is spread.
He asks no friend to share his lot,
Or dine with him on acorn bread.

He keeps his whiskers trim and neat,
His tail with care he brushes
through,
He runs about on all four feet—
When dining he sits up on two.

He has the latest stripe in furs,
And wears them all the year around;
He does not mind the prick of burs
When there are chestnuts to be
found.

I watch his home and guard his store,
A cosy hollow in a tree;
He often sits within his door
And chatters wondrous things to me.

Here is a quaint little poem by an old-world writer, Henry Vaughan.

LIGHTS.

God's saints are shining lights: who
stays
Here long must passe
O'er dark hills, swift streams and
steep ways
As smooth as glasse:
But these all night
Like candles, shed
Their beames, and light
Us into bed.

They are indeed our pillar fires,
Seen as we go:
They are that Citie's shining spires
We travel to.
A sword-like gleame
Kept man for sin
First out; this beame
Will guide him in.

Arthur Symons, in The Mirror, is responsible for our next.

THE RETURN.

A little hand is knocking at my heart
And I have closed the door.
"I pray thee, for the love of God,
depart,
Thou shalt come in no more."

"Open for I am weary of the way.
The night is very black.
I have been wandering many a
night and day.
Open. I have come back."

The little hand is knocking patiently;
I listen, dumb with pain:—
"Wilt thou not open any more to me?
I have come back again."

"I will not open any more. Depart.
I, that once lived, am dead."
The hand that had been knocking
at my heart
Was still. "And I?" she said.

There is no sound, save, in the winter
air,
The sound of wind and rain.
All that I loved in all the world stands
there,
And will not knock again.

In "Island England," by Geoffrey Howard, is expressed all the love of country that men feel who have fought for her sake.

ISLAND ENGLAND.

The men who thought of England
When Peace was on the earth,
Saw her as a Behemoth,
A god of monstrous girth;
But to those who fight for England
To them appeareth she
A small carved jewel of a land
No larger than a human hand,
With fields of emerald and a band
Of sapphire for a sea.

We boasted once in England,
When pride and peace were ours.
Of vast dread piles whose brick and
stone
Rose high as Babel's towers.
Now round the men of England
Are shells that burst and scream.
And they that think on her again
Grow cold to death and dead to pain
Because of one green winding lane
Or one blue secret stream.

For we that dreamed in England,
Like fevered men we were,
That longed to fling the windows out
Wide to the wind and air:
But now that England's peril
Draws nearer like a vice,
We draw our swords and strike out
hard,
Being indeed like men who guard
A tiny box of myrrh or nard
Whose worth is past all price.

Our next is a charming poem to October, by Pauline Frances Camp.

OCTOBER.

Softly down the wooded glen,
Tasseled with the plumy thistle,
Steps the Piper pied again,
Blowing on his mellow whistle.

Squirrel's bark and call of quail
Mimics he, the tuneful varlet,
As he steals along the dale
Ragged in his gold and scarlet.

Close behind him as he plays,
Hand in hand, there follow after
All the little summery days
Light of foot and full of laughter

Arms heaped high with autumn spoils,
Goldenrod and purple aster,
Caught within the piper's toils,
Faster they follow him and faster,

Till they reach the mountainside
Where old Winter keeps the portal;
There they vanish with their guide,
To be seen no more of mortal.

Only down the wooded glen,
Ravished of its plumy thistle,
Far and faint is heard again
The echo of the Piper's whistle.

The following, by C. Hilton Brown will appeal to all dog lovers.

IN MEMORY OF HAMISH, A SCOTCH TERRIER.

Little lad, little lad, and who's for an
airing?
Who's for the river, and who's for
a run?
Four little pads to go fitfully faring,
Looking for trouble and calling it
fun?
Down in the sedges the water-rats
revel,
Up in the wood there are bunnies
at play
With a weather eye wide for a Little
Black Devil:
But the Little Black Devil won't
come to-day.

To-day at the farm the ducks may
slumber,
To-day may the tabbies an anthem
raise;
Rat and rabbit beyond all number
To-day untroubled may go their
ways;
To-day is an end of the shepherd's
labour,
No more will the sheep be hunted
astray;
And the Irish terrier, foe and neighbour,
Says, "What's old Hamish about
to-day?"

Ay, what indeed? In the nether spaces
Will the soul of a little Black Dog
despair?
Will the Quiet Folk scare him with
shadow-faces?
And how will he tackle the Strange
Beasts there?
Tail held high, I'll warrant, and bristling,
Marching stoutly, if sore afraid,
Padding it steadily, softly whistling—
That's how the Little Black Devil
was made.

Then well-a-day for a "cantie callant,"
A heart of gold and a soul of glee—
Sportsman, gentleman, squire and
gallant—
Teacher, maybe, of you and me.
Spread the turf on him light and
level,
Grave him a headstone, clear and
true—
"Here lies Hamish, the Little Black
Devil,
And half of the heart of his mistress, too."

In conclusion, we insert a little verse by a writer who although Irish by birth has lived for many years in Canada, the Rev. Francis Morgan Dean.

LINES FOR A BIRTHDAY.

Dawn of my natal day bring back the
light,
And chase away with joy the
shades of night,
Give me the loving heart, the gentle
mind,
To make each glowing moment
more refined.

Lead in the star of Heaven, the
morning star,
With cloudless lustre shining from
afar;
And bless me once again with radiant
dower,
Lest I forget my sacred childhood's
hour.

Commercial Correspondence in French

By Guy de Lestard, Principal of Toronto School of Languages and Commerce

Lesson IV.

Translate into English, after having studied the notes at the bottom of this exercise, the following:—

Après avoir acheté une chose nous devons la payer. Avant de la payer nous devons l'examiner avec soin. Avez-vous examiné avec soin la robe que vous avez achetéela semaine dernière? L'avez-vous payé? Combien l'avez-vous payé? J'ai payé ma robe 40 piastres. Si nous payons au même moment avec de l'argent ou un chèque, le marchand nous donne un reçu. Si nous ne payons pas immediatement, nous achetons à credit, c'est-a-dire que nous promettons de payer après un certain temps. Si vous achetez à crèdit, vous devez de l'argent et le marchand vous envoie une facture.

Si vous achetez ou vendez des marchandises à credit, la maison avec laquelle vous faites des affaires vous ouvre un compte. Avez-vous un compte chez Eaton? Devez-vous de l'argent à la maison Eaton?

Je vais à la banque toucher un chèque. Sans aller à la banque je ne peux pas toucher mon chèque. Avant d'aller à la banque voulez-vous, s'il-vous-plait signer ce chèque. Vous avez oublié de le signer. Vous devez le signer. Pourquoi ne l'avez-vous pas encore signé.

Sil'on envoie des marchandises payables à la livraison (contre remboursement le paiement doit se faire à la livraison des marchandises, autrement les marchandises doivent être retournées a l'expediteur.

Ci-inclus-vous trouverez un chèque de 4 dollars en paiement de ma dernière facture; voulez-vous, je vous prie, me retourner la facture acquittée.

When **avant, après, sans** are followed by a verb the verb must be in the infinitive tense instead of the present participle

avant de sortir (before going out)
après avoir acheté quelque chose (after having bought something)
sans aller chez Eaton (without going to Eaton)
acquitter une facture (to receipt an invoice)

Note that we do not buy something "from" a person but "to" a person. J'ai acheté ce liv re à Mr. S. Toucher un cheque (to cash a cheque.)

Difference between the two verbs "Connaitre" and "savoir" both meaning to know.

Connaitre is used to express that you are acquainted with some one or that you have seen some one or some thing.

Generally it is directly followed by the object.

Je connais votre cousin
Connaissez-vous Paris?

Savoir is used to express that you know something about a person or an object. Generally it is followed by a conjunction.

Example.
je sais que votre cousin est à Paris
je ne sais pas son nom
demain je saurai si je peux aller avec
je ne sais pas ou il demeure
vous
je ne sais pas àu est le livre de Mr. S.

The following sentence shows plainly the difference between the two verbs: je ne connais pas Mr. Harding mais je sais—qu'il est President des Etats-Unis (I do not know Mr. Harding, but I know that he is the President of the United States).

In French the Past Participle (Perfect tense) agrees with the direct object when the direct object precedes the verb, but it does not change if the direct object is placed after the verb.

Les maisons que nous avons achetées (fem. plur.)
Les livres que nous avons achetés (masc. plur.)

Nous avons acheté 3 maisons
Nous avons acheté 3 livres.

Les lettres que nous avons recues (fem. plur.)
Les livres que nous avons recus (masc. plur.)

The 14 following verbs do not agree with the object but with the subject; they are conjugated with the auxiliary "être" (to be)

aller (to go); venir (to come); arriver (to arrive); partir (to depart); entrer (to enter); sortir (to go out); monter (to go up); descendre (to go down); rester (to stay); retourner (to return); passer (to pass); naitre (to be born); mourir (to die); tomber (to fall).

Mr. Smith est allé à Paris. Madame Smith est allée avec lui. Monsieur et Madame Smith sont aussi allés à Londres. Madame Smith et sa soeur sont allées en France.

Answers to Correspondents

Mrs. M. S., London, Ont.

I am glad you like the French course by mail. I shall send you our exercise book: HOW TO FORM THE TENSES OF THE FRENCH VERBS and shall be glad to correct your verbs free of charge if you send the book back to me directly to 191 College St. The price of the exercise book is One dollar.

Miss Th., Hamilton Ont.

1. There are splendid chances in business for stenographers who can look after the foreign correspondence. It is wise to be able to do what the ordinary stenographer cannot do.

2. I cannot agree with you. The "knowledge" of a subject means nothing unless you can make use of it. "Culture" is a big word but personality and cleverness will take you much farther.

3. I believe that in business men are of an average—neither very good nor very bad—they are worth the salary they receive. Women are never paid the salary they deserve—either they are very good, much better than men—and they are not paid enough—or they are not worth the salary they receive, no matter how small may be the salary. This explains why so few women hold responsible positions and why the ones who hold such positions can never be replaced.

Miss Gil., Vancouver, B.C.

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A WONDERFUL DIRECTORY.

Messrs. A. McKim, Limited, of Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton, Winnipeg, and London, England—the oldest and largest advertising agency in Canada—have recently issued the 1922 Edition of their Canadian Newspaper Directory. The new edition—the fifteenth issue of this work—is the one authentic record of the standing of the Dominion's advertising media, and as Messrs. McKim are the foremost authorities on the newspaper situation in Canada, the publication is without a peer in its field.

This Directory, which made its first appearance over thirty years ago, describes in detail every town and village in the Dominion boasting a newspaper of any description at all; and also gives the surrounding towns and villages that have no papers of their own and are obliged to look to the towns listed for their news of the world's happenings.

Among other valuable data given is the exact location of each town in its relation to other centres of importance, the railroads and waterways by which it is served; the telegraph, banking and express facilities; the public buildings; the chief industries and the various occupations in which the people of the town engage.

The Directory then proceeds to describe the papers that are published there, giving the periods of issue, date of publication, name of publisher, politics, subscription price, number and size of pages, circulations, etc.

From this comprehensive work, it appears that there are to-day 125 daily papers being issued in the Dominion, as compared with 121 last year; 999 weeklies and 301 monthlies. With other publications issued at various intervals, there are in all 1,543 journals of one sort and another being published and read by the people of Canada at this moment.

The 1922 Edition of the Canadian Newspaper Directory is indispensable to everyone connected with publishing and advertising, but its uses are by no means confined to these fields alone. The salesman will find it invaluable in planning his itinerary, the shipper in routing his goods, in fact everyone who has occasion to visualize the Dominion of Canada—either as a whole, or section by section—from a merchandiser's point of view, will find this work indispensable.

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NATIONAL BRIDGE

By "Pontifex"

The Third Hand Suit Bid.

If the dealer has declared one in any suit and second hand has overcalled him you may not be able to go into No Trump. Then you must consider your hand carefully with a view to decide whether you can do best by assisting your partner, i.e., raising his bid to the necessary number of tricks to overcall second hand, or whether you would do better to change to another suit, even with the increased contract, for your bid is no longer free.

To support your partner you require certain strength, two sure tricks, or one sure trick and two "raisers." Two sure tricks because he should have had five in his hand to declare a trump suit in one, or at least four tricks, if left with the bid, and the advantage of playing the hand, which generally is as good as a trick to the experienced player.

A sure trick in your hand is, first a guarded honor in the suit declared by your partner. A queen and two small trumps, for instance. Your partner, by a bid of one, has shown you ace, possibly king, if not the latter then one other honor, and at least five trumps in all. Secondly, sure tricks in side suits are "quick" tricks, for instance, ace, king—queen,—or a guarded king; "quick" so called because you can either take the first or second round of the suit, when led. Second round is occasionally trumped, but so seldom as not to be taken into general account. Bidding, as we shall see later, will often indicate when such possibility has arisen.

A sure "raiser" includes both "sure" tricks, and also a singleton, (not in the trump suit, of course) and a "missing" suit. A singleton ace counts both as a sure trick and as a raiser, for you cannot lose a trick in that suit, if the second round be led before your trumps are exhausted, as is nearly always the case. An ordinary singleton is a "raiser" since you will trump the second lead in like mannar. In a "missing" suit you need not lose a trick. This exemplifies the rule that A SINGLETON OR MISSING SUIT ADDS WEIGHT TO THE HAND OF THE PARTNER OF THE DECLARER BUT SHOULD NOT BE TAKEN INTO CONSIDERATION WHEN HELD BY THE DECLARER.

Trumps are of course absolutely necessary. If with less than three it will generally pay you to pass; or change your suit, if possible. If with two, and one be ace or king and you have extra outside strength, you may assist. Outside strength is of more importance to your partner than trump length.

In bidding your partner has credited you with at least two, and more probably three tricks towards the "odd." So that two sure tricks are the least you must have, and a trifle over, a "half trick" or "possible." Such as a queen-jack-ten sequence in an outside suit. (A half-trick is one that cannot be absolutely depended upon to make, but in dummy will often either make, or force fourth player and render another card in that suit master.)

IF THE RAISE IS TO BE MADE AT ALL, IT MUST BE ON THE FIRST ROUND OF THE BIDDING. (That is, when a bid has intervened). That is the time when the information as to the state of your hand is most useful to your partner, and conveys the most correct information. If you are overcalled, he can raise, if he wishes. If you can raise, and do not, he may, if not over strong, put you down as weak, and let the call go. Thus you may lose the chance to score, perhaps a game.

THIRD HAND MUST BID TO THE SCORE AND WATCH IT. There are times, and they occur frequently, when in order to get game or rubber, or to prevent the opponents scoring game and rubber, it may be worth while to bid on a hand slightly weaker than that laid down. Watch the score. Keep your own score, every player should do so. The player who is always asking "What is the score, please?" should be sent to the Old Maid table, with his fellow nuisances, the persons who ask "Whose lead?" or "What are Trumps?"

The tricks on which you raise your partner MUST be in DIFFERENT SUITS. The reason is obvious, on account of the frequency with which singletons occur. An exception MAY be made in the case of ace-king alone in one suit. It is more than likely both will make.

FOUR TRUMPS ARE GOOD; FIVE ARE DANGEROUS, WITHOUT SINGLETONS OR MISSED SUITS; SIX ARE A TRAP. Be very careful not to raise on long trumps **alone.** Your partner has bid a suit, which should indicate at least five of that suit in his hand. With five or six of that suit you might suppose a raise safe, even without an outside trick in the hand. Nothing is more deceptive. Unless you have a singleton you cannot lift. Doubletons, or two-card suits are no use, and "half" or possible tricks of no avail. Your partner will have ten or eleven trumps in the two hands and unless he is very lucky, trumps will fall on trumps, he cannot get the hands out of each other's way, and your opponents may block you, or defeat.

To raise your partner's bid when second player has not overcalled is excellent tactics, if you have the tricks. Some frown upon the habit, reasoning that you are setting up a contract of two where one would have done. That may be true in a few instances. But, if second hand has passed, that cannot be taken to mean that he has not a trick in his hand, and fourth player with a decent bid of one, which will overcall the declaration, will certainly make it. When he does, it very seldom happens that he is left in it, and his partner has the valuable information as to the suit in which fourth player's strength lies. Third hand, with a legitimate raise for his declarer, proceeding to two, puts fourth in the position of having to bid at least two, and possibly three which he will refuse to do, unless with such a hand, probably a one suiter, as he would bid in any event. Therefore third Hand will be well advised, holding proper warrant in his hand, to go to two and even three of the declarer's suit; but he **must** have the tricks.

Again, in very few cases do I believe in the original bidder going above one without a very strong hand. But taking his original bid as correctly made, knowing the number of tricks he holds, go your limit. You do not do this because you are afraid that fourth hand may change to any other suit, but because you are satisfied that you can make the contract, or defeat any contract into which fourth hand may be foolish enough to enter.

For instance: Dealer declares Spades, and you have such a hand as the following:—

S. 10-9-x-x. H. A-K-x-x.
D. K-Q-J-x. C. J.

With this hand you could at once bid two spades, or even three (the latter if the rubber game). You have four trumps to the ten. Your partner will find at least nine in the two hands, and will have ace, king, or king-queen and another honor in his own. Your ace-king of hearts are sure tricks, your diamond king and jack are raisers, the queen of diamonds is a "half" trick and may make. Three is a safe bid. You are not afraid of any suit. Fourth hand cannot overcall, your game is in sight. It is much better to raise the bid in suit than change such a hand to No trump; that lone Club might trip you.

* * *

Note.—Bridge players desiring information or having difficult problems for solution are invited to correspond with Pontifex, who will gladly do everything in his power to assist players.

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OUR LETTER BOX

(Continued from page 14)

Movies are censored—censored beyond recognition and understanding sometimes, so there are not a great many things objectionable allowed. I go to the Movies as much as the average man, yet I can't recall a picture in the past year or more that has been tainted. Uninteresting many of them have been, but that's another story.

You aren't very familiar with the Movies, E. W. R., and you aren't familiar with your family. You must learn more about both of them. That's the solution to your problem.

Y. G. P.,
Vancouver, B.C.

Q.—My brother and I have lately been discussing dreams and their meaning. My brother believes that every dream has a meaning, but I am inclined to think the whole thing is nonsense. Would you mind telling me what your opinion is on the subject. E. B. North, Sydney, N.S.

A.—Since the beginning of history man has been engaged in the study of dreams, although it is only lately that the significance of dreams has become a matter of energetic study by psychologists of reputation. Freud, in Germany, gave us the theory that dreams always mean something, but never what they appear to mean. The Freudians have developed the wildest extravagances, which make us think that their observations were taken with patients fit for a sanitarium. Henri Bergson, of France, has given us the mechanism of dreams in technical and clear language, but does not dare to explore the depth of the unusual. As he says himself, "I must stop upon the threshold of the mystery." We owe a great deal to the Society of Psychical Research, which dares to study what may be called "the mystery of dreams."

When you say that the whole thing is nonsense, you are wrong, and you must keep an open mind on the question. It is nonsense indeed to believe the twenty-five cent dream book, but it is only proof of "mental apathy" to treat the subject as if it were not worth studying.

I shall relate a personal dream which should convince you that, after all, there must be something in some dreams.

Three years ago one of my teachers, Miss Kathleen Smith, daughter of Major-General Smith, of Ottawa, left my school after having given her lessons as usual; she was that evening very cheerful and in perfect health. The following night I dreamed I was standing in my office talking to her pupils, and to each one I was saying, "Miss Smith died to-day." The next morning my teacher told her sister she had had a dream and that in her dream someone was telling her she would die that very same day. Neither Miss Smith, her sister nor myself, paid the least attention to the dream, as we all knew there was not the slightest symptom of any disease. At two o'clock the following afternoon, while Miss Smith was coming downstairs to give her lesson, she missed a step, fell downstairs, and broke her neck; she died instantly.

That my teacher and myself had the same dream at the same time is no subject of wonder. It is simply a case of mental telepathy; but who or what produced this dream? Neither Freud, Delage, Bergson, nor any other can throw the slightest light on the mystery of such a dream.

The next century will in all probability give us the necessary explanation. Meanwhile, let us keep an open mind on the question.

Q.—Do you think the dead communicate with the living? and what is your opinion of table moving, automatic writing? Do you think these things prove spiritualism to be true? H. S. Bell, Port Hope, Ont.

A.—There is no record of a single proof that the dead communicate with the living, but here again we must keep an open mind on this question. Table moving, automatic writing, prove nothing at all. The thought of the medium produces the movement which makes the table move or the pencil write. If the ordinary seance proves anything, it proves too much, for it not only proves that man is immortal, but also that his hat and coat and boots are immortal, too, for whenever you meet a spirit or ghost, you always find him decently dressed. It also proves that after death the cleverest of men become stupid—at least, to judge by the so-called answers that we get from them. Spiritualists believe absolutely their dreams, but cannot tell you why. Whenever you ask a spiritualist for an explanation of what he believes, he will always tell you that he is too ignorant himself to do so, but that he knows someone else who could very likely give us a very plausible explanation. We have in this instance what I would call "blind faith."

Q.—I wonder if you will agree with my theory that the mother is the best teacher in the world. When you think that the ordinary teacher is little more than a stranger to our children, how can you expect him or her to take that deep interest in them that a mother would take? Don't you think we are training the memory and nothing else in our schools? Mrs. Ellen Jones, Belleville, Ont.

A.—Referring to your first question, it is true that the best teacher of the baby is the mother; no one can take her place, but when the child is older, it should be given a teacher, and one who does not care for mere book knowledge, but for study of character and the philosophy of life, and if there is a skeleton in the family closet, he should know it and act accordingly. Mothers either love their children too much or too little. Of course, if a mother does not love her child she is not a fit person to bring him up; and even if she is what we generally call a "good mother," she will care much more to make him happy, to shoulder all responsibility, and, so to speak, to impress his young mind with the idea that if later on things go wrong in life, there will always be someone to get him out of the mess. That is wrong bringing up. Besides, if there is a skeleton in the family closet, which is generally the case, the mother will be very anxious to close the door tight and forget it, but nature never forgets. Children ought to be truly loved, but taught that love cannot alter or change this principle which governs every man's life—that always and everywhere, he will be punished, not for his sins but by his sins, by his wrong thinking.

Referring to your second question, about the training of the memory, you are absolutely right. Our religious education and schooling will have to be changed before we ever make any progress. Our religion is based too much on superstition and fear, and what good can it do to a child? His schooling is almost entirely based on memory training. We have to learn a lot of "rubbish" which we must forget, and which, fortunately, we do forget at once, and we are taught nothing which can be of any use to us later on in life. Our very first teacher, and a very cruel one at times, is life itself, which deals severe blows we might have escaped if we had been warned in time.

Q.—In Toronto lately, several ladies from the United States have been lecturing on the subject of Health, Success, and Happiness. These ladies claim that by using their method—the New Psychology—they can restore anyone to health or make anyone happy or successful. Thousands of people have been attending these lectures and even paying $25 apiece for a few lectures on the subject. What is your opinion of this New Psychology? Is there anything new in it? Mrs. T. F., Toronto.

A.—We are now witnessing a very copious literature on the subject, which shows that mankind is dissatisfied and looking for happiness anywhere it may be found. All this literature seems to replace the word "reason" by the word "faith," and people listen gladly to it, as it is always much easier to believe than to think. All this New Thought, Christian Science, the New Psychology, and so forth, has taken root in the United States, where men and women find that it pays to be cheerful and good-natured.

I have enjoyed immensely the recent lectures on New Psychology, not that the lecturer had really a new message to give us, but because too many people to-day are wrapped up in a sad respectability—like a corpse in a shroud. If life is a bitter pill to take, why not coat it with sugar and swallow it down with a smile?

What mankind wants to-day is something more tangible. To listen to a lecture given by a most charming woman, who has a strong personality, is like drinking champagne—it gives a moment of pleasure, a second of hilarity, but leaves you the next morning with a feeling that, after all, it may not be the cause of real joy in life. The "Man of Sorrows" did not go among men, hopping from one foot to the other, smiling to everyone, even in the presence of sickness or misfortune. He did not deny matter; He did not do a great deal of talking, but faced life as it really is, and gave us the key to health and happiness once, for all time to come, when He taught us "to have faith in ourselves, to pardon our enemies, and to replace evil thoughts by pure ones."

Q.—Have we not been talking too much lately about mind reading, telepathy, ghosts, talk with the dead, mental healing, etc.? Is it of any use to us to enquire about so many subjects which can only confuse our minds? Is not the Bible quite good enough for any one of us? W. G. S., Ottawa.

A.—Maybe, as you say, we have been talking too much about mind reading and the other things you mention, and our mind has become rather confused, but it is a good thing to know that the material world cannot give us happiness. Unfortunately, we do not know where to turn for it. The influence of the Bible has been destroyed too soon, before we had something else to take its place, and we are now like blind men looking for the road leading home; but I believe that many of us begin to realize that God is in us, and we have in ourselves the best doctor, the best teacher, the best friend we may ever need, if only we know how to find Him. When we have learned how to find Him, Christian Science, Church Teaching, New Thought, New Psychology—all will have been forgotten.

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The Bride: "I'm in an awful mess here, mother. I simply can't get my expense account to balance."

Mother: "It's quite simple, my dear. Deduct the items you can remember from the amount you had to begin with and call the difference sundries."—Life.

* * *

Short Pants.

"Sammy, you ought to be ashamed of yourself for chasing your grandpa around like that. Don't you know he is short of breath?"

"Short of breath nothin'. He's breathin' more than I am."—Columbia Jester.

* * *

Easy.

"What is the chief cause of divorce?" asks a college professor. Speaking offhand, we should say matrimony.—Cleveland News.

* * *

Spoiling an Illusion.

Jack: "When I proposed to her the dear girl fell on my breast and sobbed like a child, but finally put her arms around my neck and——"

Madge: "Oh, yes, I know all about it. I rehearsed it with her."—Boston Transcript.

* * *

The Chinese always weep at their weddings. As usual, the Chinese are ahead.

* * *

A wealthy grandfather always receives the respect and veneration due old age.

* * *

Mr. McFaddle: "Please, conductor, let me off the train at Pottersberg."

Conductor: "We don't stop. This is a through train."

Mr. McFaddle: "Thin, playse, sor, will yer sthop long enough fur me to tell Bridget that it's carried through I am."

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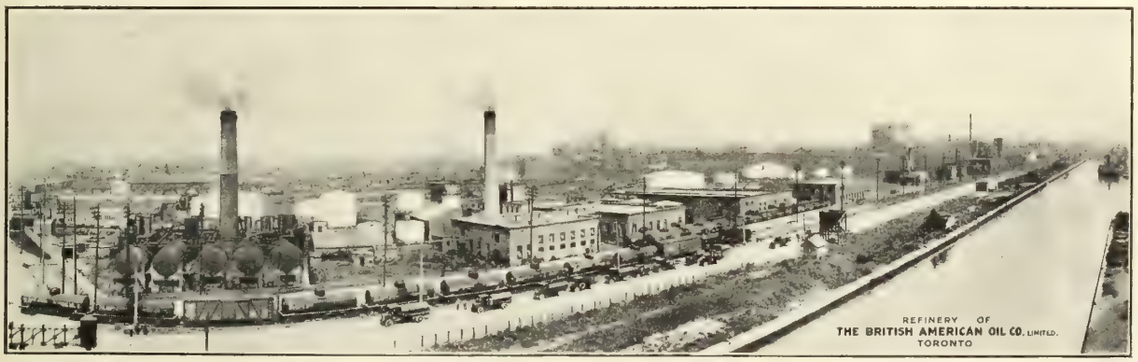

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There is a curious legend of ancient Greece in which we read that Psyche was assigned the difficult mission of descending to Hades to bring away a fragment of beauty in a box for the gods to sample and lo! when the lid was lifted, there issued—a vapor.

BEAUTY has ever been as elusive, as mysterious, as intangible as the legendary vapor. And mysterious it must remain. Through the ages, men's goddesses have been veiled, and the woman who would be the true artist of herself must know that piquancy is in concealment, not exposure.

THE Mohammedans have a saying that "To Eve, God gave two-thirds of all beauty," and beauty is the birthright of every woman. But through the multiplicity of the ages we have departed somewhat from the ideal in the Garden of Eden, and if we place our mirrors in a good light and look at ourselves as critically as we look at another woman—we see the truth.

EVEN if we have that loveliest and most desirable and quite the most undependable thing in the world—Youth—it is seldom that our bodies are slim in *just the right* places. And the wisp of a corset that will coax away the tiny imperfections of youth without detracting one bit from our precious comfort, will save us, a few years hence, from the injustice of looking older than we are.

AGE is a treacherous and resourceful antagonist and when cold cream and massage dispel the evidences of advancing years from well-cared-for hands and face, age seeks revenge by a tell-tale padding of the hips and thighs. If we foolishly have attempted to keep, with exaggerated corsetry, a disproportionately small waistline at the expense of this other more important dimension, or have permitted our figures to unbecomingly sag through lack of proper support, we have put our birthdays where anyone can count them.

BUT just because you must wear corsets, there is no reason why other people should know that you do. This matter of designing for type is the whole secret. The Type Corsetry that Gossard artistry has created conceals itself from the appraising eye of your best enemy. Every type of figure has been individually studied and treated as a special problem, and the Gossards designed for your needs will coax, restrain, supplement—easily, gently, naturally, and bring you by hidden ways to the very most of which your figure is capable. Because they will not attempt to change you radically or make you conform to some fleeting style tendency not inherently becoming to you, you will never have that "tied-in, pinched-together look," that "corseted look," that is just as fatally ageing as its sagging uncorseted reverse.

WHY go on buying just "a corset," when at any of the best stores and specialty shops, a skilful corsetière will unfailingly select for you a Gossard that will make you look so much better and feel so much better, and be forever sure you are not missing something in the mirror that your friends see when you are looking the other way? The cost of Gossards is well within the price you would expect to pay for such superior artistry and workmanship, and they offer an unequalled value in wearing service that makes their purchase a true economy.

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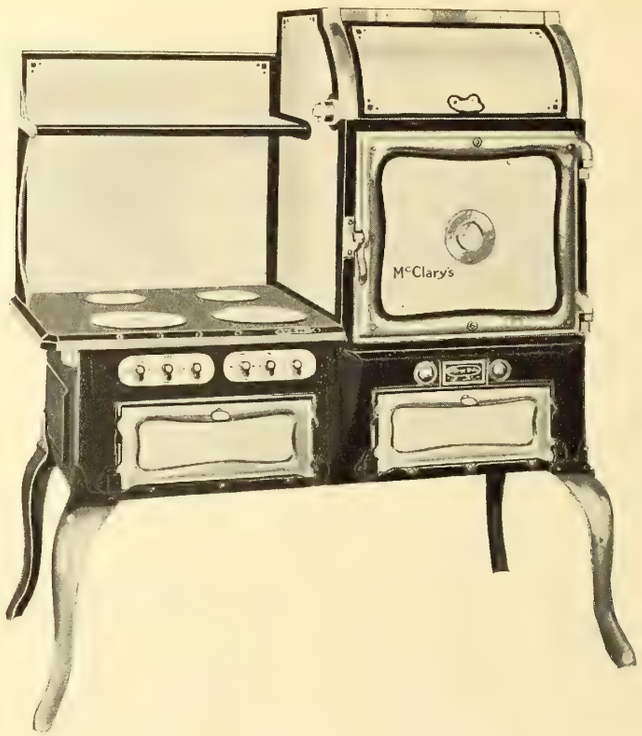

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GRACE E. KENNEDY
Managing Editor

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A Christmas Carol *for* Children

The Shepherds' Song

We be silly shepherds,
  Men of no renown,
Guarding well our sheepfolds
  Hard by Bethlehem town;
Baby Jesus, guard us all,
Cot and sheepfold, bower and stall.

Wild the wind was blowing,
  Sudden all was still,
Laughter soft of angels
  Rang from hill to hill.
Baby Jesus, Thou wast born
Ere that midnight paled to morn.

Seek we now Thy presence
  With our gifts of love;
Felix brings a lambkin,
  I will give a dove.
Baby Jesus, small and sweet,
Lo, we lay them at Thy feet.

From "Spun Yarn and Spindrift"
By Norah M. Holland.

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GREETINGS

GOOD Friends of ours, Subscribers, Contributors, Advertisers, one and all who, throughout the past year, by willing aid, kindly forbearance, and heartsome encouragement, have cheered us along the path, we bespeak for you in the name of the Prince of Peace a joyful and genial Christmas.

There is no seasonal celebration in the annals of mankind capable of exercising so benign an influence upon "life's fitful fever" as the festival of Christmas in which Christendom crosses the hair lines of doctrinal division and mingles in universal rejoicing over the advent of that tender Babe before whom the wise men of an age-long past bowed in grateful adoration, and the wise men of to-day keep in reverent memory.

Believer and unbeliever, sinner and saint alike join in the spirit of the occasion which now prompts us from a full heart to wish you all the merriest Christmas that Hope could ever desire.

PLEASE !

WE are naturally anxious to make "National Life" as bright and attractive as possible, and to this end we would earnestly beg our readers to send in any criticisms and suggestions that occur to them for making the magazine more readable and attractive.

What are the features you like? Is there anything you would care to have deleted or added? What subjects are you interested in? Would you prefer more stories, more articles or more departments?

Please snatch a minute from your busy life in order to send us a postcard stating your views.

Editorial

We are very grateful to those good souls who in the past have assisted us by criticism and suggestion, but we would like to hear from ALL our readers. Please help for the good of the cause.

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PENNY WISE AND POUND FOOLISH

IT is a pitiful tragedy that in such a young country as Canada the evils of overcrowding, which in towns and cities of older civilizations cause so much suffering, disease and misery, should be allowed to become established.

A number of our Canadian cities are fortunate in possessing an abundance of parks and public gardens, but the majority are miserably lacking in "lung space."

It seems to be the ambition of present-day builders to reduce the garden space to a minimum, and a nest of poky flats piled one on top of the other and surrounded by a narrow cement sidewalk is apparently the ideal investment. Perhaps it is from one point of view, but what about the price paid by the citizen and the children who are robbed of their birthright? The parents pay a rent the limit of which is the sky, while the children are forced to seek their play amid the lures and dangers of the crowded streets.

Now that every mother has a voice in the affairs of the country we earnestly hope they will, through their organizations, so stir up public sentiment upon this crying evil that the law will refuse permission for the erection of any building intended for a dwelling-house which is not adequately provided with ground for the recreation and enjoyment of the inhabitants.

We are not cramped for space in Canada and our present housing laws leave room for a vast lot of improvements.

There is plenty of fresh air and space in the graveyards where we go in tears to bury the little victims of our congested streets. Are we such pikers as to deny them in life the things we lavish on them in death?

THE charming child study appearing on the cover of this issue is the work of Messrs. Ashley & Crippen, of Toronto, to whose studios we are indebted for many of the beautiful reproductions appearing from time to time in this magazine.

The Duplicity of Bill

A Deceit Which the Recording Angel Will No Doubt Overlook

By Jean Ramsay

WHEN a bullet in the side abruptly announces the fact that a man's hour has come, and the man happens to be in one of the little mining camps in the West, there is no surgeon, as a rule, to defer the final moment. So, when the dreaded intimation came to Jimmie Shannon, he did just what most of his fellows would, and did do under similar circumstances—set his teeth hard, and made up his mind with brave-hearted grimness to die game.

The first thing to do, by way of action, was to get to the shack, three hundred yards or so away, and for the sake of the after-telling to the folks at home, and for the honor of his own memory, to die in bed.

Jimmie measured the distance with a quick eye, and concluded that he could just about make it. He took his red handkerchief from his neck and pressed it hard against his side with one hand. His other hand still grasped his rifle, from force of habit. Just as he reached the door, both hands fell, one from his side, the other releasing the rifle, that fell with a clatter to the ground. The strength was going from his knees, but by an effort he lurched his body against the door. The sound brought a stir from within, and in a moment the door opened and he fell helplessly across the threshold and was caught by the shoulders by a pair of brawny hands, while a shaggy, bearded face, with surprise bringing a pair of thick eyebrows low over a pair of gray eyes, bent over him.

"What the d——," he began, and then more softly: "Been peppered, Jimmie?"

"Caught foul," gasped Jimmie. And then he turned a pair of languid eyes toward the bunk, and down to his feet. If it can be said of a man out West that he died in bed with his boots off, the respectability and legitimacy of his demise is beyond all question. Bill Cooper understood, and hastily removing Jimmie's boots, lifted him into the bunk.

"So bad as that, old fellow?" he said, as with the tenderness of a woman he lifted Jimmie's head and tipped his brandy flask to his lips.

Jimmie nodded and closed his eyes. After a little he moved his lips. Bill bent down and wetted them again. "Anything to say, Jimmie?" he asked hoarsely.

"Tell the folks at home, or anything?"

Jimmie nodded again, then his last message came in broken whispers.

"The old folks are expecting me—on Christmas Eve. Told you about it—remember? You said you wished you had folks to go to. Came out here ten years ago—to make my fortune—help the old folks—mortgage—you know. Little sister Nell, and the old man—been keeping things going—waiting till I panned out. Old man past work now. Just struck it this year, you know—was going to take my pile home Christmas. You know where it is, Bill—take it to them. Tell them that I died decent—in bed—needn't say what killed me. Do it Bill?"

"Do anything," said Bill, laconically.

"I knew you would. Mother'll have great preparations—turkey and—plum pudding—fancy I can taste it. Kiss little sister Nell for me, Bill—and take care of her—when the old folks are gone. Wish I could see mother. Like to feel her hands on my head—so soft and cool. She'd say a prayer—used to, you know.

". . . Oh, wish I could see mother—just once." Jimmie lay with closed eyes, breathing fitfully. Bill looked at his great, rough hands and meditated deeply. Finally, he ventured to pass his fingers lightly over Jimmie's forehead and down his cheek. Jimmie opened his eyes, bright with an unearthly joy, and his drawn lips quivered into a smile. "Oh, mother," he said. "It's good to feel your hands again—so soft and cool. . . . Here, mother, brought my pile home at last—all for you and father and little sister Nell.—Are you praying, mother?—That's good.—Our Father—."

Jimmie's eyes closed for the last time, and Bill brushed his sleeve across his own, trying hard to forget, and not feel glad that his old chum had died with a prayer on his lips.

* * * * * *

Bill Cooper opened the gate of a Canadian farm yard, at dark, on Christmas Eve, and waded through the snow up to the house, half buried in shimmering white drifts. There was no light except a streak, at each side of the blind of the little window. Bill stuck his hands in his pockets and took a long survey. "This can't be the place," he said. "There's no sign of a roast turkey welcome here, and Jimmie's mother is one of the kind that puts a light in the window for a fellow, and keeps his supper hot. I'll have another look at that name on the gate." He waded back to the gate again and took another look with a lighted match between his hands. "Pine Hill Farm," he read. "It's the place, all right." And he made for the door again, and knocked. It was opened and Bill stepped into a big, dimly-lit kitchen. Several men sat around the cook stove, and a solemn-faced woman came out of a side room with soft foot-falls.

"Queer kind of a fatted calf party, this is," said Bill to himself, as the men stood up and stared at him.

"Guess it's Jimmie. Changed ain't he?" said one, and the whisper ran around the room. Bill caught the whisper, but said nothing.

"Just in time to see the last of your mother," said another. An old man, feeble and bent, with thin white hair and trembling mouth, came out of the side room toward him, holding out his hands.

"Jimmie, my boy, I knew you'd come when you said you would, though mother would have it that you would not come. She's going fast. I'm glad you got here in time. You've changed a lot, lad, but I guess she'll know you."

Bill downed a big lump in his throat and followed the old man into the room, where a woman lay as if touched with the stillness and chill of death itself. A girl's face was buried in the gay patch-work quilt on the bed. Her breath came in broken sobs that shook her slim form.

"It's Jimmie, Nell," the old man said, and the girl looked up.

"Oh, Jimmie, I'm so glad you've come, we're needing you so badly just now—father and mother and I."

Bill felt a queer feeling creep over him. This was Jimmie's "little sister Nell," whom he had promised to kiss for her brother. He had expected to find a little girl in short skirts, and not this tall young woman, who came almost to his shoulder when she stood up, and was looking at him with great brown eyes agleam with tears, and holding up her pretty mouth, waiting for that kiss.

But Bill was not the man to go back on his word to a chum, and he bent down and delivered the kiss, reverently. And for a minute his arms were around Jimmie's "little sister Nell," and he could feel the satin of her coiled hair against his cheek as her head rested on his shoulder.

The old man bent down and whispered to the sick woman: "Here's Jimmie, mother, come home for Christmas. Looks different, don't he? See how big he's grown, and he's got a beard." The woman opened her eyes and a slow smile spread over her face.

Bill's heart stood still. He felt that something was demanded of him in the way of actions, and words, but the situation was new to him, and he was at a loss. "Guess Jimmie would kiss her," he said to himself. And bent down in trembling awe and touched her white cheek with his lips.

"Leave me alone with—Jimmie," said Jimmie's mother, and they did. "Let me look at you," she said. Just one glance she gave him, and then shook her head, the smile still on her face: "No, no," she said, "you're not my Jimmie. Do you think I would not know him after ten years? I'd know him after fifty—a hundred years. I could see my own soul in his dear eyes. But you are good—I can see it, and you came from Jimmie—I feel it. He's dead, isn't he?" She said it very calmly. Bill found himself bereft of words other than the truth, which he had intended to defer until after the old folks and Nell had had one happy Christmas with "Jimmie."

"Yes, he's dead," he said.

"I knew it," said Jimmie's mother, with a sort of wondering rapture in her voice. "I've seen him waiting for me. Tell me all about it."

Bill told her of how Jimmie had been "hurt," with much ingenuity. How he had intended coming home for Christmas with his "pile"; how he had wished for his mother, and had, at the last, thought she was with him; how he died decently in bed with his boots off, with the word of a prayer on his lips, dwelling with particular weight on the last item; and lastly, how he had come in Jimmie's stead to look after them.

"Don't tell the others till after I'm gone—they need you so badly," said Jimmie's mother. "Father won't live long," she added, her eyes pleading for even further extension of secrecy.

Jimmie's mother died that night, and before the New Year was three weeks old his father followed.

Then Bill began his task of looking after Jimmie's little sister Nell in a way most pleasing to both of them, and which made it very necessary for him to confess that he was not Jimmie.

The Country Mouse

"How little do they see what is, who frame their hasty judgments upon that which seems."

By Cameron N. Wilson

IN her most imaginative flights Mrs. Chester Dangerfield could scarcely have evolved a more tragic upheaval of her somewhat conventional cosmos than had suddenly wrought havoc in the domestic affairs of 32 Franklin Street. Had her hair not been freshly marcelled and her face tinted in harmony with the pink orchids that formed a gorgeous centre to a faultlessly appointed table, she would have thrown herself upon the Recamier day-bed in her Louis Quinze bedroom and festooned the rose satin pillow with beads of brine. As it was she dared not register emotions that clamored for expression, although chagrin and despair did manage to work their way to the front.

To think that Aunt Sarah should have arrived on this day of all others and simply through mistaking a 3 for an 8, a difference of five days by the calender! That her own bad writing was to blame in no way mollified Mrs. Dangerfield's resentment against the world in general and Aunt Sarah in particular. With her table laid for twelve of Rockwood's most exclusive circle and the end of a weary social climb almost in sight, it is scarcely to be wondered that her feelings resembled a slump in sugar or a drop in wheat on 'Change.

One had to be nice to Aunt Sarah. With several thousands coming to little Sara (the "h" had been dropped as common) from a judicious choice in god-mothers, and with a house full of antiques which would eventually supplant the Louis Quinze discomforts and import an air of undeniable pedigree to the impossible drawing-room in Franklin Street, it behooved the Dangerfield menage to tread lightly in the path of the old-fashioned relative from Meadowvale.

She had arrived at six-thirty and dinner was scheduled for half-past seven. With a diplomacy little short of Machiavellian, Mrs. Dangerfield had mildly suggested that she must be tired from her journey and that it would not be the least trouble to serve her supper in her room, so that she could retire as early as possible; that some friends were dropping in to dinner and would probably bore her inexpressibly. But Aunt Sarah disclaimed all feeling of fatigue and said that after Susie Miller's high tea of recent date she could stand anything in the way of company. Having slept for an hour on the train, she was as fresh as the proverbial daisy and would just change her waist, put on her best cap, and be ready when the first guest should arrive.

Mrs. Dangerfield groaned inwardly and began a mental survey of her table. Flies were fairly wallowing in the ointment of her happiness, and she wondered how she could change the beautifully-arranged circle to accommodate a new and unexpected guest.

Troubles, however, have the reputation of being singularly like the Siamese twins, in that they never travel alone. To substantiate the saying, an imperative summons to the phone informed the distraught hostess that at the last minute Mrs. Coleman Robinson, daughter of a bishop and sister of a prominent bank president, had been called out of town, owing to the illness of her son. Thus was the way cleared for Aunt Sarah's appearance, but it was a path marred by the wreckage of high hopes. Dr. Timothy Doran, the renowned bacteriologist, who was to have been Mrs. Robinson's partner, would now be entrusted with Aunt Sarah, a combination so incongruous to the mind of the hostess that she could see nothing but humiliation and social defeat. The plain little body from Meadowvale would be opposite the gorgeous Mrs. Langstaff and but two removed from stately Madame Pelissier, widow of the well-known scientist. But, however she planned, she was confronted by difficulties that seemed insurmountable, and, with the resignation of despair, she changed but one card, substituting the name of Mrs. Samuel Publicover.

All delight in her entertainment had vanished. The faint odor of baked meats seemed to savor of buried hopes rather than of social brilliancy. The flowers upon the table exhaled a fragrance that smacked of closed parlors, tuber roses, and undertakers' trestles. The silver candelabra, with their delicate shades of pink silk, twinkled with the spluttering solemnity of funeral tapers.

After one final, despairing glance at the exquisite table, with its circle of rare Chippendale chairs, Mrs. Dangerfield ascended with dragging feet to her bedroom, to don a gown made especially for this eventful flight. She looked unusually handsome in the faultless creation of satin and lace, but as she clasped a string of pearls around a very pretty throat, her mirror reflected a face in which the joie de vivre was conspicuous by its absence.

On entering the drawing-room, where she was to receive her guests, she found Aunt Sarah ensconsed in one of the richly brocaded but uncomfortable chairs, with an evening paper opened wide at the Friday bargain sales. Her black hair was parted and twisted in a small knot at the neck. Looking very like a pen-wiper, a small lace cap perched on top, with a rather rakish inclination to one side, as if contemplating a slide down the shiny surface. A high-necked gown of severe cut was relieved by a very beautiful old lace collar, held in place by a quaint pin of aquamarines and diamonds.

To her niece's mind, nothing could have been more incongruous or more distracting than the homely little figure, bunched on the flambuoyant chair and plainly enraptured over the list of approaching bargains. She could just imagine how the stately Mrs. Langstaff would raise her brows, if not her lorgnette, in an astonished survey of this unexpected guest. She paled—or, rather, would have paled, had it not been for a judicious application of the Bloom of Youth—when she saw in fancy the grand Mrs. Dillworth's surprise on being introduced to the unpretentious little body in black cashmere with her absurd, old-fashioned cap. But the most sombre contemplation of all was the thought of the magnificent Mrs. Desborough, seated almost beside the quiet country mouse, and compelled to listen to such conversation as might emanate from the outspoken visitor, for Aunt Sarah was notably candid and frank in her expression.

It was the height of Mrs. Dangerfield's ambition to be invited to dine at Mrs. Desborough's, an achievement not to be lightly regarded in the social world of Merion. She had, indeed, been asked to a very large tea, and, on the strength of this compliment, had invited the great lady to a dinner, hoping naturally that the attention would be returned in kind. To her frank mind, an invitation to dine at Charters House represented the top rung in the social ladder. Once having shared in that distinction, she felt that she could sit back in assured safety of her position and in calm retrospect review the long and arduous climb to social prominence that had engrossed every faculty for the past five years. And now all her efforts were to be undone by the sudden appearance of a little nobody from nowhere, who would undoubtedly call her "niece," and proclaim from the housetops an undesirable relationship.

The fat, however, was in the fire, and she must try to carry off the tragedy as well as possible. People had been known to change their wills before this, and dead men's shoes are sometimes more acceptable by the family hearth than in the garbage barrel.

Further speculation was interrupted by the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Winter. They brought with them Madame Pelissier, whose charming French greeting of her hostess was extended without any visible change in cordiality to Aunt Sarah. The latter regarded her with open admiration through thick gold-rimmed spectacles. Mr. Winter acknowledged the introduction somewhat pompously, and his wife with a casual indifference that was not lost upon their hostess. But it was just as she expected. How could it be otherwise! In rapid succession entered Dr. Timothy Doran, hair en brosse, nose wrinkling spasmodically, like that of a curious guinea-pig; Mr. and Mrs. Langstaff, the lady in a resplendent gown, embroidered with peacock feathers, her famous diamond tiara sparkling in a wonderfully dressed coiffure; Mrs. Dillworth, whose country house was the resort of Merion's elect, and her brother, Jacob Longworth, the most eligible bachelor in the community; Churchill Reed, mentioned for a high position under the new administration; and last, but not least by a long shot, Henry Desborough and his charming English wife, who, as daughter of a baronet and first cousin to an earl, had bowed before three Queens and snubbed the impertinent wife of a British Prime Minister.

With as little ceremony as possible, and with an air almost apologetic, Mrs. Dangerfield presented her guests to the unpretentious figure seated near the fireplace. There was no mention of relationship in the introductions, and she hoped that a kind fate would prevent Aunt Sarah from publishing the family connection. But there was no telling what that irrepressible dame would do. She was noted for springing surprises, and one of her nieces, who had been left out of her will, had declared that she knew she would die at a tea-party or wedding, simply to keep up her reputation for uncertainty.

But so far Aunt Sarah was conducting herself as befitted an obscure relative who had just happened in. Amidst all the gorgeousness of costumes, amid the fluttering of fans and the polite

babel of voices, she was as demure as a wren which by some mistake had got into an aviary of exotic songsters. She sat very quietly, her paper folded neatly and held in hands that showed traces of work as well as age.

As the Ormolu clock chimed the half hour, a butler, hired for the occasion, announced dinner. With due solemnity, Hector Dangerfield offered his arm to Mrs. Desborough and led the way through the handsome hall to the dining-room, followed by an imposing line, his wife bringing up the rear on the arm of Henry Desborough. With a minimum of confusion, places were found and verified by the dainty cards, and after the preliminary, polite holding back, each chair hospitably embraced its occupant. Aunt Sarah was the last to be seated, as she had to dispose methodically of her paper, which she placed on her chair before sitting down.

Mrs. Dangerfield had none of those feelings which should fill the heart of a successful hostess at seeing her board and hundred-dollar centrepiece surrounded by a gathering of men and women representative of the best society; at presiding over a table faultless in decoration and appointments; and knowing that every course of a delicious dinner would be above criticism. Instead, she felt ill at ease, distrait, uncertain. She kept a weather eye on Aunt Sarah, who was enjoying her anchovy entree with apparent relish. She made occasional remarks to Mr. Desborough and gave a semi-attentive ear to Churchill Reed's observations, but her chief interest was in watching the effect of Aunt Sarah on the rest of the party. No one seemed to be paying her any particular attention, nor did the little lady seemed inclined to draw within the ring of conversation. So far, so good, but as has been stated, Aunt Sarah was uncertain at the best of times.

The soup came and went without causing any untoward activity on the part of the Country Mouse. She seemed on every occasion to select the correct implement for each particular course, and sipped her wine with the slow judgment of a connoisseur. The lace pen-wiper had slipped its moorings and leaned affectionately towards one ear. Mrs. Dangerfield groaned with mortification. Her dinner was ruined. Never again would she be able to hold up her head in Merion. She would simply have to move away, dragging her spouse from the scene of defeat. Her face assumed tints not due entirely to the Bloom of Youth, and even the usually soluble aspic jelly became a gastronomic putrefaction. Conversation lagged. There were heartrending silences, broken only by the light tread of attendants, the touch of a fork against a plate, the crystalline ring of glass. All the merriment, the good cheer, the laughing repartee which Mrs. Dangerfield had pictured as part of this great occasion, were lacking, and poor, plain, unwelcome Aunt Sarah was the cause of the whole fiasco. The dinner was a frost, a blighting frost that enveloped every guest in a mist of chilly isolation from which there was no emerging. Even the gas grate shared in the general gloom, appearing more artificial and lifeless than usual. All spontaneity, all naturalness, all joy had taken flight; an occasional remark ventured between mouthfuls of deliciously cooked food, met with about as much response as a joke at a funeral.

Mrs. Desborough's pretty voice occasionally sounded, like the soft tinkling of Japanese windbells, and Mrs. Langstaff's deeper tones kept up a forced conversation with her neighbors. When anyone did hazard a remark, it was uttered more or less sotto voce, as if intended for ears immediately adjoining.

An unusually long silence was startlingly broken by a veritable guffaw, sounded simultaneously by Dr. Doran and Jacob Longworth. The amazed hostess jumped perceptibly, and the attention of all was turned from partridge wings to the cause of so much levity. The eminently correct butler paused, with a decanter suspended uncertainly over Mr. Langstaff's creased neck, and a white-capped maid dropped a spoon, which made an alarming clatter on the hardwood floor.

"It's Aunt Sarah!" was Mrs. Dangerfield's first thought, and she had guessed right the very first time. It was Aunt Sarah. One of her partner's remarks had aroused the Country Mouse to immediate action and a discussion as animated as it was interesting arose in their neighborhood. Conversation soon became general, as looks of admiration and amusement were directed at the little figure in black, with the obstreperous pen-wiper on her shiny hair.

Evidently Dr. Doran had met his match. Although the subject under discussion was one more or less unfamiliar to most of the party, it was one in which Aunt Sarah and the clever doctor were quite at home. Badinage and argument alternated and soon several others were drawn into the dispute, or into such ramifications as permitted of any offside interference. Laughter became general, conversation animated and discursive. Mrs. Desborough made a random remark that drew the battery of Aunt Sarah's wit upon her distinguished head, at which Mrs. Dangerfield's heart threatened to cease its normal function. In a short time the charming Englishwoman admitted her defeat, and, with much good humor, addressed herself to her salad.

There seemed to be no subject upon which the plain little body from nowhere could not give information, pertinent or otherwise. Not for one moment was she nonplussed by the fund of information displayed by any of the men nor by the brilliant interpolations of the women. She seemed at home in every question of the day; held political opinions that called for second thought, if not conviction; talked science with a quiet assurance that commanded respect; met quip with quip, raillery with raillery, astute knowledge with a common sense as rare as it was unique. In a very short time the conversation began to revolve around the unexpected guest. She was the centre of observation and of interest. Frost disappeared before the warmth of her smile, radiant good humor became paramount, and in some subtle fashion Mrs. Dangerfield began to realize that her dinner was fast becoming an unparalleled success. At first she had a horrible suspicion that her guests were simply having some fun out of Aunt Sarah, but a realization that they were all too well-bred for such indignities, and a glance at the faces which were bent so often in Aunt Sarah's direction, convinced her that any success attendant upon the occasion was due entirely to the vivacious little visitor from Meadowvale.

The rest of the dinner passed all too quickly, and the time came for the ladies to retire to the drawing-room. Immediately on entering the formal chamber, Mrs. Desborough selected the least uncomfortable chair, and with her own hands rolled it towards Aunt Sarah, whom she planted thereon with affectionate forcefulness. She then drew forward another for herself, placing it in most neighborly proximity. By a sort of natural gravitation, there was drawn around the little wren a circle of gilt monstrosities, on which were seated the exquisite birds of Paradise in all their sartorial brilliancy. As they sipped their fragrant Mocha, Aunt Sarah held court with a naivette and cleverness that in other days would soon have established a salon. A delicious relaxation from formality loosened tongues and freed the springs of merriment. All joined in the fun, but ever was Aunt Sarah the central figure, dominating in her quiet way a situation as unique as it was delightful. With the entrance of the men, the circle was extended to admit them, and the readiness with which they seized convenient chairs was in itself a tribute to Jenny Wren.

Mrs. Dangerfield's heart sang with joy. Her party was a success beyond her fondest hopes. Disaster had been turned into triumph, and, with a sense of genuine gratitude, she realized that by herself she never could have achieved such a sociai flight. She had seen so little of Aunt Sarah during recent years that her charm was more or less a revelation. The family had always regarded her as clever and original, but decidedly old-fashioned and lacking in style. She was all very well in Meadowvale, but in Merion, among men and women of distinction—! But the unexpected had happened, and even Margaret Dangerfield's conventional mind had to admit that it had erred and strayed like a lost sheep. In a reflected glory, she sat in the midst of her own guests, fearful now that they might **not** know that this charming person was a blood relation—her own father's sister. Possibly Aunt Sarah was not anxious to acknowledge the kinship! However, the temptation was too great and she awaited an opportune moment in which to announce the fact, her heart beating a shade faster, her eyes alight with anticipation.

"Aunt Sarah," she said at last, pausing slightly on the appellation, "you should tell Mrs. Desborough about those letters of Washington that you have in your collection. They are very rare, I think you told me."

The shot had told. There was a momentary cessation in the conversation, and then Mrs. Winter exclaimed, "Why, Mrs. Dangerfield, is Mrs. Publicover your aunt? What a delightful surprise you have given us! You never told us that you were giving this lovely dinner for a relative."

"Well, to tell you the truth, her visit was as much a surprise to me as to you all. Owing to a fortunate mistake in a letter of mine, Aunt Sarah arrived to-day instead of next week. But it has worked out beautifully, as you see." The hostess beamed expansively rejoicing inwardly at the turn of events. She delighted in their surprise, in their undisguised pleasure at being taken off their guard, and provided with a sensation somewhat new to their sophisticated minds.

With reluctance evidenced by the prolonged farewells, the lively party prepared to take its leave. Aunt Sarah was surrounded by a talkative group, each anxious for a final word. Never had Margaret Dangerfield had such a warmth of friendship extended since her coming to Merion five years ago.

"I want to have a little tea particularly for your aunt on Thursday afternoon—just a few intimates," whispered Mrs. Dillworth, as she held the hand of her hostess. The unwonted friendliness was very sweet. "She's a

(Continued on page 28)

Gold, Frankincense and Myrrh

"The wisdom of men which is foolishness with God."

"WISE men of today value a bank account." So said the billboard, and to resolve all doubt on the contrast that was to be drawn, the words were surrounded by a picture in imitation of W. L. Taylor's "The Star in the East." Three mounted riders, in long robes, gazed through the blue southern night to where, above the oriental town, a single star blazed forth to show where the young child lay. These foolish wise men of olden time had wasted their money on an expensive journey to gladden a young mother's heart with their congratulations, well content that a little child should lead them.

To emphasize the matter, this display was made at the Christmas season, when our hearts naturally go out to Him, who had not where to lay His head. How much better off Jesus would have been had He had a substantial drawing account in the First National Bank of Jerusalem; how much more effective His message. For the truth is that not only the three seers of the picture, but Christ Himself, was a foolish wise man. He had no money and no property. No bank would have loaned Him a penny, for He could deposit no collateral "as an evidence of good faith." And while He was a carpenter in youth, when manhood came, and He started to take life in earnest, He threw up His job. Jesus Christ, during His ministry, answers perfectly to the definition of a vagrant in the Canadian Criminal Code—"wandering about without visible means of support."

Avarice and hypocrisy, those twin-sister vices, were the ones Jesus hated most. He overturned the tables of the money-changers. He induced Matthew to leave his lucrative position as customs collector and become, like Himself, a vagrant. He told the moral young man, who had great possessions, that he must divest himself of his wealth instantly. You will remember the significant words: "One thing thou lackest." His bank account was a "lack" in the kingdom that is not of this world. He bade His disciples go out without purses. He immortalized two improvident and spendthrift women: one cast her all into the treasury, and the other broke a box of precious ointment for love's sake. He pointed to where the lily grew without toil, and said "take no thought for the morrow." On the very important subject of banking, he said: "Lay not up for yourselves treasure where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal." Finally, he said: "It is harder for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven than for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle." Now, certain clever persons have found a way around this by saying that the needle's eye was a small gate; and that the camel could get through—squeeze through—but that the rider must get down and humble himself by walking. What a makeshift argument! As though Jesus ever put in a safety clause, or used ambiguous words. He was not a practical politician to so conciliate the authorities civil, social or financial. And on this point He was explicit to the point of being dogmatic: "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon!"

The Star of Bethlehem gives place to the star of ambition. Whereas foolish Jesus was poor and lowly; we know better and "value a bank account." The modern spirit asserts itself. Fatuous fools! This idea is no more "modern" than robbery is modern. According to our laws, we would have to sentence Jesus to three months in jail, or give Him twenty-four hours to leave the city. Respectable Palestine, two thousand years ago, felt just the same about it. And the high priests, currying favor with the government, had Him crucified. They, as well as we, valued their bank accounts.

I am not concerned here particularly with the economic platform of Jesus. Everyone is entitled to his own opinion, and no nation has ever seen fit to answer the appeal: "Follow Me." What I most object to is the want of taste displayed in our advertising. The Ivory Soap people might present their claims to patronage by depicting Jesus washing the disciples' feet. That would be vulgar, but it would not be built on the hideous lie that this picture is. For Jesus did believe in washing. He did not believe in banks, or savings, or in pushing to the front in worldly matters. Art must be built on Truth—business prosperity not necessarily so. Hence the failure to make Art subserve commercial interests. The correct figure to represent ambition is Napoleon, not Jesus. But before the alert advertising man adopts my hint, let him read that single paragraph wherein Bob Ingersoll sums up the career of the Emperor (of this world). The great humanitarian, founding on Truth, achieved one of the pinnacles of the world's oratory. That has an irresistible appeal. It carries conviction.

A young advertising man came to me to learn English literature. He said he wanted to "get ideas" which he could use in his business. I told him that it was no use to study any of the arts with ulterior motives. The one requisite for an understanding of literature or painting or music is a genuine love of the thing for its own sake. The picture under discussion is a splendid example of the deformities that grow up in the brain of an advertiser with a smattering of culture. I will not call it blasphemous; I call it ridiculous. When they quote the gospels at me to induce me to start a savings account, I want to write my answer clear across the picture: "The wisdom of men which is foolishness with God."

William Arthur Deacon

At all Grocers

"The biscuit with a flavour"

Baked in the snow-white, sunshine factory 48

An Ideal Gift for Your Little One

Your Christmas gift to your baby son—or daughter—is now much in your thoughts. Others will give toys and other baby things to make his Christmas merry and noisy.

But you feel that you must give something that will be of real service to that promising young life. A gift that will have a greater value and a deeper meaning as the years go by; something that will link the days of happy childhood with the sterner purpose of coming years.

Let your gift be a College Policy in the Sun Life of Canada. It will be his guarantee of the finest thing you can give him, a university training. The College Policy provides annual fees and a monthly income for expenses during the entire college course, even if the parent does not survive.

Ask a Sun Life representative to tell you about the College Policy, and you will see why we urge it as a Christmas gift.

Issued both for boys and girls.

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA

HEAD OFFICE—MONTREAL

The Dividing Trail

The Story of How a Brave Girl Kept a Promise for Love's Sake

By Annie Gray Butcher

THROUGH stress of storm and barrier of snow, the last mail before Christmas had won its way into Lumber Camp No. 3. Indian Joe had carried it up from the settlement, and as his magnificent form—six foot four in his heelless mocassins, and every inch hot with a stain of the blood of the savage tribe from which his mother's mother had come—bent to enter the doorway of the bunk house, every man in the place gave him attention. The men at the long table put down their cards and forgot how the game was going. A few lazy or tired ones stretched tousled heads out of bunks, repose vanishing in expectation. Jimmie Lacy drew out one prolonged note midway in the verse of "Annie Laurie," and turned, waiting, his fiddle in his hand, his fair hair glistening whitely with the dance of the fire upon it, his boyish face full of wistful longing. Indian Joe gave the bundle of letters and papers to Findlay, the foreman, in his silent, sullen way, and backed into a shadowy corner by the fire.

Findlay began the distribution carefully, noting the writing on each envelope and wrapper and arranging his remarks accordingly.

"A good fat letter for you, Shorty, from that black-eyed girl down East, I guess, and another from blue-eyed Mary, and hang me, if here isn't another; a thin wisp of a thing—Looks like it's from the wife.

"One for you, Dandy. Looks like it might be your tailor's bill, or the bill for your new auto. That's from your mother-in-law, Bill. Don't stand near the fire when you open it; it might explode—or you might.

"One for you, Kid—money from home. A—— James Lacy. Why, Jimmy, here's the 'letter that never came,' at last. Say, she's a dandy writer."

Jimmie trembled from head to foot as he took the delicate grey envelope. Ever since he had been in camp he had waited for that letter. All the other men knew it. They knew also that he was one of them "on account of a girl"—knew it in that instinctive way that men thrown much together do know all about each other, without the telling.

They were interested now, and glad for his sake, just as he was glad and interested in hearing that Bill's wife was better, and Shorty's baby had cut two more teeth; that Dandy's girl had sent him a blue neck tie, and the Kid's mother had sent him a Bible and her picture.

Indian Joe had no letter—had expected none—wanted none. So he had plenty of time to watch Jimmie as he opened his, and drew out a sheet of silky rustling paper that emitted an odor, sweet and pungent, strange and delightful to his great wide nostrils. As Jimmie unfolded the sheet of scented paper a little spray of pressed violets slipped to the floor.

Indian Joe's dull black eyes missed nothing—how Jimmie's face went pale, and then crimson as he gathered up the violets. How he furtively pressed them to his lips, touching them as tenderly as though they had been something living, sent with an odorous message. How a smothered sob of relief escaped him as he read. How the new, hard lines of manhood all faded out of his face, and the glad hope of boyhood transformed it. How his lips quivered, and the smarting tears lay beneath his eyelids. Before they turned into the bunks that night it was vaguely understood that Jimmie's girl had "come to," and that he was going to start for home on Sunday at daybreak.

"I'm glad in a way," said Findlay. "Not but what I'll be sorry enough to lose you, for you've got to be as handy with the axe and the cross-cut as any of them. But Indian Joe's been looking mighty ugly lately. You see, Ludac's girl don't throw no smiles at Joe any more since you came, and Joe's sore. You're too white to be mixed up with that breed. It's better to be away from them when you once get them up against you. I've been afraid something would happen all along."

The next night was Saturday. It was the habit of the "Lumber Jacks" to go down to "Ludac's" at the settlement on that night, to wind up the week with a game of poker, or fantan, or a few tosses of the dice, and a supper of pigeon pie and oatmeal "sinker." And if the big brown jug in the hole under the floor was full at their coming and empty at their going, outsiders pretended to be none the wiser.

Ludac was a Frenchman, with a squaw wife, and one daughter, Wanalda. As a half-breed girl, content to let her black hair lay in straight curves over her dusky temples, Wanalda would have been enchanting, for her cheeks were like the crimson velvet of the passion flower, and her eyes had the French sparkle in the depths of their Indian blackness—a combination unequalled in any race the world over. But Wanalda, womanwise, had learned some tricks, with her English, from the white girls at the settlement, and, like her English, had learned them imperfectly. Consequently her hair was drawn up, and in spite of curling tongs, lay in heavy parted strands. For Indian blood, to the last drop, demands recognition from the hair when every other feature has succumbed to alien influences. Her movements, naturally so supple and graceful, were stiffened and hampered by the tight-fitting dress she wore, unsuitably adorned with gay ribbons, and her soft young face had the look of strained anxiety that comes from misdirected ambition.

When the men from the camp came into the cabin, Wanalda's quick eyes singled out Jimmie and drew him to her side by the very strength of their wooing glow. Indian Joe saw and understood, and his teeth grated together, and his great hands opened and shut in helpless, savage, misery. Wanalda never noticed him; a little ache had crept into her eternally feminine heart, for there was a change in Jimmie, her white god. She no longer needed to practice her arts of witchery to make him smile, for he smiled and dared to be happy without her aid. And she could smell—ah!—something so sweet, so suggestive of the glad, wild, free summer time; of little blue flowers that peeped from among sodden brown leaves, when the ice melted and the water ran free; of warm rain beating on her face; of dreams she had dreamt, something that hurt her and made her mad with joy, that brought a sob and a laugh struggling for place on her red lips.

It came to her more strongly as they leaned together over the checker board. Such foolish moves they made. The wooden men themselves might have been disgusted, but there was only silent Indian Joe to see, for all the other men were intent on their games.

As the men straggled away one by one, Wanalda stepped, bare headed, out into the white night, aglitter with stars and frost and snow. It was biting cold, with a wind that stung one's flesh like the cut of a whip. But the girl never felt it. Jimmie was going away. He had told her so with a happy smile, and her heart was breaking. She had tried so hard to be "white" for his sake. The curled hair, the dress, the bad English—faint imitations of the envied white girls—all told of it. And now he was going away, and he was glad to go. That strange, sweet smell, that had never left her nostrils since he came, had something to do with it, she knew. As Jimmie lingered a little behind the others to say good-bye, she stood looking up into his face in dumb agony for a minute. Then she suddenly pressed her face against his breast for one more breath of that delicious torture, and without a word turned and ran into the cabin.

At daybreak on Sunday, Jimmie, with his "turkey" over his shoulder, faced the wind for a tramp of twenty miles, to where he could get conveyance for home. A lot of snow had fallen, then rain and a hard frost. Lake Superior, wind-swept, and polished to a silvery white, pointed his way. The ice provided the best walking, though it was somewhat risky. But Jimmie was in a mood to take all chances merrily, so that they hastened his journey. So he trudged along beside the banks, where the snow-drifts jutted in glazed peaks, or rose sheer, smoothed by the cut of the wind.

When the sun told him that noon had come, he made a halt, and a dive into the "turkey" for the boiled salt pork, and bread, provided by the good natured camp cook. A rest of an hour, and then to the frozen trail again.

By four o'clock he began to feel a little uneasy. He had hoped to have reached the town by this time, but it was not in sight. The wind came from the north, and stung him with a bite and a snap, and how lonely it was. He had never noticed it before. On one side of him the shimmering, winding lake. On the other, gradually rising hills, whereon the masses of giant trees swayed in mysterious solemnity at the will of the wind. Behind, the wooded hills, the lake and the snow drifts; ahead, the wooded hills, the lake and snow drifts. Not a living thing in sight—not so much as a bird or a rabbit.

What if he had mistaken the directions given him? But no, he was sure he had not. And it was Indian Joe who had given them—Indian Joe, the best guide in the country, who knew every inch of it from the Sault to Lake St. Joseph. Indian Joe! A new thought came to him and he sat down on his "turkey" to think it out. Findlay's words came back to him: "Joe loved Wanalda, and

she had forgotten how to smile for him when Jimmie came." Could there be anything in it, he wondered. In his own happiness he had forgotten all about it. Wanalda had seemed rather fond of him, now he came to think of it. He remembered, too, how Joe had waited to walk with him from Ludac's to camp the night before. It was then he had given the directions, clear and unmistakeably.

There was nothing for it now but to make the most of the daylight, and when that was gone—well he was young, and hope is the soul of youth, and there was grub still in the "turkey," and as for fire—well he felt warm enough every time he thought of Indian Joe.

Daylight slowly faded. A gray sky, with a studding of pale diamonds, and a border of solid orange and fleecy white hung over him. Hope was lagging behind now. He shivered, while his lips burned with thirst. A while ago his limbs had ached from weariness, but he took each step mechanically now, and felt nothing but the stiffening of his lips and a hot weight over his eyes. He made up his mind to seek the shelter of the woods for the night, and climbed the bank where the drifts were low. He had thought the trees were quite near, yet it seemed to him that he walked toward them for endless hours and they were no nearer. Then all of a sudden they disappeared altogether, and he was conscious only of a warm spot over his heart where his letter and the spray of violets lay. It was good to rest; to close his hot eyes and forget the long white frozen trail, and Indian Joe, and Wanalda, and just to remember that he was going home for Christmas.

* * * * * *

The cackle of fire aroused him. He lay on his back, and on either side of him great masses of flames threw a million sparks into the black night. Where was he?

It was very comfortable, anyway, here in ———well, whatever they called the place. He felt a human breath upon his face, and looking up, saw Wanalda's dark eyes looking into his as he lay upon her breast.

"Wanalda?" he questioned. Like a spirit of the forest the half-breed girl looked as she rose to her feet, all her little tricks forgotten, her hair lying smooth and jetty over each temple, her figure twined about by a great fringed shawl of scarlet wool.

"I' follow you, follow you, follow you," she panted, waving her bare brown hands over the way she had come.

"But why?" asked Jimmie.

"Indian Joe, he tell you wrong. You should cross over the ice hours—hours back, safe, where teams go over. He tell me I see you no more. You freeze—die. I hurry—run, walk, run, walk, and find you. I' carry wood from bush, and make fire both side so you no freeze."

Jimmie was speechless with astonishment for a minute.

"How good of you, Wanalda; you must be half dead—starving." He looked around for his "turkey," and Wanalda drew it forth. Jimmie offered her meat and bread, but she shook her head.

"You eat first," she said. So Jimmie ate and she followed, and they concluded their repast with a drink of water from the bottle Wanalda had brought. Jimmie did the hardest thinking of his life as they sat there between the fires waiting for the dawn. He was touched beyond words by Wanalda's devotion. If it were true what they said, he knew what he ought to do. He touched the letter in his pocket for a moment. It was hard—hard, after having waited so long, too. But Wanalda was a woman, and a good one, if she wasn't "white." And she had risked her life—and more, for him. A burst of flame lit up Wanalda's face for a moment. He thought he saw tears in her eyes. Perhaps it was true———.

"Wanalda," he whispered, leaning over to touch the shapely brown head. "Come home with me, and—and marry me."

Wanalda put her hands into the folds of her shawl and turned her face to the lone dark hills.

"No, no," she said, sadly. "I' not white. You follow trail of beautiful scent and marry white girl; I' follow trail of snow and marry Indian Joe."

"I thought you did not like Joe," said Jimmie in surprise.

"I' marry him," said Wanalda simply, without turning her head.

"But why?"

"Joe tell me where to find you if I' promise to marry him. I' promise. He tell me. I' show you the way to-morrow, then go back and marry Joe. I' not white." There was a world of misery in the girl's face and voice that maddened Jimmie.

"Wanalda, you must not," he cried.

Wanalda turned her face, hard with resolution, to him.

"I promise," she said.

"But why do all this for me?" Jimmie persisted. "I would rather a thousand times have frozen and died here, than that you should sacrifice yourself."

Wanalda did not answer him. Her eyes had grown strained and dull. "Look, the dawn," she said. "Let us go."

Like a dim red blur in the leaden-hued light of the slow-coming dawn, Wanalda led the way back over the trail they had come. She spoke no word to Jimmie, nor looked at him. He could not see her face, for she kept ahead of him. Her steps dragged and she seemed tired, but she made no complaint.

At the point where the teams crossed the ice with timber they stopped. Daylight had come and the gray earth had turned to vivid glistening white, in the light of the new sun. The forest-line had grown from a black bank into a glory of evergreen, swaying gently in a serpentine line against a clear sky.

Wanalda silently pointed the way to Jimmie.

"Come with me," he said, quietly drawing her to him.

Wanalda's head rested against his breast for a minute. She drew long breaths, half torture, half rapture. When she looked up the gleam of her eyes was quenched in tears. She shook her head, and pointed up the lake to where a dog team was just coming in sight.

"That's Indian Joe. He coming for me," she said.

Jimmie held her hands in his, loth to let her go.

"Why are you doing this for me?" he asked.

A fire of pure love burned through the tears in the girl's eyes.

"I' not white, but I' love you," she said. Then pointing his way again, she said, "You follow the trail of beautiful scent, and marry white girl. I' follow the trail of snow, and marry Indian Joe." One more pressure of her face against his breast, one more long breath, and Wanalda was gone.

Jimmie stood and watched her. He saw her turn with Joe and the dog team, then he turned to the "trail of beautiful scent."

THE VISTA BROADENS.

By L.D.

There is a particular kind of misanthrope who complains that the movies have had their day, have run the gamut of their possibilities, have featured every circumstance and combination of circumstances of which the human brain can conceive. He attends the picture houses with relentless regularity, only to see the same depressing comedies, thrill-less melodramas and unlifelike tragedies. His opinion of the lot is summed up in the single word, "Rotten."

The gentleman has some ground for his grievance. We don't deny it. We have become contemptuously familiar, so to say, with the offerings of the silent drama. Rarely do we get a surprise in the development of a plot. Indeed, we can guess not only the outcome of the story—after seeing the title, the style of dress worn by the actors, and listening to the orchestral selection—but we can foretell the general type of story merely by the association with the star's name.

For example, everyone knows that Blank Blankster is partial to "heart-interest" dramas, featuring the struggle between capital and labour. When we see him in the role of handsome young "Montgomery Tillotson," toiling conscientiously (well to the foreground) in the Bessemer works, and oblivious to the fact that the owner has entered (centre-back) on one of those casual inspection tours so characteristic of capitalists on the screen, we know that a throb is pending. When we see a carrier filled with molten metal hovering playfully over the head of the millionaire, then we know that handsome young Montgomery Tillotson will provide that throb. It is a dead certainty that he will rush forward (the owner having taken centre stage by now) at the risk of being made a member of the family and heir to the plutocrat's millions, and get himself splattered at the proper moment with the darkish fluid that spills over his head and nice clean shirt.

He will be removed to the Fifth Avenue mansion, burdened with a Japanese valet, and—well, you know the inevitable conclusion. Stories of the frozen north, the limitless plains, the steaming jungle, and even domestic complications, offer quite as little novelty. But—there's a kick left in the movies!

The Bible opens a vast field for the scenario writer. You see, we are not so familiar with its plots and characters. Even its settings would awaken the interest of the jaded fan. For example, what would the average person suspect from the advertisement that Lucretia Livermore was going to play the stirring tragedy of Zenobia, or that Artie Archibald was going to portray the venerable Melchisidek? Nothing, lords and gentles all, nothing, I maintain. They would not know who the blazes was Zenobia or Melchisidek. I don't myself!

As a proof of my contention, read the happening at a local theatre the other night. I can vouch for its truth, for I heard it. . . .

First, imagine the hero of the piece, a quaint little gentleman, profusely covered with a beard and a contrasting dash of goat's skin, here and there. He occupied the foreground, and proclaimed himself by many a gesture, a man of importance in his particular vicinity. This suggestion was strengthened by his treatment of a hireling (so designated by being in the background and being covered with much less hair and goat's skin), who was set to work on some primeval structure that faintly

(*Continued on page 16*)

The Backsliding of Joel Barlow

" The best theology is rather a divine life than a divine knowledge."
—Jeremy Taylor

By E. A. Taylor

AS the tramp freighter "Mary," of Guysboro, Nova Scotia, passed Rimouski, the tide was flowing in over the long stretches of rock-strewn flats. Overhead the sky was a soft summer blue, though the salt sea wind, scented with kelp, was keen enough to keep me in the lee of the deck cabins, until Joel Barlow, the captain, came out, when I gladly joined him for a gossip.

Joel was rather a character. Like the "Mary," he was past middle age, and looking forward regretfully to an enforced retirement, though he had the alert bearing, and keen sight, of a young man. Many times he had answered a S.O.S. call, but had never needed to send one out. He was "lucky" with his ship, or, in other words, he was both prudent and daring, and able to think quickly in emergencies.

Joel had made many voyages in his day. The "Mary" had been built to carry cattle to Newfoundland from her Nova Scotian home port, make fishing trips to the Grand Banks, or go on short coasting voyages; but, under the management of her energetic captain, she had carried freight as far as Cape Town and Singapore. Joel had mentioned, casually, picking up cargoes at Rio Janeiro and New Zealand; and I knew he was not at all ready to retire from the sea.

"It's the young man's day now," said Joel; "when a man's hair is grey, they won't believe that his brains aren't done for, too." He pulled himself up short, angry at letting himself complain, for he was an elder, and occasional preacher, in a dour little church, which, although teaching that the way of salvation was very strait and narrow indeed, also certainly gave its members a grim strength of mind to meet the inevitable trials of life. Joel's idea of light conversation was to discuss theology of an antique brand; and now, as we paced the deck, he started quoting from Fox's Book of Martyrs, a great favorite of his, gloomily prophesying that if another great persecution should come, there would be a general backsliding among Christians, as the effete (Joel used a much stronger word) religion taught in modern churches did not give a man strength enough to stand by his faith. I ventured to suggest that we had more backbone than he thought, but Joel shook his head. He had the hardest creed—and the softest heart—of any man I knew, and took a gloomy pleasure in anticipating this universal backsliding. His look, however, showed that he was quite sure of his own ability to stand fast to the strict letter of his beliefs, no matter how severely tested.

Suddenly a smudge of smoke showed far ahead of us in the east, and Joel instantly turned from theologian to sailor. "Yon is a liner," he said, and soon I could discern the color of her smokestacks, as the great ship rushed toward us. Behind the Government steamer, out from Rimouski, with quarantine and customs officers, was steaming to intercept her, but we passed her first—a great, arrogant ship, tossing the waters aside in big white waves before her tremendous bows, her sides looming up like the walls of a fortress, and her decks crowded with rosy-faced English emigrants, taking their first look at things Canadian. Somehow she made the "Mary" seem very small and shabby, and Joel, leaning on the railing, murmured,

"Oh, the Liner she's a lady, but
if a war should come,
The Man o' War's her husband,
and he'd bid her stay at home.
But, oh! the little cargo boats
that fill with every tide,
He'd have to up and fight for
them, for they are England's
pride."

This was all on an afternoon in July, 1914; and not many months later, those great ladies of the sea, like the ladies of the land—did **not** stay at home. This particular liner mounted guns, camouflaged her beautiful lines, and became a "Transport!" But this is not a War story, being only an incident of how the War upset at least one man's theology.

It was December, 1917, when I found myself in London, temporarily knocked out of active service, and acting as escort to a seventeen-year-old war widow, with a month-old baby, neither of whom I had ever seen before. Her name was Agnes Prado. I was well acquainted with Tony Prado and his parents in Toronto. They had come from Italy to Canada long before the War, and had done very well. Tony was just eighteen when Italy joined in the fray, and he returned to fight for his country. There he met and married Agnes, was shortly after killed in action; while Agnes, her home destroyed by the enemy's advance, was swept forward with the refugees. The Prados sent money and passionate invitations to their dead son's wife, so I, acting as their friend, found Agnes with her baby, and planned to take her home to Tony's parents over the submarine-infected Atlantic.

She was very young, and looked even younger than she was—a beautiful child, masquerading in widow's weeds, with a baby in her arms. She knew little of life, having, I imagine, come direct from her convent school to Tony, and was now too absorbed in her baby to remember the death and destruction she had seen in Italy. "We are so safe now," she murmured in her slow English, "the babe is in no danger in this greatly splendid England, whose ships guard all the seas." I hastily pushed that day's paper out of sight; it told of more torpedoed ships, and my already shaken nerves conjured up visions of a frantic girl clinging to a dead baby in an open boat on a wintry sea. I never knew what a coward I was till those days before we started; I believe I would have given anything to have been able to keep Agnes off the ocean till after the War.

Our ship, a camouflaged liner, which had brought foodstuffs and troops across, was going back light, with a few score passengers; invalided men and war widows mostly, and as we drew out to sea, I was walking around on a tour of inspection. Suddenly, on the bridge, I saw, with much gold braid in evidence, but looking just the same as when he captained the old "Mary"—Joel Barlow. My courage came back at once. I remembered a night when an eastward gale was driving the Atlantic forward in great waves that hammered on the rocks of Chedabucto Bay, and through the storm and darkness Joel had unerringly guided the "Mary" to the foam-hidden entrance of Guysboro Harbor. Between the gusts, Joel was explaining to me some theological point; I never knew what, for I was in too much dread of being piled up on the rocks. Now, however, with Joel in command, I feared nothing; but, as my spirits rose, Agnes' sank. I don't think she realized an ocean separated Canada from England, till the passengers were lined up for drill in case the ship was hit. Agnes looked at the life-belt given her, and then at me. "This will not do," she said, with tears in her beautiful eyes, "it is too cold in the sea; the babe will die if he is put in it. Can't the great and ever victorious British navy keep this ship on the top of the water, instead of letting it go down?"

I explained that the British navy was doing everything possible, and that we must hope for the best, "and pray"; but at my last words the terror deepened in Agnes' eyes. "But I can't," she wailed; "everything was so terrible when baby came, and we were all too much hurried that I did wickedness, and my baby was not baptized."

Just then a bell rang, and she clutched frantically at my arm. "Is that the torpedo?" she demanded.

"No, no," I said, "it is Christmas morning, and the captain is to hold service in the cabin. Come along, and don't get so excited."

Agnes pulled herself together; that little girl had good stuff in her, and we went to the big saloon. Much of its pre-war gorgeousness had been removed or covered up when the liner was turned into a transport, but still the great cabin made a noble showing that morning all decorated with the English holly we had brought, and the English and Canadian flags. We sang the old Christmas carols, careless of U-boats, and Joel gave us a short sermon, wherein he showed that he still held to the straight letter of his creed. Somehow I was glad, it seemed good to think there was one man whose brain was unmoved by the pressure of war.

Agnes' knowledge of English did not include the theological terms Joel was so fond of, but as he spoke she studied his face and her own was illumined with a glad peace. "He is a good man, your captain," she said to me. "So wise with his gray hair; and I know he has a most gentle heart. Are all the captains in your great navy priests as well? And can they do anything?"

Not realizing what I was letting Joel in for, I explained to Anges the practically unlimited powers of a captain on the high seas, especially in time of war, and smiling happily she looked up at me and said: "That is most good; as he can do anything, he shall baptize my baby this very day." Now I knew that Joel regarded the baptism of any infant as apostacy of the deepest dye; baptism of **adults only** being the corner-stone of his faith.

I tried to tell Agnes this, but she ignored me and carried her baby to Joel, while I trailed unhappily after her.

With shy confidence in her eyes, she held out her baby to Joel and said: "Pardon my intruding on you, Captain, but my baby is not baptized, and the evil U-boats they come so quick, suddenly. So please baptize him now, swiftly, that his little soul may go safely up to God, even if your ship goes down."

Joel looked at her, and glared

at me, with the same expression he would have used had we been suggesting that for a monetary consideration he should transfer his services to the enemy. Fox's Book of Martyrs lay open on the stand, and I was rather afraid he might say something to hurt Agnes. But Joel was a gentleman, so he only talked gently and earnestly for half an hour, explaining his religious beliefs, as he delighted in doing, with rich quotations from long-winded theologians. Agnes sat listening, meekly silent, but she did not understand a quarter of what he said, and what little she did understand she ignored. She was one of those delightful creatures who cannot hold more than one idea in their head at a time. She was going to have her precious baby baptized, and by Joel, and having decided, she was deaf to all reasoning.

When Joel paused, Agnes said sweetly: "Thank you, captain, for your gracious instructions; and now will you baptize my baby this very day, please? Then I shall be able to be quite brave even if the pirate come. You will do this for me, captain? Is not the British navy saving the world, and will not you save also my baby's soul? Little babies die so quick, like they did when your 'Lusitania' ship was sunk suddenly, even though good men put their own life-belts on the poor bambino."

Joel looked at her helplessly, for once in his life silenced in a theological argument; and I thought I saw a flicker of fear in his eyes. He did remember the "Lusitania," for he had been one of the first to answer the stricken liner's cry for help—and had gathered many dead babies from the sea. A hundred and fifty children under two years old died from that ghastly act, and their little bodies floated, because men had put round them the life-belts that would have saved themselves. "Consider the waste," said the enemy. "Those fools of men might have saved themselves to fight for their country, which is in such sore need of men." But perhaps those "fools" did fight for us, there are so many things we do not know.

Maybe Joel had a vision of the horror that haunted me, a frantic girl, merely a child herself, with a dead baby, in an open boat. Nevertheless I am quite sure it was not fear of **anything** that made Joel suddenly give way to her. Out in the saloon they were singing:

"Wassail for the kingly stranger,
Born and cradled in a manger.
King like David; Priest like Aaron,
Christ is born to set us free."

And it was because that then the soul of Joel caught a glimpse of that liberty, larger than the democracy we were fighting for, there was a christening under the holly that afternoon, with the old hard-shell Baptist preacher, and captain, officiating, and with a silver wine cooler, a relic of the ship's former magnificence, for a font.

Then the ship's lights were darkened, we were entering the danger zone. Yet I don't think any one was really afraid. Somehow between the fat, and very happy Italian baby in the cabin, and that lean, very quiet Canadian captain on the bridge, we all felt that we must win through—and we did.

The Rush Light

By Bertha C. Foster

A TALL, broad-shouldered form, silhouetted against the moon-lit sea, stood motionless as the black rocks which strewed the shore around him, silently watching the gentle waves which lapped the sandy beach. His coarse, rough clothes were unmistakably those of a farm laborer, and his heavy frame betokened great muscular strength, but in his eyes was the strange haunted look of a man whose memory had fled.

As, at last, he moved slowly away he was accosted by a stranger, a man of quite different type, who civilly hailed him and started to enter into conversation. The big man eyed the stranger suspiciously and answered in monosyllables, but the stranger seemed to need no encouragement and rambled on contentedly, telling of a tramp through Devonshire he had just ended and of his first experiences of that beautiful county.

"You have lived here all your life, I suppose?" queried the stranger.

"Yes," answered the big man, but his voice betrayed uncertainty.

"Ever been to London?"

"Yes." The stranger looked surprised.

"You are a traveller, then? Perhaps you took part in the war "

"Yes."

The stranger looked at him more attentively.

"Ah, I was over there, too. Well, it's good to forget it, eh? I am a journalist—a newspaper man, you know—looking for copy all the time—and, by George, I've found good stuff on those old moors of yours. What do you think I saw two nights ago—an old woman making rush-lights! Would you ever believe that such things still exist in this country?"

A slow light dawned in the dull eyes of the big man.

"Rush-lights," he repeated, slowly, "rush-lights!"

"Aye, have you ever seen them used?"

"Yes"; he rubbed his hand across his eyes, and his face took on an expression of anguish, as he struggled to remember; "when I was a little lad."

"Maybe you knew the old woman I was talking to? She lived all alone in a tiny cottage on the side of the moor, and she never has used any other light than those she makes, with rushes and fat. I saw her gathering the rushes, and she told me how she made them into lights and lit one for me to see. It was dark by the time I left, and she placed a rush-light in the window, which I could see all the way as I walked back to the village where I was staying."

The big man made no answer, but his heavy, expressionless face was clearing, and he seemed to take an eager interest in the journalist's tale.

"It was some twenty miles from here, on the loneliest spot you could well imagine, where only the sheep grazed and the curlews whistled. Twilight was settling down and I had missed my way, and the thought of a night alone in that weird spot did not altogether appeal to me. Suddenly I saw a quaint old figure bobbing up and down over a patch of rushes, her rough sacking apron full of the long, slender, sword-like plants, her gray hair covered by a faded print sun-bonnet, which had once been lavender color.

"It was very silent. Only the plaintive whistle of the curlews now and again broke the stillness, but the old woman seemed quite undisturbed by the lonesomeness, and not until the growing darkness made her task impossible did she hobble homewards. Her little gray-stone cottage stood all by itself on the edge of the moor, not another dwelling-place was in sight, but she was quite used to the solitude and the silence. She had known no other life than this, though once, she told me, there had been others to share it with her.

"Before the open fire in her clean little kitchen she laid her rushes. Very carefully, with practised fingers, she turned each one over, stripping it of its green coverings and leaving only a narrow strip to hold the white pith in place. The bruised and useless rushes she tossed into the fire, where they hissed pleasantly, before blazing up and burning out. In a surprisingly short time, the pile of stripped rushes grew into a big heap, but not until they were all done did the old woman think of resting. From her cupboard she brought out a piece of clean paper, and upon this she spread her rushes, all ready to put out in the sunshine the next morning, to bleach and dry. For these rushes were to be made into rush-lights, the only kind of illumination the tiny cottage had ever boasted of. In the little pantry there were many stone jars, some of which held rushes bleached last season, and dipped in fat, ready to burn; others held the precious mutton fat, into which each rush would later be dipped several times, until it was completely soaked and ready to be stored away for future use.

"The old woman knew nothing of gas or electric light. Only occasionally had she seen coal-oil lamps, when necessity had obliged her to go to the village general store, some ten miles distant, where she obtained the few articles of clothing which she did not make herself at home. Her mother, and grandmother before her, had made rush-lights in their day, and had taught the art to their children. The old woman was well content to do as they had done. Progress, with all the changes it involves, had passed her by."

The two men had reached the tiny fishing village, and the stranger paused. "I asked about the old lady at the inn, and they told me she had lost a son in the war; but she refused to believe he was dead, and had put the light there every night for five years, to guide him home."

"Across the moor," said the big man, slowly; "the light is shining across the moor."

The stranger looked at him attentively. Then he shrugged his shoulders, and, with a curt "Good-night" turned away. These farm laborers were queer, he decided; he could not understand them at all.

. . . . . .

In the little cottage all was quiet. The old woman's tasks were completed, and she stood at her door, looking out into the night. Her dog, her sole companion, crept up to her and pushed his nose into her hand. Half unconsciously she patted his head.

"He won't come to-night, may-

be," she said aloud; then, with a little sigh, she turned again into the kitchen, where the peat fire had burnt low. "You an' me'll be alone again, Rover, but we'll place a light in the window, against his coming."

She took a fresh rush-light from the shelf, lit it and placed it in the window, while the dog looked on, as though accustomed to this nightly proceeding. Then she went into her small bedroom and the dog stretched himself down on the hearth and went to sleep.

For five years a rush-light had burned steadily every night in that cottage window, ever since the day a neighbor had come over with the news that "Dick," the old woman's only living child, had been reported missing, after the battle of Passchendaele. Dick was the apple of his mother's eye, her joy and her hope, but one day he had come in and quietly told her that he had "'listed," to help fight for England. She had never murmured. Had not Devonshire women been always ready to give their sons for their country's service?

Dick was not a scholar. To write a letter was the most difficult task he could undertake, and, besides, his mother could not read. Beyond a word now and again from one of the lads in the neighborhood who had returned for leave, and had heard of his regiment in France or elsewhere, she knew nothing of his movements overseas. On those lonely moors even the great war made little difference. The grocer, who called in his van twice a month, brought news of the fighting—also of the advance in the price of food and the scarcity of flour—but it all seemed so far away from her quiet, frugal life, and so impossible to realize.

But Dick was gone, and just before she heard peace had been declared, she had heard that he was missing. He was not dead! Never for a moment did she think of him as killed. "Missing" to her meant exactly what it said—he was just lost; somehow he had become separated from his comrades—but, of course, Dick would come home to her one day. So every night the rush-light sent out its ray of welcoming light from the cottage window, across the lonely moor.

. . . . . .

On a farm not more than fifty miles distant a labourer worked in taciturn silence day after day. He was a good workman and the farmer who employed him had nothing to complain of on that score; but the man himself was an enigma. He was a returned soldier, who at the close of the war had been repatriated, after months in a German prison. He had suffered from shell shock, and in the course of his wanderings his regimental number had been lost. His memory was a complete blank, and after some months in hospital he had been discharged as physically well, but with this one defect, that he had no idea who he was, or where he came from. His slow Western dialect, however, was sufficient evidence as to the part of England he hailed from, and the authorities who were interested in his case had him sent back to Devonshire, where they hoped that familiar scenes might restore his memory. But, after a fruitless search for his missing relatives, at the end of three years the case was considered hopeless, and John Smith, as he was called, was more or less forgotten.

. . . . . .

Across the moor the little rush-light sent out its gleam of friendly welcome. A man, walking as though dazed, kept his face straight towards it.

In her plain, homely little bedroom, the old woman slept peacefully, dreaming of her son, while at the village inn, at the other end of the moor, the newspaper reporter dreamed of his discovery of rush-lights and the story he would write.

Suddenly Rover started up from the hearth, his hair bristling. He ran to the door, barking excitedly. In a moment the old woman appeared, wrapped in her shabby cloak, her eager face bearing no trace of fear. The peat fire was out, but the rush-light still burned at the window, casting a gentle light over the little kitchen.

Rover was whining uncertainly, and footsteps were heard coming up the path. Without a second's hesitation, the old woman threw open the door, and as the dark, burly figure loomed in sight, she held out her arms.

"Dick, my boy," she cried, "I knew you would come home!"

The man took the frail old form in his strong embrace. All the sad uncertainty had faded from his face, and his blue eyes were shining, as he pointed to the rush-light.

"Mother!" he exclaimed; "Mother—Home!"

LOVERS

By K. K. B.

"I know how you love her But you won't be afraid to trust her to me? I love her so. And nobody loves like a lover."

She smiled gently into his shining eyes. "My dear boy! I'm very happy, and very confident, too. And I trust her to you—because I love her so."

He lifted her hand to his lips. "It's very quiet by the Lake," she said, a little irrelevantly, and he was gone.

She slid to her knees by the open window and looked out Her heart was very full of the girl she had let go—full of joy and sorrow. And the quiet greenness of the outside world came like a still comfort to her. She laid her fingers lightly on the vines that grew about the window, and the frail tendrils curled about them, as though they knew and answered the soft caress. The tender green of the maples, the swaying drapery of the white birches, the whispering branches of the poplars, the feathery beauty of the elms, and the restful scent and sight of the pines, were all in harmony with this woman, to whom God had given the secret of perpetual youth. As the trees let their leaves fall in the Autumn, to thrill the world with the same new beauty every Spring, so surely did the withered years drop out of her heart; leaving it higher and richer and fresher; giving it something of the mystery that the tall tree-tops hold for the people who stand below.

She thought of the boy—of his happiness, his glad confidence, and the years fled backward to another boy and girl, and their great, new love—of the first rapturous days; of the swift years that followed, full of pleasures and pains, all strong and keen, like the tulips there, blooming under the window. Of the tiny, tremulous hands of the girl—the girl by the Lake—as they clutched at her heartstrings, setting them vibrating with a joy so poignant that even the thought of it made her faint. Of the realization of what the girl had gradually grown to mean to her; of the great world there was to show her, and to shield her from. The tender, trusting soul, loving all, accepting all; the beautiful, frail flower God sometimes gives to those women who are the Gardeners of the World.

When that first fresh love of a man and a woman changes to something, not less beautiful, but less brilliant, the woman keeps all her part of it a legacy for the child she loves, giving it ungrudgingly, making it shine like the sun upon the petals of her flower.

Sometimes the man may see,
Sometimes the child remembers,
But only the woman knows.

The sunshine fell athwart the trees, gilding the topmost leaves, and the cool, late breeze stirred the vines between her fingers.

And the thought of the nights when she had soothed and sung to the child, hour after hour, that she might sleep; and when she slept, hung breathless over her, trembling lest she wake in pain, or never wake at all. Of the days when the child cried hourly, "Mother! Oh, Mother! it hurts," and the mother must be strong and still for both. Of the times she had opened her heart, and folded her hands and said to God, "I give her to You," and God had given her back. Of the days when she had opened the doors of the world and let the child go forth; the child who went with a happy heart, and came back—with a glad heart still. Of the times her love had grown so great in her, so passionate, that it frightened her, and she spent it in a thousand ways, lest she should speak it and frighten the child. Of the days when they had been parted by water and land, and every wave that broke between them fell on her like a physical pain. Of the times they had sat in God's Silences, each with her heart in the other's hand, and no one in the world between them.

"Mother, darling!"

The girl came in through the sunshine, and the hawthorne in her hands was not more fair and sweet than her face. Her hair touched her mother's cheek more softly than the breezes, and her fingers were more tender than the tendrils of the vine.

"He loves me so—and I—— You do not love me less because of it?" she asked from her child's heart.

The mother smiled at the happy face.

"Nobody loves like a lover," she said.

HOUSES OF SUGAR-CANE.

In the old fairy tales we used to read about ginger-bread houses and sugar-loaf cottages and dwellings made out of such wonderful things which we often wished were not merely make-believe, but to-day real houses are actually being made of waste sugar-cane.

Something like half a million tons of sugar-cane was the yearly refuse from the sugar factories of Louisiana only two or three years ago. Modern science to-day is finding a use for all kinds of wastes, and clever chemists have discovered that a splendid new material can be made out of this sugar-cane refuse, with which houses may be built.

For two years, or more, these scientists experimented with the pulpy stalk of the cane, after the sweet juice had been extracted from it. Up to this time it had been considered worthless and was burnt. Now it goes through a process of sterilization, is beaten to a pulp, compressed by machinery and rolled out into enormous sheets, from which three or four bungalows can be built.

One of the peculiar qualities of the building material made from sugar-cane is that it is both sound and heat-proof. People who live in sugar-cane houses have nice quiet homes, cool in summer and warm in winter. Down South, where the summers are so hot, it means a great deal to be able to keep the homes cool.

Christmas in Other Lands

By Mabel Bowler

CHRISTMAS DAY, the birthday of Jesus Christ, is celebrated in every Christian country throughout the world.

It is the one institution that lives for ever, and, unlike all others, loses none of its significance with the passing of time.

The birthdays of our dear ones may sometimes be forgotten, but we never forget the birthday of Jesus Christ, or neglect to celebrate it.

Surely it is the most human and lovable of all the Church's feasts! And it has won the heart of the world, not only in its spiritual sense, but in its child-like appeal; and it is the realization that the Saviour of the world was sent to us in the form of a weak and helpless babe, feeling the cold, and the roughness of the straw, and needing to be warmed, fed and cherished, that has given this festival its strongest hold on the people of all nations.

In Bethlehem, the services on Christmas Day are very impressive. The Patriarchs come from Jerusalem with a troop of cavalry and kavasses in gorgeous array, and the ceremony lasts from ten o'clock on Christmas Eve until long after midnight.

At the reading of the Gospel, the minister and congregation leave the church, and proceed by a flight of steps and a winding rock-hewn passage to the Grotto of Nativity. They carry with them the waxen image of an infant—the bambino, they call it, and they wrap it in swaddling robes, and lay it on the site which is supposed to be the manger.

There is a tradition that the shepherds who visited Bethlehem on the day of the Nativity, played tambourines and guitars to express their joy at the birth of the Saviour of the world.

In Mediaeval times, Bethlehem, and the birth of Jesus Christ, is represented by a simple and homely group, carved in stone or marble and called the "Crib," and which is now to be found in the Roman Church.

It portrays the stable at Bethlehem, with the child in the manger, his mother and Joseph, and sometimes the shepherds and the angels are added. They are the delight of children, who often wander into the churches to gaze upon the life-like scene, and offer up a prayer.

In Italy, Christmas is heralded with keen delight and great sincerity. To the Italian people, it is a summing up of all human birthdays and a fitting time to lavish love on the children (Bambino), as well as for religious worship and the usual festivities.

It seems fairly clear that the earliest celebration of the birth of Christ on Dec. 25th took place at Rome about the middle of the fourth century, and from Rome the custom spread throughout the world, resulting in the conversion of many barbarians. It is certain that St. Augustine introduced the celebration into England, and Christmas day in the year five hundred and ninety-eight witnessed the baptism of ten thousand English converts.

In Rome, Christmas used to be heralded ten days before by the arrival of Calabrian ministrels with their sylvan pipes, which were something like Scottish bagpipes, but without their harshness. They were to be seen in every street in Rome playing plaintive music, and in some parts the practise still obtains.

On Christmas day in the Vatican it is the custom for the Pope to bless a hat with a sword, and the hat and sword are afterwards sent as a Christmas gift to some favored prince.

In devout Tyrol, the customs of the people who live in the valleys are particularly interesting and impressive. They form processions, and long before midnight the torches, lighting them on their way to the church, begin to twinkle, until, as they come nearer, they illuminate the snow-covered valleys, while nothing breaks the stillness or solemnity of the night but the strains of the church organ.

In Spain, the people and the children gather together at nightfall and form a procession. They walk the streets with torches, tambourines and guitars, which they strike loudly as they proceed to church. This service in Madrid is spoken of as a fashionable function, to which many gay young people gather to meet one another, and this is typical of most Spanish-American cities.

In Sicily, the men come down from the mountains nine days before Christmas, and sing a plaintive melody accompanied by the 'cello and violin. They wander round the villages from house to house, and sometimes they sing inside, round an altar gaily decorated and surmounted by a waxen image of Jesus.

The French call Christmas "Noel" and beautiful sacred music is the great feature of their festival. In Paris it attracts enormous crowds, that are not always serious. In the country villages, the singers represent a company of worshippers going to adore the child Jesus, and the inhabitants accompany them, carrying gifts of wine, fish, fowls, sucking pigs, milk and birds in cages, to the little Jesus and his parents.

In Germany Christmas is called "Weihnacht," and was first celebrated in that country in eight hundred and thirteen. As the Middle Ages pass on, it has become an increasingly merry function, filled with the joy of life. The Christ-child becomes a real child, to be fondled and rocked, whose birthday is the supreme type of all birthdays, and must be honored with feastings, carols and dance. It is to Germany that we owe the Christmas tree, the symbol of the children's Christmas, and the most delightful of all the festive institutions. Its picturesqueness and gay charm has endowed it with a reputation that is world-wide.

The first historical mention of it was found among the notes of a Strasburg citizen, written in sixteen hundred and five. "At Christmas," he wrote, "they set up fir trees in the parlors, and hung thereon roses cut out of many colored paper, apples, wafers and sweets." But it was not until the nineteenth century that it attained its present popularity, and to see a Christmas tree in all its glory one must go to Germany.

(Continued on page 28)

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Violets and Some Good Will

By Margaret Joy

THE moon that shone softly into Clifford Bond's little room on Christmas Eve found no opposing light there, for the electric bulb had failed to respond with its usual quick flash to the pressure of the button, and the grate was an empty mockery.

Clifford shivered a little and turned up his coat-collar as he stood by the window, his hands thrust wrist-deep in his pockets, in one of which his fingers fumbled a solitary dime—his last one.

The street below was alive with merry holiday sights and sounds. Parcel-burdened people hurried up and down and across, as if the very spirit of the season stirred their blood. Across the street the window of a florist's shop was brilliant with light and color. Its centerpiece was a basket of beautiful dewy violets in a nest of trailing green.

Clifford could see only the outlines of the basket now, but he knew exactly how the violets looked, for several times that afternoon he had passed and repassed that window, stopping each time to look at the flowers, with hopeless covetousness in his heart and in his fingers—his last dime. There were other flowers in the window—roses, carnations, odorous spikes of mignonette, a few rare sprays of white lilac, chrysanthemums, great masses of tangled bloom nodding from banks of palm and holly and mistletoe. But he saw only the violets. "Some one will buy them," he sighed, "and it will not be me. I wish——" There was a fumbling commotion at his room door, and a voice rich with the least touch of brouge came out of the darkness. "All alone in the dark—I say, Cliff, what's the matter with the lights?"

"That you, Burk?" Clifford flashed a last look across the street and turned to greet his visitor. "Come in. Excuse the darkness—the lights are turned off in the lower regions."

"How's that?" asked Burk in his soft, interested tones.

"My landlady possesses that occult sense, peculiar to her species, of knowing when a fellow's pockets are empty." Clifford looked down on Burk, who was short and slight, with a fair boyish face, and hair that glimmered whitely, like a blonde girl, in the moonlight, and laughed bitterly.

"I see," Burk said, nodding sympathetically. "That accounts for the condition of the radiator, too, I suppose. It's got cold chills."

"The radiator is merely an ornament," said Clifford. "Well what's wanted?"

The door slowly opened, something was thrust inside, and it closed again, but no one answered.

Burk stooped down and felt around in the darkness till his hand touched the handle of a basket. He swung it around into the ring of moonlight.

"It's a Christmas present for you, Cliff, I guess," he said, as he lit a match.

There was a ticket attached to the handle. Clifford bent down and read: "C. Bond, Shoemaker." He smiled and looked at his slim white hands.

"It's not for this C. Bond, Burk," he said.

Burk got down on his knees and pulled the paper off the basket, leaving the task of lighting matches to Clifford.

"Great Scott! Tragedy in the first act!" he cried, as he unrolled a parcel of children's woollen stockings. "Six pairs, assorted sizes. C. Bond, shoemaker, is evidently the father of a large family, and incidentally a wife, for here's a woman's apron. No, my boy, obviously this basket isn't for you."

Further investigation revealed various toys, two pairs of little boots, some books, oranges, nuts, candy, biscuits and cheese, some tinned meat, a bottle of pickles, a small fruit cake, and an envelope containing a dainty Christmas card, on the back of which was written:

"You are cordially invited to attend the dinner to be given to the unemployed at 7 p.m., Christmas Day, at the Masonic Hall, V——— Street."

Burk laid the things carefully on the floor and removed another layer of paper. The bottom half of the big basket contained charcoal enough to transform the empty grate into a thing of beauty and a joy while it lasted.

"Look here, Cliff," he said, with a happy chuckle, "I'm going to build a fire and we'll have a little jollification on the head of C. Bond, shoemaker, his six children, and his incidental."

The prospects of a fire made Clifford's objections rather weak. Burk never heeded them at all, but busied himself at the grate, where he soon had a glorious fire burning, and Clifford reluctantly admitted, as he drew a chair into the circle of warmth, that it seemed more like Christmas Eve.

"The bachelor is a brilliant success till Christmas time comes around," observed Burk, "then he's an anomaly. There's no place for him but his own room or the haunts of his kind—the get-off-the-earth-I'm-in-the-bosom of-my-family glance greets him everywhere else. There's nothing like a home. If you had been wise these six pairs of stockings would be adorning your mantel to-night, and you would be playing Santa Claus."

"You picture an enviable state," said Clifford, with a gloomy smile, "but less than that would make me perfectly happy to-night."

"What's that?" Burk's voice was kindly interested.

"That basket of violets in the florist's across the street."

Burk's eyes flashed their wide quizzical glance into Clifford's gloomy dark face.

"Those violets—I—I bought them just before I came in," he said.

"To send to ———" Clifford's voice was breathlessly eager, his eyes compelling.

"Violet Ellison," Burk answered slowly, as if against his will.

"So it's you?" Clifford's voice revealed his wonder.

A flush crept up into little Burk's cheek. He threw up his head, and from eye to eye of the men there passed the challenge, "All's fair in love." Burk kept up his cheerfulness against the obstacle of Clifford's gloomy fits of silence till the last moment. It was after eleven when he put the six pairs of stockings, the apron, the toys and books, back into the basket with what remained of the provisions.

"Good-night, old man," he said, as he stood in the dark doorway with the basket on his arm. "I'm off to hunt up C. Bond, shoemaker, father of six, to make things square with him for the use we made of his basket."

The first thing that Clifford saw on Christmas morning was the card of invitation to the dinner for the unemployed. It stared at him from the mantel where Burk had left it. He was not hungry and it did not interest him. At noon he saw it again, and it represented an absurd possibility, which the meagre lunch, bought with his last dime, lessened for a time. Every hour of the dull afternoon the card passed through various stages of importance. At five o'clock he was hungry, and it was a probability. At seven he was ravenous, and it was a necessity, for he stood with a crowd of men and women at the door of the Masonic Hall awaiting his turn to pass in.

The light and warmth, the faint sweet sound of music, the odor of the evergreens and flowers that decked the walls and the long tables, made him feel weak and blind. He could only stand still and fight off a desire to vanish as a lady, young and tall, very fair and pretty, with a spray of violets in her fluffy hair, and a larger bunch at the waist of her white gown, came toward him with outstretched hands, and something more than a welcome in her face.

"It was so kind of you to come and help me with my dinner," she said, in a voice sweet with a tremble of gladness.

Clifford took her hands in his and held them tightly—desperately, as if this clasp were to be the last. He could not speak.

"I got your violets; they are beautiful. You see I am wearing some of them," the girl whispered, with a shy lift and quick drop of her lashes. "Will you take the head of the table and lead the singing?" She moved away then, and Clifford sat down, an honored helper at the dinner to which he had come an object of charity, and watched every move of a slim form that wore his violets—his violets! While little Burk, swathed from chin to knees in a white apron, flew around with a huge jug of steaming coffee, Clifford was stupid with surprise.

"Didn't know a thing about it till this morning," said Burk apologetically, as he filled Clifford's cup. "Miss Ellison sent for me to help, and now you fellows—the humblest of you—are getting hot turkey, while I'm getting cold shoulder — served right off ice."

"And the violets?" asked Clifford.

"Hush! Don't say a word. I just put your name on them instead of my own, that's all. I never did have a chance, but you did—always." There was a break in little Burk's soft voice. "I located C. Bond, shoemaker, and father of six, and made it all right with him. I lost his invitation, but that didn't make any material difference. That's him — third down from you—this side. That's his incidental beside him—that stout lady. I say, Cliff., I spoke to our manager about you. You are to have my job. I'm going off to the remote ends of the earth to study earthquakes or volcanoes, or something, just to get rid of some of my superfluous spirits. More coffee? Yes, sir, coming, sir!"

And little Burk's face wore its accustomed smile as he tripped away.

Halifax—Harbor of Hope

During these stormy winter months, when the "men who go down to the sea in ships" make Halifax their calling port, this interesting article by Miss Phipps, telling of the efforts made in this famous old Port to provide comforts for our Canadian sailors in their hazardous tasks, will, we hope, help to keep them in memory.

By Beatrice N. Phipps

SOMETIMES 'tis gleaming blue, and again, tinged with purple. Sometimes a mist envelopes it—Halifax Harbor — which stretches, oh! so proudly, its six-mile length, and on its mile-wide bosom rests at times ships of all descriptions, from every port of the world, from the mighty trans-Atlantic liner and great super-dreadnought, to the tiny fishing lugger or market sloop.

Seen from the heights when the sea mists wreath it in their ghostly shrouds, the harbor presents the spectacle of a place of phantom ships—an ethereal sea where funnel and spars, unattached to hulls, sway and move about as perhaps the spirits of mariners who have long since found watery graves may haunt the world of ships and sailors.

When the days are clear, one may see still farther from these fortified heights, past the confines of the historic harbor to the great, rolling, mysterious beyond —the place of lost Atlantis—the broad water-highway — across which plies the commerce that links the old world with the new.

And, as you gaze, the thought inevitably comes, "What of the sailors, the men who hear the call of the sea, and, hearing, answer? What of their lives, and homes, and hopes, and fears? What of the seaman, without whom Britain's glorious navy would be as nought, and Canada's new-born merchant marine but an unrealized dream?"

It was this thought that, during war's tragic days and in the immediate aftermath, persistently reiterated itself in the minds of the women of Halifax, who, too, heard the call in the voice of the ocean's murmuring, and answered forthwith—"We will not forget you."

They grouped themselves accordingly in a "Distressed Seamen's Committee," to help where help was needed, to allay distress and suffering, to do for the Men of the Sea as they had so nobly done for their people, which committee became officially organized but two short months ago.

Recently the city of Toronto welcomed as its guest Miss Clara Dennis, daughter of the late Senator Dennis, former proprietor of The Halifax Herald, whose generously patriotic efforts on behalf of the sailors and soldiers of the Empire in the five harsh years of the war found a lasting place for him in the memory of every true Britisher.

Many were the mothers, wives and daughters of warriors who welcomed the advent of Miss Dennis to their city.

Head of the women's committees of the Navy League Sailors' Memorial at Halifax, and convener for the Distressed Seamen's Women's Auxiliary of the League, little Miss Dennis is a well-known figure in the cosmos of maritime things—meeting the men of the ships with a message of cheer, and transforming the famous harbor into a veritable Port of Hope.

It was when people welcomed home-coming soldiers as a matter of every-day course—when the Chinese Labor Corps, returning from France to their far-off homeland across Canada, that a story was learned of a labor of love, pure and unselfish, on the part of this seamen's angel. Unique and without precedent was the playing of Chinese records on a huge gramophone on the pier where the coolie-laden ship berthed; and an act of superb altruism was the distribution among these Oriental passengers of bars of chocolate and rosy-cheeked apples of Nova Scotia, and thereby hangs an exquisite tale.

Miss Dennis had an idea, such an idea as comes to but few, and those few the truest of altruists. The Chinese had a thirteen-thousand-mile journey to go, part of that way lay through a Christian country. Would they receive much Christian consideration? Probably not.

'Twas the night before the first ship was to dock, Saturday night, when the shops were closing and merchants departing for the week-end. Nova Scotia apples, plentiful as their blossoms in the springtime, were for the nonce unprocurable. It was too late for anyone to sell them.

The little lady, with quiet determination, called up one of the grocers. He couldn't, absolutely couldn't, furnish apples at that hour, not for any Chinamen. "I'll bring my car for them if you'll help me load them on," volunteered Miss Dennis, "or I'll roll the barrels through the streets." The grocer capitulated. He would let her have the apples for the Chinese (as he now spoke of them) for somehow the Celestials had risen in his estimation. He discovered that he owned a motor truck that could be pressed into service. Miss Dennis had figured on that self-same truck when she had spoken of bringing her own car, for, tucked away in the back of her clever little head, were items of information peculiar to her work and amongst them, this.

The apples were taken to the pier that night and when at 7 a.m. the ship arrived, amid the strains of familiar music from their far-off land, each and every Chinaman received apples and chocolate and a card of greeting, the latter a special present from another interested woman.

Were the unemotional and stolid Celestials appreciative after their long and monotonous journey? Letters received later on from Canadian missionaries in China would indicate they were. One at least cherished the card of greetings amongst his personal gods, for in such company it was found after the Chinaman's death. In the following apt lines did a missionary express their gratitude:

"There is one universal language which needs no interpretation—that of kindness."

Ship after ship of returned coolies received these gifts—then, at last, on one mid-December day, in a roaring gale from the eastward, the little lady found that the last ship was not going to dock. In order not to forego the planned welcome the trip down the harbor was made on the deck of a sea-going tug and, courageously, Miss Dennis scaled the pilot's ladder dangling over the liner's side, which sensation she compares to "climbing up the side of a house."

Thus commenced the good work of the Halifax Women's Navy League. Last winter, when the United States Shipping Board was laying up its vessels by the hundreds, and seamen and firemen were seeking the wherewithal of existence, the Halifax women provided shelter, clothing and employment for upwards of one hundred men, whilst altogether the number of sailors benefitting from their care runs up into many thousands, making Halifax indeed—A Harbor of Hope.

Miss Clara Dennis

THE VISTA BROADENS.

(*Continued from page 10*)

resembled a clumsy house. The hireling registered the expression of an I.W.W. hearing the twelve o'clock whistle blowing, and the hero had to bring him sharply to time with the blunt end of an evil-looking mallet.

Having convinced the slave that his duty lay along the lines of construction, Friend Hero turns his attention to the weather, and is rendered very anxious by the indications of the heavens. He urges greater haste in the completion of the building.

A Few Large Raindrops Fall.

The consequential gentleman thereupon blows a winding blast from a pre-historic horn (retrieved from somewhere beneath his beard) and in response, a couple of strange-looking quadrupeds trot obediently upon the scene. At his request, supplemented by the stone mallet, they enter the structure, which, thanks to the diligence of the hireling and the passing of a couple of hundred feet of film, now assumes the appearance of a primitive boat.

A Regular Shower Descends.

The hero blows a perfect cyclone on his horn and ushers a number of monstrously-shaped animals into the ancient craft None too soon.

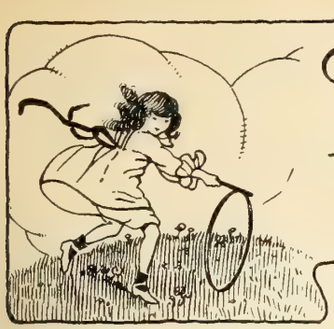
A Steady Downpour Develops.

The two men wade knee-deep in water. When they finally draw up the gang-plank and batten down their cargo, we learn (by the help of an illuminating sub-title) that the boat is now floating upon a vast sea. It slowly disappears behind a

Veritable Sheet of Rain.

At this point, a young lady in the row behind was heard to ask "Say, what's this here thing all about? Who was the old fella?" "Oh, gee," her friend jeered. "Don't yer know anything? That was Joan of Arc!"

THE DELUGE.



The Children's Section

Boys and Girls Come Out to Play

Dimbie Dustman Tales

By M. O. Taylor

DIMBIE was so very, very sleepy one night and she had hardly snuggled down into the pillows when who should come but –

The Dustman Himself

He was a little grey man; grey hair, grey dress, grey eyes, and a little grey bag over his shoulder full of "Sleep dust." You know that's the stuff he puts in your eyes every night to make you go to sleep. Into some little children he has to put quite a lot, because they are so very wide awake, but Dimbie was so sleepy that he didn't need to use any "Sleep dust," but just nodded his head very slowly, two or three times, and then Dimbie's head nodded, too, nid, nod, nid, nod, and the next minute she was in

"That beautiful place called Dreamland
The land where wishes come true."

There were lots of little boys and girls in Dreamland. The "Dream boats" were full of them and still they kept coming, all in white gowns, with their heads nid-nodding all the time and by each little child walked a grey dustman with his bag of "Sleep dust" on his shoulder.

"Now where shall we go, Dimbie? said the Dustman. "Night-mare Land," "Nursery Rhyme Land" or "The Land where wishes come true?"

"Oh, I don't want to go to Night-Mare Land," said Dimbie. "It doesn't sound a bit nice."

"Oh well! of course, we won't stay there," said the Dustman, "because that's only for silly children who will eat cakes and pies and plum pudding before they go to bed; but just in case you might be foolish like that we'll take a peep and then you'll never want to."

So away they went to Night-Mare Land, and **who** do you think Dimbie saw there? Why, the little boy who lived right next door to her and always did just whatever he wanted to. He was having a terrible time falling down night-mare stairs; they were so high and he was so small, and as fast as he fell down two little Dustmen picked him up and made him walk right up to the top and tumble down again. The poor, little boy was rubbing his knees and rubbing his elbows and rubbing the tears from his eyes, but still he had to keep walking up and falling down.

"Oh, dear me!" said Dimbie "Will he have to keep doing that all night long?"

"Yes," said the Dustman. "And serve him right: he will eat pie before he goes to bed."

"Oh, look!" said Dimbie. "There's the little girl across the way. Whatever is she doing?"

"Come and see," said the Dustman.

And what do you think Dimbie saw?

Why, a great, great big sugar cake, just like a mountain, with a hole in the middle, and right down at the bottom of the hole was the little girl across the way. She was crying, too, and trying to get out of the cake, climbing, climbing, all the time, and as fast as she got to the top down fell the cake on top of her, all in her nose and hair and mouth and eyes, just like a lot of sand, only much worse, because it was sticky, and then she would brush it off and start all over again.

"Oh, dear," said Dimbie, "she'll never get out!"

"Yes, she will," said the Dustman, "when morning comes. You know, Dimbie, I'm not a bit sorry for all these silly children, who will eat things they shouldn't; it serves them right."

"Come, we've had enough of Night-Mare Land, away to the Land of Nursery Rhymes."

And away they went.

It was lovely in the Land of Nursery Rhymes, and Dimbie saw ever so many old friends she knew. There was,

"Hey diddle diddle
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon.
The little dog laughed to see such sport,
And the dish ran away with the spoon."

"How do you like running away with the Spoon?" said Dimbie, laughing.

"Oh, I don't mind," said the Dish. "It's great fun."

"Well, I do," said the Spoon. "I'm so tired, besides he keeps running away with me all the time."

"Well, supposing you had to keep laughing like me," said the Little Dog.

"Well, that's not as bad as me," said the Cow; "jumping over this moon—such nonsense."

"Fie, Fie," said the Dustman, "I'm ashamed of you all, besides what would the little children do if there were no Nursery Rhymes?"

"That's what I say," said the Cat and the Fiddle (speaking at once).

"Come along, Dimbie, we'll go and see:

"The Old Woman, who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she didn't know what to do.
She gave them some broth without any bread,
And whipped them all soundly and sent them to bed."

And the next minute they were standing by a great big shoe, just like a house, with windows and a door and a lot of little children all looking out at them, and right in the doorway was the Old Woman with a big birch broom.

"Oh, dear!" said Dimbie. "What a lot of them. I wonder if she ever loses any."

"Hush," said a tiny voice behind her, "She's going to lose me."

Dimbie turned round and there hidden under a big leaf was a teeny, weeny little girl—so small, so small—well, just about as small as a peanut.

"Oh, I'll tell!" said Dimbie laughing.

"No, don't," said the teeny weeny girl, "You see I live right in the toe of the shoe and it's so dark and uncomfy so I crawled out and hid, and then I'm going to run away to 'The Land where wishes come true' and wish to be a big girl like you."

'But supposing the Old Woman finds you?" said Dimbie.

"Well, if she does," said the teeny weeny girl, "she'll whip me quite soundly and send me to bed. So please don't tell."

"Of course I won't," said Dimbie; and just then the Dustman said, "And now away to the Land where wishes come true," and the next minute they were right there.

Everyone looked so happy in the "Land where wishes come true," and Dimbie saw lots of little children she knew.

There was the little boy who sold matches at the corner of the street and always looked so cold and hungry. He was sitting in front of a great blazing fire, wrapped in a big soft blanket and eating turkey and Christmas pudding, and if you could only have seen his face—it was just beaming all over with happiness.

"Does he come here every night?" said Dimbie softly.

"Yes, every night," said the Dustman, "and so you see when he is cold and hungry he thinks of 'The Land where wishes come true' and knows when night comes he will have all he wishes for; and then it doesn't seem so bad."

And so they walked on, and presently came to a lovely garden oh! such a beautiful place, with green, green grass and lovely flowers and singing birds, and just full of happy children; some dancing and jumping and running as if they had never known what it was to run and jump before, and some walking slowly and looking at each flower and bright bird as if they had **never** seen a bird or flower before.

(Concluded on page 19)

Velvet Paws and Shiny Eyes

Adventures of a Little Canadian Boy in Nature's Wonderland—Among Furry Friends and Feathery

By Carol Cassidy Cole

CHAPTER III

The Concert in the Frog Pond

TAWNY OWL returned at dawn, and you may be sure that he felt pretty grateful when Eric told him of the weasel's visit and how he had frightened him away. He had a good laugh at the thought of old Willy Weasel being put to flight by such a little creature as the Elf. But just the same he realized that he owed a great deal to Eric, and he wanted to repay him. So he told Eric that he might share his nest and that he would take him with him on some of his journeys.

At one time Eric would have scorned such an humble offer, but he was very glad now to accept it, for he had wondered what was going to become of him now that he was such a tiny creature. He found that it was best for him to sleep in the day time as the owl did, so that he might protect the nest at night when Tawny was away.

Some of the nights seemed pretty long to Eric, and he used to steal out occasionally to stretch his legs, and to see if he could find some berries.

One night he wandered down to the frog pond. Night after night he had heard the chorus go up from this pool, and he was really curious to see who the singers were. The very first thing that he saw as he reached the pond was old Mr. Toad. There he sat on a lily-pad, blinking his bright eyes, and strange as it may seem, he was singing. Now Eric had always thought that toads were just ugly old warty creatures to be poked about with a stick, so he was very much surprised to hear a really sweet song coming from Mr. Toad. Soon the singing stopped, and Eric's eyes nearly popped out of his head at what he saw. What was Mr. Toad doing? First of all he humped his back two or three times, and the skin split right down the centre. Then slowly he began working his legs up and down—up and down until off came the old skin. And what do you think he did then? Rolled it up in a little ball, thrust out his little pink tongue, and swallowed his old skin. There he stood. Still Mr. Toad, to be sure, but in a brand new coat. Now Eric was so astonished that he gave a little squeak, and plunk, off went Mr. Toad in the water.

By this time Eric was becoming quite interested in the little creatures of the pool, and he perched quietly up on a root which stuck out of the water. In his little boy days he had always thought that a frog was a frog, and that's all there was to it. But now he saw that he was mistaken. There were many, many kinds of frogs, and they all had a different call.

First of all there was Mr. Bull-frog, the grandfather of the pool, the old fellow who buries himself in the mud all winter, and comes out with the first sign of spring. Then there was Clucking Frog. Eric looked long before he could find the little creature which made the hoarse, clucking note. But there he was sure enough, in his dark brown coat, and he was doing his best to keep up the chorus with Bull Frog and another tiny frog which was so small that it could barely be seen. It did not seem possible that so much sound could come from such a tiny creature. Eric crept far out on the old tree until he was directly over him. This little frog was not more than an inch long, and of a yellowish-brown color. He seemed to be a very lively little fellow, and on his toes were little round discs. As he sang a very queer thing took place. His throat swelled up like a little bubble, and with his mouth closed tightly, there came from him that high, sweet note. What he seemed to Eric to be saying was "H-y-las." "H-y-las." And then Eric remembered a story his teacher had told them that last day in school. He had not thought much about it then, but now he remembered that it was something like this:

"Hylas, an auburn-haired boy, went to the spring to fetch water for supper for Hercules and Telamon, and was seized by the nymphs and drawn in. When he did not return, Hercules went in search of him. He tramped through the bog, club in hand, shouting 'H-y-las' to the full depth of his throat, and he heard a thin little voice come from the water. It was Hylas answering. And Hylas, in the shape of the little frog, has been calling from our pools ever since." The teacher had also told them that Hylas, or little Peeping Frog as he is sometimes called, leaves the pool after awhile, and takes to the trees and bushes, and is called tree-toad by some people. That is why they have the little discs on their feet, that they may stick to trees more easily. Eric was so busy watching Mr. Peeper that he leaned far out over the pool, when ker-splash! down he fell into the water! There was dead silence in Frog-land. Bull-frog, Clucking Frog, and Hylas—all disappeared as if by magic. And Eric scrambled from one lily-pad to another, until wet and dripping, he reached the shore.

He ran quickly to the Owl's nest, and I can tell you the bed of feathers and down, at the bottom of the nest felt good that night to a wet, cold little Elf-boy.

CHAPTER IV

Eric Makes the Acquaintance of Reddy Squirrel.

IT is very much the same with the little creatures of the wood as it is with human beings. When anything of interest happens, the news is heralded about from one to another, until nearly every bird and beast in the forest knows about it. Now this is just what took place in the Little Wood. When old Willy Weasel was routed out of the owl's nest by Eric the Elf, it was not many hours before all the Wood Folk knew about it. Reddy Squirrel told his friend Chipmunk; Chipmunk told Marmot Woodchuck, and so it went. Mother Woodchuck, who had six baby woodchucks at home, was so delighted when she heard of Weasel's fright that she gave a leap in the air, and as woodchucks have clumsy, heavy bodies that are not meant for jumping, she went tumbling over and over down the steep bank. But it did not hurt Mrs. Marmot one bit, for she has a tough skin, and is used to burrowing around in the dirt.

Then, too, Reddy Squirrel was particularly pleased. For that very morning had not Weasel given him a mad chase up and down the trees out on the rocks, and at last had, as Old Weasel thought, cornered him in a huge oak tree? But, Reddy Squirrel was not so easily beaten. Out on the top-most bough he had gone, and Weasel had settled himself as far out on a branch

as he dared go, to wait for Reddy to come down. Already, in his mind, he was tasting the nice juicy morsel the squirrel would make. But Reddy, seeing that he had small chance of getting out of the tree as he had gone up, knew another way.

Now all squirrels, strange as it may seem, are capable of a crude sort of flying. Of course there is the real Flying Squirrel which is formed a little differently from the ordinary one. He can leap from a tree top and sail to the ground as easily as a bird. But the ordinary squirrel, like our friend Reddy, can also fly when necessary—and this is exactly what Reddy had done. He took one look at the ugly, watering jaws of Willy Weasel, and leaped bodily into the air. His huge tail flattened out, his legs spread with the breeze, until he looked like a parachute. He kept up a tremendous motion with his feet and tail, like a swimming poodle-dog, and landed unhurt on the ground fully thirty feet below. Off he had gone like a streak to his retreat.

Old Weasel had closed his beady eyes for a moment, when he thought he had Reddy safe in the tree, and when he opened them again there wasn't a sign of the squirrel to be seen. He could hardly believe his eyes, and waited around for hours, until hungry and cross he started out for the owl's nest. Now we all know what happened there, and you may well understand the rejoicing among the wood-folk when Reddy told them of the way the little Elf had frightened Weasel away.

Now Reddy Squirrel, who is a very inquisitive little creature, and is always poking his sharp little nose into other people's affairs, wanted very much to see this little Elf, who had done them such a good turn. So he went around to get his cousin Chipmunk to go with him. But Chipmunk would not be coaxed. He liked too well to stay near his hole. If you have ever chased a chipmunk you will understand this. He is never more than one jump from home. He is a very playful little creature too, just like a young boy, and often you may come upon two or three of them chasing each other round and round—first one leading, then another. Surely they must be playing tag. This is what they were doing when Reddy found them, and as they would not stop their game, Reddy went off by himself to have a look at this wonderful Elf.

It did not take Reddy long with his swift little feet to reach the owl's nest—and he did not enter by the front door either. He jumped from the top of a neighboring tree, and came down the old oak in which the Elf lived. Very informal was this visit of Reddy's. In fact the first thing he did was to look in the window. Now, he could not have told you just what kind of a creature he had expected to find. But surely anything that could overcome that dreaded enemy, Weasel, must be a very imposing personage. So when his sharp little eyes made out the tiny form of Eric stretched on the bed of feathers, it struck him as so ridiculous that he could not restrain a snicker. Then he frisked around to the door. He peeked down from the roof and laughed till his sides ached; finally he struck an attitude in the doorway and fairly squealed in mirth and ridicule.

He became so noisy that the Elf awakened with a start, and jumped to his feet. He took off his tiny button of a cap and advanced to meet his visitor. But what had come over Reddy Squirrel? His mirth had vanished as suddenly as it came. He had needed just one good look at the Elf to recognize the features of the little boy, Eric Oldsen, who had treated him so cruelly some weeks ago. Yes, there was no mistaking, it was surely the same little boy who had caught him in a trap, and shut him up in a box. Reddy had worked all one night, frantically gnawing a corner of the box until he managed to squeeze out, and ran home nearly starved to death. Now, as Reddy thought of all this, he felt very hard toward the little Elf. He had intended making friends with him, and had even thought of bringing him some nuts as a thank you for ridding the woods of Willy Weasel. And then he saw how pitifully thin and tiny Eric had become, and how he trembled as he stood on his little feet. His heart softened and he thought only of the kindness Eric had rendered them, and he decided to hold no grudge against him. At Eric's invitation he came into the owl's nest. So you see the Wood-Folk often have more sense than some human beings.

(To be continued)

BOYS' and GIRLS' BOOKS

The Trail Makers' Boys' Annual, (Hodder & Stoughton).
"Openway," by Archie P. McKishnie (Hodder & Stoughton).
"Golden Year," by Arthur Mee, (Hodder & Stoughton.)
"The Children Who Followed the Piper," by Padraic Column, (Macmillan Co.)
"The Turned-About Girls," by Beulah Marie Dix, (Macmillan Co.)
Memoirs of a London Doll by Herself, (Macmillan Co.)
"Rainbow Gold," by Sara Teasdale, (Macmillan Co.)
Puppy Dog's Tales, (Macmillan Co.)
"Debby's Year," by Marguerite Curtis, (Longmans, Green & Co.)
"Dusty Star," by Olaf Baker, (Longmans, Green & Co.)
"Og—Son of Fire," by Irving Crump, (Longmans, Green & Co.)

MY LADY.

My Lady sleeps, let all be still
Nor dare disturb her rest.
Come friend or foe, or good or ill,
Let naught her peace oppress.

My Lady wakes and fain would rise,
Now haste ye with the bath,
Let everything in order be
Or ye'll incur her wrath.

My Lady hungers and would eat,
And will not brook delay
And tho' her slaves she may not beat
Her anger finds a way. ,

My Lady's carriage stops the way
For she would take the air,
And zealous servants every day
Take her to ride with care.
And who may be this haughty dame?
You ask in scornful voice,
AH! she has got the sweetest name
She's just our baby Joyce.

Louise C. Edwards.

DIMBIE DUSTMAN TALES.

(Continued from page 17)

"And who comes here?" said Dimbie softly, and the Dustman answered with a very tender look on his face:

"Dimbie, the lame and the blind come here; the poor little children who lie on their backs all day or crawl slowly on crutches, and those whose eyes are closed and who never see the beautiful flowers and birds; they all come here at night to the 'Land where wishes come true.'"

"How lovely," said Dimbie, "how very, very lovely. Dear Dustman, I would rather have seen this beautiful garden than anything else in the 'Land where wishes come true.'"

"Oh! but now I must have my wish," said Dimbie. "We nearly forgot my wish, didn't we?"

"So we did," said the Dustman, nodding his head very slowly up and down, nid, nod, nid, nod, and then Dimbie's head began to nod too, nid, nod, nid, nod, and the more she tried to think the more her head nodded, so all she could say was:

"Oh, I wish I had a great..... great..... big..... big ....," and then she stopped quite a long time to think.

"I know," said the Dustman with his eyes twinkling just like the stars on a cold frosty night, "a great ..... great..... great..... big..... big..... handful of 'DUST';" and he threw some right in her face so that she gave a great big jump, and..... opened her eyes to find the sun shining all over her and kissing her Good Morning.

The Christmas Tree Orange

The Tale Which the Prize Orange Told to Benny While He Slept

By B. C. Golder

THE Christmas tree stood in the window, its glittering brilliance lighting up the room, its pretty, colored lights casting a warm glow through the window panes over the soft snow on the path outside.

It was Christmas Eve, and inside the room there was a gay party. Little boys and girls, dressed in their very best clothes, were having a splendid time, playing the good, old-fashioned game of "Blind Man's Buff," in which, being Christmas time, the grown-ups joined. Such fun and happiness as was going on, such merry laughter echoed through the room, that the sound drifted out into the street, arresting the footsteps of two little children, wending their way through the cold, towards their home in the poorer part of the city. One was a ragged little newspaper boy, the other his small sister, and they had been on an errand for a neighbour while their mother was out. In each cold, red little hand was tightly clasped a nickel, and they were going to stop at a store to buy "something nice for Christmas."

"Look!" cried the little girl, stopping short and pointing to the Christmas tree.

"My!" Ben's voice was awe-struck with admiration. "Ain't it a dandy!"

Forgetting all about the cold, the two children stood leaning over the gate, gazing with childish wonder at the gay scene inside the big house, and the glittering, dazzling tree. Suddenly the boy became aware that his little sister was crying, softly.

"Why can't we have a tree like that?" she asked tearfully. "Isn't Christmas for us too?"

"Course it is," he answered, stoutly. "Teacher said Christmas is for poor folks just as much as rich."

"But we won't get nothin' like that," Effie wailed, her poor little cold fingers still pointing to the tree.

"I guess we'll get somethin'," the boy replied, bravely. "You know Mother said she'd try to bring something home to-night. Come along, Effie, mother'll be home from work now an' wondering where we are. An' we've got to go to the store first."

But Effie refused to move. The delights of that wonderful tree, the pretty dresses of the little girls and the splendour of the warmly lit room, fascinated her. Benny could not persuade her to go. Suddenly they heard a gong sound, softly in the distance, and two by two the guests began to file out of the room.

"Guess that's for supper," said Ben, hungrily.

At that moment a lady and a little girl came to the window and began to lower the blind. that was too much for Effie. She gave a little shrill cry.

"Oh, please don't take it away, —let us look at it a little longer," she cried.

The lady heard the wailing voice and started. Peering through the window she saw the two little waifs outside.

The children saw her speak to the little girl, who pressed her pretty face against the glass to see too. Then they saw her make an eager request and dart out of the room. A moment later the front door was thrown open.

"Little boy and girl," they heard, "come in and look at my Christmas tree. There is something on it for you."

Shyly, wonderingly, the two little ones crept up to the door. It all seemed like a dream. They had never been inside a house like that before, and Effie clung to her brother's hand, half afraid of what might happen next. But the little girl, in her white, fluffy dress, bedecked with lovely blue ribbons, took her other hand, smiling reassuringly, as she led them into the room where the tree stood.

"They are as cold as ice, Mummie dear. I think they had better get warm first," she said.

The lady smiled, and Ben thought he never had seen such a sweet face.

"I think, dear, we will give them each a present off the tree, then Mary shall take them into the breakfast room, and give them a warm supper, while you run back to your other guests."

The little girl clapped her hands.

"You dear Mummie! I knew you'd think of something lovely! Now what shall I give the little boy?"

Benny's eyes were on a large orange which decked the top of the tree. It was the largest and roundest orange he had ever seen, and it seemed to smile at him as he looked.

"Please, may I have that?" he pointed.

The pretty little girl laughed.

"The prize orange! Why, of course," and she sprang up on a chair to reach it.

"Careful, dear," her mother advised. "Better let me get it down for you."

In a moment Benny was clasping the pretty fruit in his eager hand. But the little girl declared that an orange was no present at all, and Benny's pockets were stuffed with candy, and nuts, and crackers, and marbles, and a trumpet, while little Effie was loaded with all kinds of good things until her arms were full. Then a white-capped maid appeared and led the two children into another lovely room, not so large as the first, where a fire was burning in the grate, and as if by magic, a table was already set for two. And there they had the most delicious supper of hot soup, real turkey and mince pie, with plenty of warm milk to drink, and it was two very happy and sleepy little people who were driven home half an hour later. For the sweet-faced lady had called her husband, and insisted that they should be taken home in a motor car.

"It isn't fit for tots like that to be out alone so late and on such a cold night," she had pleaded, and the gentleman, laughingly had given way.

"Good-bye,—I'm so glad you came to my party," the little girl had called to them from the hall, as they took their leave, "and Mummie and I are coming to see you some day. A merry Christmas to you both."

That night Benny had a strange dream. He thought his big orange was talking, and this is the story it told.

"I grew in a beautiful grove in the Southern part of Louisiana," it said. "There were hundreds of orange trees there, and the blossom made sweet fragrance all the year round. For, the strange thing about the orange tree is that it is not only evergreen, but blossoms, green and ripe fruit, are frequently seen on the same tree, together. You little boys who live up here in the North don't know how beautiful an orange grove is, or how juicy and sweet an orange that is picked ripe off the tree, can be. I guess all you know about orange blossom is the poor little sprays that you may have seen in a bridal wreath at a wedding!" The orange seemed to have swelled to an enormous size, and Benny felt quite alarmed for fear it should burst its lovely skin.

"I'm glad you got me," it went on, smiling at him, in the jolliest way. "You will enjoy me more than the little boys and girls who get all the fruit they want, every day. I tell you, I've had some adventures since I was picked off the old tree, way back in the orchard down South! I was cut off, by hand, of course, and placed carefully in a cloth-lined basket, along with dozens of my relations. We were kept for a few days in the packing house, for our skins to dry a bit, and soften. Then we were graded—that means all sorted over, you know—and the best of us were wrapped up separately in soft tissue paper. I was the finest one they found that picking, and they called me the prize orange. Then we were packed in boxes for the market, and shipped off on the train. Such a long, noisy, tiresome journey—jolted and banged day and night. I wanted to go to the great American fruit market, in New York City, but it was decided to send a few boxes of the very best on to Canada, and I was among those chosen to go. My, but it was cold when they unloaded us at the depot! I thought sure I'd freeze, which would have spoilt me, and I was glad when they put us in a covered van, and took us to a nice warm store. I, and some of the rest, were put on show in the window, and our size and quality attracted a lot of attention. After a day or so a gentleman, the father of the little girl who had the party, bought me, and two dozen other fine specimens.

"I want the very best," he said to the clerk in the store, "they are for my little girl's Christmas party."

The orange paused, and it seemed to Benny that it yawned. "That's about all," it said, "except that when we were unpacked the little girl spied me at once, and said I must go at the very top of her tree, because I was the prize orange. They stuck a nasty, sharp needle through my yellow skin, threaded with green string, and hung me up, as you know. Now, being Christmas Day, I suppose you'll eat me, and . . . ."

"Benny, Benny, wake up, it's Christmas morning," Effie was shouting in his ear.

The boy sat up and rubbed his eyes. His mother was bending over him, a bright smile on her care-worn face. On the table was a large hamper, yet unopened.

"Santa Claus came early dear," his mother said, in answer to his astonished glance.

The boy gave her a joyful hug.

"I told you Christmas was for us too," he nodded, to Effie. Then he looked quickly towards the chair where he had left his treasures the night before. There, large as ever was the precious orange. Benny gave a shout of joy, and it seemed to him that the orange winked!

Young Helpers' League of Service

Dedicated to Every Boy and Girl in Canada

Pledge for Helpers.

"Do a little kindness to someone every day,
Scatter rays of sunshine all along the way."

I pledge myself in the service of my King and Country to DO MY BEST IN MY DAILY WORK wherever it may be, to help others wherever possible and to endeavor in every way to make myself A Good Citizen.

Date————.

Name .....

Age .....

Address .....

AUNT JUNE'S PAGE.

Conducted by Aunt June

My dear Boys and Girls:

There is such a sound of stirring of puddings and crackling of parcels and packages being made ready for Christmas as I write to you, that I feel sure this is going to be one of the happiest Christmas seasons that ever was. Today there is snow on the ground and a lovely blue sky, and now and again the sound of bells. Isn't that real Christmas weather? I hope it will be just such a day on the 25th.

I often wonder what the first Christmas Day was like. I wonder if you ever think about it, the day when that wonderful little baby was born, whose birthday people all over the world have been keeping for so many hundreds of years.

If you look on the front page of the big magazine, you will see a little poem that Norah Holland has written about Christmas time. Here is another verse by the same writer about the little Christ-child:

"Just a little baby wrapped in
swaddling clothes—
All the earth forever thrills rejoicing in that birth,
Through the centuries flying still
hears those angels crying,
'Glory be to God on high, and peace, good-will to earth.'"

I suppose everyone of you are very busy writing letters to Santa Claus and making surprises for mother and daddy and friends, but because on the rest of this page the Editor wants to tell you about some of the beautiful Christmas books for boys and girls, I shall not write you a long letter this time, but only stop to wish every boy and girl in Canada—big boys and little boys, big girls and little girls—a very Merry and Happy Christmas.

Yours ever lovingly,
AUNT JUNE.

LOVELY BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Is there any boy or girl reading our little magazine who is not fond of animals? I cannot imagine a real boy or girl who does not love pets, and recently I have seen such beautiful books about them. Then there are books of adventure, books of true stories and fairy stories, books for boys and books for girls—so many beautiful ones that I really hardly know where to start telling you about them.

Have you ever seen anything so funny as three fat little puppies stuck tight into a gold fish bowl, or a saucy little white pomeranian dog perched on the head of a large St. Bernard? These are the pretty pictures to be found in a lovely story book called "Puppy Dog's Tales." It is just filled with pictures of puppy dogs, ponies, cats, and, in fact, all kinds of animals. There are many, many really true stories and a lot of other stories that are very funny indeed about our pets.

How would you like to read the story of a Pussy Cat who played Robinson Crusoe, or the little White Horses that live in the Sea? To have such a beautiful book as this ready to open upon wet days and days that we cannot play with real pets is almost as good as going for a visit to the farm.

Do you remember the story of the Magic Carpet—how a man who sat on the carpet and wished himself in any part of the world was suddenly carried away to exactly the spot where he wanted to be? The "Golden Year" Book by Arthur Mee is just like that Magic Carpet, because immediately you open it, it takes you far away to many foreign lands. Some day when you grow up you may go upon a holiday trip, perhaps to Egypt or Paris, to Norway or to Rome, but in the "Golden Year" book you have stories and pictures of these beautiful places that will help you to know about some of the lovely spots in the world better than many people who have visited them. This book is full of beautiful pictures, many of them in lovely colours. It is a very rich book indeed, and fortunate will be the boy or girl who gets such a present.

For boys who love scouting and camp life, there is a beautiful book full of wonderful stories of adventure—stories written by people who are famous for writing exciting yarns. This is called "The Trail Makers Boys' Annual." One chapter has dozens of pictures showing you how to make all kinds of useful articles and toys. This is a book for a real boy and it has a picture on every page.

Two more boys' books dealing with outdoor life are called "Og—Son of Fire" (this is written by Irving Crump, who edits one of the Boy Scouts' magazines in America) and "Dusty Star" by Olaf Baker. "Og" is the story of a little boy who lived many, many years ago in the Stone Age. It is full of strange pictures of that period and tells of the adventures of this little Stone Age boy among the wild animals, of the tools and implements he learned to make, and how he made friends with the wild wolf after fighting with them; how he learned to make a fire. This book is crammed full of exciting adventures.

"Dusty Star" is the story of a little Indian boy who also made friends with a wolf, but it is quite a different story. Running Wolf was the name of little Dusty Star's father. He was a big hunter. Dusty Star was a very brave little boy who went through wonderful adventures with the wolf cub Kiopo. Boys will be interested in the adventures of Dusty Star.

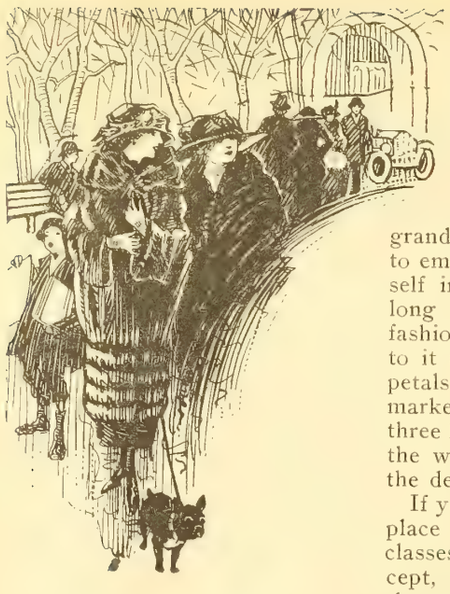
For real outdoor stories of animals, the adventures of Benny with his trapper friend in "Openway," by Archie P. McKishnie, is one of the best among boys' books. There is hardly an animal from the fox, the coon, muskrat, the skunk and the weasel that the fortunate little boy Benny in "Openway" did not come across in his adventurous tramps with the trapper. Boys who love outdoor life will learn a great deal from Benny's adventures about the ways of wild animals and the best places in which to find them and study their ways.

Now, I think it is the girls' turn to have a talk. There are many beautiful books for girls, but I am afraid we only have room to tell of one or two more.

Debby in "Debby's Year," by Marguerite Curtis, is a little girl who thought because she was not very clever that no one wanted her. Debby has a rich uncle who takes her to his home in New York for one long year. Here the first wonderful adventure happens, when Debby is sent to a very famous girls' school. Uncle Mort is a dear kind of uncle, who seems to know just what little girls like in the way of pretty clothes, and when Debby first starts off to the big school in her pretty new things, the adventures begin. The rest of the story tells of Debby's adventures in school and how Debby came to find that a loving and kind little girl is as much needed in the world as those who are only just clever.

Did you ever wonder what became of all the little boys and girls who followed the Pied Piper? You remember how he stepped out into the street and blew one note on his pipes that brought them all dancing and running, how they followed him down the street and up the hill and over, and finally right into the side of the big, big hill, and no one saw them again—at least that is what the old story told us—but now Padriac Colum has written a fairy story telling all about those children after they got through the hillside, and the many adventures they had and what they saw on the other side. There was little Jack Horner, Tom the Piper's Son, Jack Spratt and many, many other old friends. If you get the book, "The Children Who Followed the Piper," you can see the lovely pictures for yourself and read all about their wonderful adventures.

Who loves poetry? Here is a book that would interest either boys or girls, because it is written for both, and is just chock full of merry poems and funny poems, serious and fairy poems—in fact, I think there is something of every kind that boys and girls would like to read and to learn—pieces for recitation and poems that are real interesting stories in verse. This book also has many pictures of ships, and knights and fair ladies, beautiful fairies and witches—and then I have not told you all. The title of it is "Rainbow Gold" by Sara Teasdale.



Dress

By Kathleen

"She dressed herself
In that wherein she deemed she looked her best,
To come before Sir Lancelot—for she thought;
'If I be loved—these are my Bridal robes;
If not—the victim's flower before the fall.'"

EVEN Elaine, the Lily Maid of Astolat, the touch original ingenue (before sub-debs had been invented!), felt the fateful effect of correct costuming.

The pity of it is that so many women "deem they look their best" in any and every mode—no matter what their age, amplitude, or general architectural scheme. Then and there is a woman — lovely woman!—who remains a lovely woman, no matter what she wears — but there is many an otherwise pretty lady for whom fashion's "derinier cri" seems a calliope screech.

Style sense may come naturally —like an ear for music. If it doesn't, it should be carefully trained and developed. It is worth while to study one's own form, natural gestures, colouring and personality, and then regard the whole in its amicable relation to one's wardrobe.

If Nature has endowed you with the inborn swinging stride of the hockey player, who is most at home in hob-nailed boots, do not (when choosing an evening dress) swathe yourself in floating chiffon or run to fish-tail trains—you will end by running on them! Try some of the fascinating tabard effects that are achieved with velvets or brocades, lightened with metallic laces, or the firmer silks enriched with embroideries, beading or metal ornamentation, or a touch of peltry, and a pair of high vamped "buckled shoon."

If you have rounded shoulders, by all means enhance them with the Bertha collar—either the new ones of finely pleated fancy laces, or some of those great - grandmother bequeathed to you. But if you are yourself a grandmother, generously given to embonpoint, do not deck yourself in taffetas with one of the long tight bodices made so fashionable by "Claire," nor add to it a bouffant skirt of **pouffed** petals. Some witty wag has remarked that "to-day there are three kinds of people—the young, the wonderful for their age, and the dead!"

If you wish to take your proper place in either of the two first classes, learn—by insight, precept, sample and study — to choose the style best adapted to YOURSELF, or that can be so adapted—and then indeed you will seem "a vision of delight" to all beholders.

Taffetas are a festive favourite with the younger set this season, from those whose parties coincide strictly with the Christmas holidays to the buds that bloomed in the wee sma' hours of 1921. Most of these frocks are faintly reminiscent of the Second Empire—the more faultless the figure, the more tight fitting the basque bodice. It is permissible, however, to fit it loosely, or even to make it of a different material or colour from the frilled, fluffed, furbelowed or petaled skirt below it. Tucked below the waist, there should be one of the flat corsage bouquets beloved of Victoria belles, with strands of vari-coloured ribbon falling to the hem of the garment, which, by the way, means a far longer fall than was necessary last year!

Another edition of these little bouquets, set off by the youngest possible frill of valenciennes behind them, may be found in the corner of the handkerchief of a hue to match, that should accompany the frock.

Beautiful soft materials, lending themselves to drapery, make gowns that are less insistent on mere youth and enhance the beauty that has the charm of experience.

Capes are losing favour for the daytime, but are well to the fore in the evening. Some of them are "portmanteau" effects —one side showing a wide full sleeve—the other side being a wrap, pure and simple! Occasionally, wraps are just a square of gorgeous material—New York names it new—but if it isn't great Aunt Laetitia's favourite shawl slightly reformed —I will eat my hat!

The hat is a mere mouthful—La Belle Parisienne favours tiny ribbon trimmed affairs or tricornes. And many of these small

(*Continued on page 25*)

When You Buy a Corset

Ideal Average Figure

Ideal Large Figure

Gossard Brassieres

Gossard Brassieres, like Gossard Corsets, are unerringly designed for types and are moderately priced within the reach of every woman. See the new "Longerlyne" models; they are specially shaped to meet the need of those many women who require special support at the diaphragm and added length to prevent their brassieres from slipping up over the low tops of the modern corsets.

WHEN you buy a corset, you want one that looks good, one that is anatomically correct in design, one that will wear and be comfortable and make the best of your figure. Some of these things you can see at a glance. Others may be learned from the trained corsetière who fits you. But the most important of all can't be seen or felt in any mere try-on. For the way the corset is going to feel—and look—tomorrow, and next week, will decide your appearance, your comfort and your satisfaction.

What "Gossard" Means in Your Corset

This matter of designing for type is the whole secret. Gossard artistry introduced the principle of type corsetry, and now models have been perfected to take care of every sort of figure there is and prevent every sort of figure there ought not to be. Because the Gossards created for *you* are designed to fit *your very own figure,* they will never attempt to change you radically or make you conform to some fleeting style tendency not inherently becoming to you. If you haven't found the Gossard that fits you—the corset that moulds, restrains, supplements, easily, gently, naturally and brings you by hidden ways to the goal of your desires—then it is because you haven't gone to the right shop. Study yourself. Remember that there are Gossard Corsets with just the support *you* need at *your* age and weight to give *you* the proper proportions of the type to which *you* belong. Understanding your type is one of the most important aids to beauty you will ever find.

Go to the Best Store

Go to the best store you know; there you will be correctly fitted to a Gossard by a trained corsetière who will know just how to idealize your figure. Gossard Corsets are moderately priced within the reach of every purse. Because they are made of such fine materials, they launder beautifully and so softly follow the natural movements of your figure that they will outwear two or even three ordinary corsets.

"You"

If you feel you have a very special corset problem and you'd like a bit of personal advice, write to Miss Jane Hill, the Gossard corset specialist and authority on becoming dress, whose years of experience and proven ability are at your service. Miss Hill has just completed a tiny gem of a book, "YOU." It talks of personalities and becoming clothes in a way that any woman who would make the most of her natural beauty will treasure. A copy is yours for the asking, if you will write your request to

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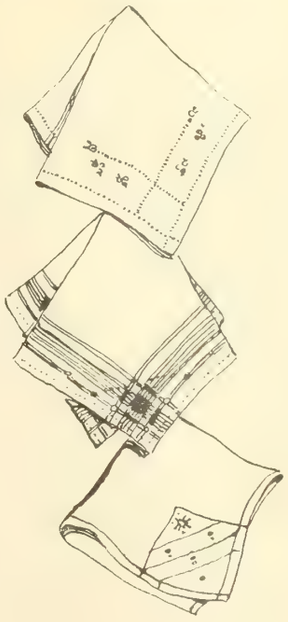


Lace and Loveliness

THE Christmas Dinner must, of course, consist of Turkey and Plum Pudding.

But it's "the fixin's" that give it the dainty, festive touch —that express the charm and ingenuity of the Hostess.

So, too, the street suit must be mainly coat and skirt; a one-piece frock may be Milady's mainstay "chez nous." But it is the frills and frippiness—the shade of a garniture, the twirl of a tassel, the collar, the colour, the ensemble of accessories—even the perky pocket-hanky!—that bespeak the style sense of the individual, and express personality.

To-day, such self-expression comes in a thousand entrancing forms.

Delightful indeed, are the Jacquette blouses, in a dozen materials—tricolette, crepes, satins and a special charming fabric—the most aristocratic form of silk bengaline that ever a Designer dreamed. Perhaps the prettiest are those patterned in Paisley effects—paddy green on a brown background, gold and crimson in a navy setting—with the underlying colour repeated in collars, cuffs, and covered buttons.

The meekest maid can front the world bravely if she wears a vestee of a new silken fabric that suggests the witchery of moonlight on the snow, collared with a pointed piece of brilliance—sunset—sand—peacock—or jade—that repeats itself in jaunty buttons.

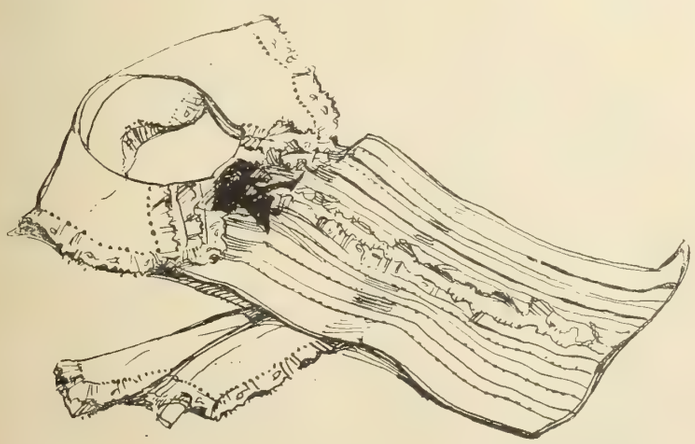
The favourite Paisley patterns appear in a like form; or as quaint collars and cuffs that will give an ultra smart touch to the home-madest house frock, or blouse.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

After the vogue of collarless gowns, these becoming "beginnings" are once more in Fashion's favour—Panel collars, of various laces—filet, venice, guipure, net—in quantities of combinations, are a vogue of the moment. But if you look demure, or have dimples! nothing is more attractive than the Bertha collar—an heirloom from the Victorians, to which Paris has tied a winning ribbon—said ribbon often ending in a generous chou, that adds a piquantly youthful touch. These are frilled or pleated, of gold black metallic or other diaphanous laces.

These are the days when Jack Frost tweaks the ears and nips the noses of the adventurous Fair. But she flaunts a little flag—a daring bit of colour—caught in a "kerchief" that looks like a bouquet from a garden of spring flowers.

Never were the tints so gay—the quaint conceits so clever—as those used to ornament the modern mouchoir.



A bird may be embroidered in the corner, a fat rosebud or two may be sitting beside the hem, a basket of posies, a tiny figure, or a conventional pattern of darling dots and dashes may be playing ring-a-rosey on the piece of lovely linen in your pocket. Some have threads of contrasting color crossing one another in the material. Others have firm but fairy-like edgings worked into them as a finish touch.

The retail prices are wonderfully reasonable—from 25c. to $1.00, and sets of three are beautifully boxed as Christmas gifts.

NOTE—All good stores carry the superior products of "Ladies Wear Ltd" so when asking your local dealer for any of these goods carry the magazine with you, when there can be no mistake. If you cannot get what you require, write to our Service Department which will give you every assistance, and ensure you getting the goods.

LADIES WEAR LTD.

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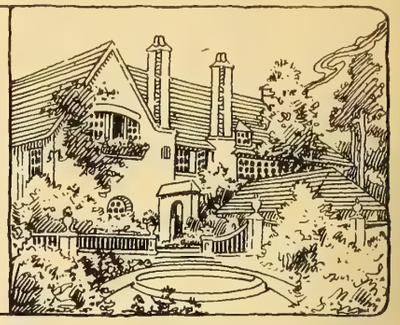
CREATORS, DESIGNERS AND MAKERS OF HIGH CLASS WEARING APPAREL FOR WOMEN OF DISCRIMINATING TASTE

The Home



Delia's Dietetics

By Kathleen K. Bowker

THERE'S just one thing certain about this seasonable cookery," said Delia firmly, "it will simply NEVER do to fill the Christmas Stocking with the Fatted Calf!" She was undressing the mascot in front of the fire as she spoke, and tickled him under the knee.

"I want a mottomobile in mine," he returned gurgling—"an' you **mustn't** tickle me, Billy—now that I'm so big—almost a married man!"

"I don't believe a mottomobile would **go** in your stocking," said his mother. "It can only be the stable for shank's mare; but what would you like to find—that you think you **might** find—there on Christmas morning?

"To eat?" queried the Mascot succulently.

"Perhaps."

"I'll b' up **looking** at the cwack of dawn," said he, confidently, "an' I'd like puffed wice taffy—an' nut—bwittle—an' dado."

It was only after some thought that Delia recognized "Dado"—date dough. It was made of dates, figs, walnuts and almonds, stoned and shelled as occasion demanded, and put through the mincer together—then mingled with orange, flour, water (one tablespoonful to half lb.), and firmly rolled or pressed together. If packed tightly in a tin (paper lined) box and left to stand for a week, it could be cut like fruit cake, or it might be made into small balls or fingers and rolled in sugar or chopped nuts. In this form it was put in any of the pretty painted or tinted boxes (home-made or purchased) and given as a Christmas gift.

For the puffed rice candy, Delia put a large cup of sugar in the frying pan and stirred it over a moderate fire till thoroughly melted—but not burnt—then it was poured over the puffed rice in a bowl, lightly mixed with a fork and the larger lumps broken apart when cold. "Nut Brittles" or Nougats were made in a similar manner, only that **minced** nuts were stirred into the melted sugar and the whole poured quickly into a buttered tin, large enough to allow of its spreading **thinly**.

"And now," said Delia, "I must read over the mince meat recipe, and see that we have all the ingredients ready, as I promised the children that I would let them begin on it tonight."

She scanned carefully the long list of necessaries:

Mince Meat.

3 lbs. of suet, weighed after grating.
9 lbs. chopped apples.
3 lbs. raisins.
3 lbs. currants.
3 lbs. brown sugar.
¾ lb. mixed peel.
¾ lb. almonds.
¾ lb. dates and figs.
Juice of 3 lemons.
1½ teasp. each of cloves, mace, and salt.
3 tsps. cinnamon.
1 pot marmalade.
½ pot canned cherries.
1 tumbler brandy.
1 tumbler sherry.

The maker of this must be a good mixer!

Making the Christmas mincemeat was something of a rite in Delia's family. All three children had an early tea, and, with well - scrubbed hands, gathered round a special table set out in the Sunroom, where the floor was stone, and anything that dripped or dropped could be easily wiped up again. It was cosy and Christmasy too, beside the open fire. Peterkin carefully sliced the peel, with his new knife, a birthday gift. The Mascot enjoyed himself thoroughly squirting almonds all over the room. They had been blanched with real boiling water, and Delia, with a spoon, dropped a few at a time into cold water, so that he could handle them. Some of the flown nuts he retrieved—and ate. Others Delia dipped in hot water again, and returned to the slowly-growing pile in the bowl before him. Polly, this year, was promoted to helping her mother with the raisins. Delia always bought the cleaned (package) variety of both raisins and currants. The former she scalded, let soak a few minutes; then lifting them out of the hot water, she and Polly went over them with careful fingers to make sure that not a stick or a stone was left. This was quick work, and when all but a few were done, Polly was allowed to finish the remainder, while her mother gave the Mascot a hand with the nuts, and then cut them in small pieces. Just short of chopped nuts! As each ingredient was ready, it was popped into a big stone crock.

Why eat Tasteless Food?

The ordinary hash or stew has lost its savour in its first cooking. **Put a little Bovril in.** Bovril is the most tasty food in the world. Its rich savouriness is the gourmet's delight. Have a better dinner—it's so easy with Bovril.

Put a little

BOVRIL

in

which was afterwards covered, and set in a cool place till next day. In the morning, Delia and the Mascot had a regular field day. First the suet was shaved up, and dropped on to the fruit like a drift of snowflakes. Next the currants, a few at a time, were thoroughly washed in a sieve held under the tap, well shaken, any loose stems picked out, placed on a dry cloth, and rubbed. Delia gave the mixture in the crock a good stirring before these were added. After that she peeled and sliced the apples, and whenever she got a half pound ready in the weighing machine, the Mascot laboriously put them through the mincer—laboriously, that is, as regards the manual work; deliriously lovely with the principle and practice of "he'ping Billy." But it was not till both the elder children returned from school that the spices, lemon, dates, figs, sugar, marmalade, cherries, etc., were added. And the father of the family came home in time to do the last "stir-about," and perhaps make a small but welcome donation towards its keeping qualities! Who knows? Mincemeat made as a task, is apt to be a long and tiresome affair; but mince-meat as a game, a sort of "family coach"—ah, that has quite another flavour!

Sometimes, in the Christmas season, when Delia's mind became "deluged with dates, sticky with sweetmeats and positively **nutty,**" she sought a festive-looking food that should taste of none of these things.

For a little pre-Christmas party, to which Polly and Peterkin were allowed to ask four friends each, she made the following simple cake:

1 tablespoon butter, creamed with 1 scant cup sugar; 1 egg beaten well in. Then ½ cup sifted flour; then scant ½ cup warm (not hot) water. Sift 1 level teasp. baking powder with 1 cup of flour and beat in, whipping all thoroughly together. Pour into round pans (2) lined with buttered paper and bake 20 minutes in a quick oven.

For frosting and filling—

Whip the white of two eggs thoroughly. Beat in, spoonful by spoonful, sifted icing sugar. When just thick enough to pour, spread some thinly on one of the layers of the cake. Slice a banana (or two if necessary) in thin rounds and spread neatly and uniformly over this under layer. Spread a little more icing on top and add the top layer.

Now continue beating the icing, and adding sugar till it is as stiff as can be handled. Then add ¼ teasp. of vanilla and 3 drops almond flavouring. Spread all over the cake quite thickly, and also ice the sides.

Slice maraschino cherries in rings. Rim the edge of the cake with these, and make a pattern of them across the top. Wreath the cake with a bit of greenery or tuck a scarlet bow against the plate—the result is a gay confection without any evil after-effects. A fifteen-cent bottle of cherries is more than enough for the decorations.

MERRY CHRISTMAS to all the Cooks!

DRESS.

(*Continued from page 22*)

things have choux or cascade decorations popped on to subtle shapes of felt or hatter's plush.

Horlick's Malted Milk
Safe Milk
For Infants & Invalids
A Nutritious Diet for All Ages.
Keep Horlick's Always on Hand
Quick Lunch; Home or Office.

Some smart ladies wear a visor to cover the eyes!

If your income is a million a minute and all your clothes are made by Cheruit, Jenny or Molyneux, you will never need to read this page. But if you belong to the great majority, take my advice and get the most up-to-date, exaggeratedly pictured fashion paper you can find (I name no names, unless it be by post!) Not for the sake of following the fashions shown therein in their exactitude—Heaven forfend!—but leave them lying about—on the smoking table, or cunningly mixed with the evening paper. By this means, pater familias and the husky footballer who is going to put it all over the "Queen's" team next season, will get their eyes trained along the lines of suggested silhouettes of the season.

Then when the fair females of the family come out in their newest frocks, they will receive the reception they deserve in their own home gown.

Imagine the writer of these Precepts five feet 11 inches in height, weighing 114½ lbs., topped with red hair, robed in a tea frock of sheerest chiffon, in stripes of magenta and chrome. Thus do the arbiters of taste run true to form.

LIFE.

O, she has children—one, two, three;
Nor sign nor sound of a maid has she.
So every day there are beds to make,
And dishes to wash, and rugs to shake,
And floors to sweep, and the knives to clean,
(And the baby to suckle, in between).

"WHY! you haven't got time to LIVE at all,"
Says the Lady who speaks in the public hall.

There are meals to cook, and the clothes to mend;
And part of the garden's hers to tend.
While in and out, the whole day long
(For cheer when right, for help when wrong),
With a ceaseless claim she must never deny,
The children seek her with eager cry.

"You never have time to LIVE YOUR OWN LIFE
With a family," says the Childless Wife.

Well—when the day is over and done,
And the children slumber, one by one,
She cleans the bath, and the little shoes,
And tells her Old Lover the day's small news,
And soaks the porridge, and sets the bread,
And straightens the covers on each little bed;
And carries cool water for soothing sips,
Thanked by warm kisses from sleepy, wet lips,
And stretches her aching limbs for a while—

"Dear Heart! This IS LIFE,"
She dreams with a smile.

(*K.K.B.*)

Our Letter Box

Readers of NATIONAL LIFE are invited to use these columns as a medium through which to express their views, or to open up questions for discussion. Envelopes should be marked Department L.B.

To the Editor, NATIONAL LIFE:

I am very much interested in the controversy which comes up from time to time in the press and elsewhere, in regard to supporting Canadian magazines.

I noticed some months ago that some Canadian Club passed an expression of opinion in favour of "putting a stop to the importation of American magazines into Canada," and later, various women's organizations took a similar stand.

Being Canadian born, I naturally feel loyal to the things of my own country, but surely no well educated person would wish to see magazines from other countries barred out and expect Canadians to buy only magazines produced here.

Of course, I am keenly interested in all Canadian efforts to make good magazines, as evidenced by my subscribing for yours, which, by the way, I appreciate very much and think you have made a good commencement.

C.A.M., Ottawa.

The subject of your letter is a ticklish one for a publisher to tackle.

This controversy regarding imported magazines has so many angles that there is grave danger of well-meaning efforts and expressions being misunderstood by the general public.

In the first place, one must look at the matter from an educative and progressive point of view. It would be stupid, narrow-minded and short-sighted in the extreme, for Canada, or any country, to bar literature of another country when such literature helps to educate and broaden the life of the people. By reason of our small population, especially in certain cities, we are in danger of becoming insular and prejudiced in our outlook, and there is no doubt whatsoever that literature which tends to a broad international spirit, without encroaching upon the home and national pride of the country importing it, has a beneficial effect and is necessary to the growing life of the nation.

First, however, what we need to cultivate in Canada, before anything else, is a strong spirit of national pride in our own productions, well balanced by a sense of the fitness of things and appreciation of values; and secondly, by the spirit of co-operation towards growing ideals that, in a sparsely populated country like Canada, must necessarily be carefully fostered and assisted ere they can reach the maturity of similar efforts in older lands.

In some of the imported magazines it is patent that the so-called snappy stories and vulgar tendency of the articles has a distinctly lowering effect and can add nothing to the upbuilding of the finer side of our national life, and every right-minded Canadian man or woman would consider it good business if some restriction was placed on magazines of this kind.

To the Editor, NATIONAL LIFE:

I notice from time to time you have had articles upon Home Planning and kindred subjects.

As a mother with several small children who, since they began to toddle, have been cramped for lack of space in which to play, although we have always paid a high rent, I am much interested in these subjects.

My children have no place to play but the streets, and whenever I read of the little victims of motor accidents my heart aches for the many mothers who are compelled either to deprive their children of the freedom and joy of the open-air life, or else allow them to become exposed to the terrible risks of our crowded streets which, with the constant motor traffic, are to-day about as safe as a battlefield.

If some of the writers who take up the subject of home-building would only stress the desirability of more open spaces, I think something might be achieved.

We are in deep sympathy with the subject of your letter which is a matter that is frequently brought to our attention.

As a woman and a mother, you have a voice in the affairs of the country. Has it never struck you, when pondering over a grievance of this kind, how much we are to blame if, individually and collectively, we do not get together in an effort to create public opinion upon such matters?

No doubt you are a member of some club or organization. Have you ever brought the matter up for discussion and endeavoured to start some action? We are prepared to help to the limit of our resources, but it is up to the mothers of the land to start agitating for the good work.

To the Editor, NATIONAL LIFE:

I am keenly interested in the work of helping the new-comer in this country, particularly that in the schools, for it seems to me that Canadianizing these people in the right way is a sort of national health insurance. I think that Canada should see that these future citizens receive the best training for citizenship, for we want to get the best from these people as well as give them our best. Perhaps one includes the other.

Wife of the Provincial Minister of Education for Alberta.

You have struck the right note. We agree with you absolutely. No doubt you are familiar with the aims and ideals of the National Council of Education, whose efforts are being directed towards the end you vision. We profoundly regret that there are not more people in Canada who take an interest in the vital question of the training of the future citizen. If we can be of any assistance to you in your good work please consider us at your command. Such people as yourself are "like leaven, which a woman took and placed in three measures of meal till the whole was leavened." We must admit, however, that the "meal" takes a prodigious amount of raising.

SHOULD CANADA WELCOME THE JAPANESE?

To the Editor, NATIONAL LIFE:

May I beg space for a few lines on the above article in your issue for Nov. 1922?

It has well been said, recently, that "the matter of Oriental infiltration may be of academic interest here in the East. On the Pacific Coast it is an issue of the first importance." The question certainly needs to be fairly and wisely faced, and some action taken. But is exclusion, or the imposition of a poll-tax, or other forms of drastic action, after all, the best or wisest way of acting? Let us be careful, thoughtful and fair. Your article says, "The life and future stability of Canada depend upon the kind of immigrant we permit to enter." Does it? Or, does it not depend far, far more, on our own conduct and spirit?

Further, what is said of the non-assimilating of the Japanese in Canada (and the same applies to the Chinese), might equally be said of the Canadians in the Orient. Are we prepared to be excluded from the increasingly big markets of the Orient? Or, are we going to try and insist on our superiority, and demand better treatment from them, than we are prepared to give them?

The statement on page 10 (column 3) as to Japanese action in Korea, needs distinct correction and qualification, for "all Mission property" was NOT confiscated.

The suggestion of exclusion, or reduction of the number allowed in, by means of a language test, may be worth consideration, only let us apply no more, and no less, to the Oriental than we apply to other nationals seeking to enter Canada.

Would it not be well for the British Columbia Leaders, the Dominion Authorities and the Labor Leaders (the Church Leaders who believe in "Social Service," might be included) to approach the Oriental Leaders in British Columbia, and their Governments, to see if some suitable and honorable arrangement can be come to? To talk of exclusion, etc., is surely akin to the big bully and the small boy—and hardly either honorable or noble! To exclude the Oriental until every other avenue has been explored, carefully and wisely, is along the line of force, war, and bullying. History teaches that bullying never really pays, and that "righteousness exalteth a nation." To take the present, possibly easier, way of exclusion, may, as a recent writer in the daily press has said, "damn our own souls," increase friction between the nations, and generally belittle us. Are we not big enough, and wise enough, to play the man, and act out the square deal, even with nations that may, in some ways, appear to be weaker than ourselves?

SQUARE DEAL.

Toronto, Ont., Dec. 4, 1922.

You ask if the life and future stability of Canada depend upon the kind of immigrant we permit to enter. The answer is emphatically in the affirmative. True, our own conduct and spirit go a tremendous way toward influencing the new citizen, but where types of immigrants flock in who are not amenable to the standards and institutions of the country, our conduct and spirit count for little, and it is a suicidal policy to fling wide the gates to unchangeable aliens.

It is not a matter of playing the bully but simply a matter of self-preservation.

The Arab, in the fable, who invited his camel one cold night to stick its head in the tent for warmth, was a kindly soul, but he never anticipated that the shivering beast would push him out of the shelter. No doubt, however, when the cool night breezes blew round the legs of the camel's benefactor, this same benefactor bitterly regretted that he had not imposed some restrictions on the entry of his hairy friend.

Dear Editor:

I recently read an article in the "press" asking why the steamship fares to England are still so high, and I wonder if you will kindly allow me a little space in "National Life" to voice the hope of hundreds of people?

I choose "National Life" as it invites readers to express views and opinions on every subject of interest, and I believe it is the coming magazine for every Canadian home.

Could not two boats be set aside for Spring and Autumn sailings with the rates very much reduced, in order to give those who are not too well blessed with this world's riches an opportunity to see their relations at home?

The following ideas might assist in reducing rates:

1. *Much more simple meals. This would mean less help needed in the kitchen and less outlay in cost of food.*
2. *Cabins could be kept in order by passengers. This would mean fewer stewards.*

Let the people who have come from the Old Country voice their opinions and, through "National Life," endeavour to make a visit to the homeland a reality—not a dream from year to year.

Thanking you for the space.

Yours sincerely,
ONE WHO WOULD LIKE TO GO HOME SOMETIME.

Good idea. We will pass your suggestion along to the proper quarters.

MAKE YOUR SPARE TIME VALUABLE

"National Life" wishes to secure representation in all parts of Canada. If you are interested in the Magazine, why not interest your friends, too?

This is an opportunity for pleasant, easy work in your leisure time. It assures a substantial increase in that "rainy day" fund,—or to the "pin money" which seems to melt so rapidly. Are you ready to start? Alright,—simply complete and mail the attached coupon. Upon receipt of this, we shall be pleased to send you details.

Have you enjoyed this month's "National Life"? Then please tell your friends. They will appreciate it, — and we shall appreciate your telling them.

National Review Co. of Canada, Ltd.
112 - 114 Union Trust Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

Gentlemen,—Please send me details of your plan for making my spare time valuable.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

Province .....

Feathered Competitors of the Wireless

Carrier Birds, Messengers of Noah, To-day Prove Valiant, Reliable Emergency Aid to Airmen

By James J. Larkin

"AND the dove came in to him in the evening, and, lo, in her mouth was an olive leaf pluckt off; so Noah knew that the waters were abated from off the earth."

But today it reads—as a daily newspaper would record it:—

"Forced to descend into the rough waters during Saturday's gale when their motor developed trouble, Flight-Lieutenants Smith and Jones were rescued, when, in response to a call for aid delivered by a carrier pigeon, Seaplane X-23 went to their assistance from the Air Board Station at Jericho Beach. Repairs were made to the disabled motor, and the aviators returned in their own machine."

In the above picture is shown the special box which is used to carry winged messengers on air craft. When the pigeon is to be sent away the lid of the box is adjusted so that it is easily removed and prepared for flight.

For the Canadian Pacific coast, carrier pigeons are proving most reliable aides to aviation, and they fly daily from the seaplanes of the Air Board at Jericho Beach, British Columbia—a force that demonstrated its usefulness to a remarkable degree in the dry months of the past Summer when the kindling of new fires, deep in the forest, was of almost daily occurrence, and the Province, in many places, was seriously menaced.

Under conditions that would prevent the use of even the most modern type of wireless, these feathered aerial messengers are providing service that has long since passed the experimental stage. Not, in any way, that they are employed as a picturesque novelty—their work is too serious for that, for the fate of messages from shipwrecked sailors may spell life or death.

The aerial pigeon-loft at Jericho Beach has been established a year. The birds were secured from the lofts of expert pigeon fanciers, with which British Columbia abounds. Following experiments, only birds of a well-developed "homer" strain were retained. Today the Air Board loft houses a "colony" of forty.

Skilful methods are necessary to start a pigeon on a flight from an airplane. The birds are carried in the air machines in specially constructed boxes, each of which contains tissue paper for messages; waterproof tubes, generally of celluloid or aluminum, which are attached to the pigeons' legs.

When a message is to be sent, it is inscribed on the tissue paper and inserted in the tube, which is then carefully attached to the bird. The latter may, on its flight, encounter strong winds or rain; it may in some way be dashed against a tree or a building. It is imperative, therefore, that the message be securely fastened.

This done, great care is called for in releasing the pigeon. Undoubtedly, the ordinary public regards a bird as a bird—hasn't it wings?—and would just throw it overboard. But that wouldn't do with those carrier pigeons. Instead, the feathered messenger's wings, when it is taken from the box, must be carefully smoothed to ensure good flight.

It is then wrapped up entirely in a specially chosen, light cotton cloth, and unerringly thrown clear of the machine. A careless, short-distanced throw and the bird would be hurled back against the machine, and most likely would be destroyed. The cotton cloth in which it is enclosed serves a double purpose—it prevents its feathers becoming ruffled by the speed of the aircraft, and it eliminates the risk of the pigeon becoming entangled in the tail hamper of the plane.

Thrown from the machine, the bird releases itself from the cloth and flies directly for the Air Board Station. It is remarkably seldom that a pigeon, on a flight, alights anywhere during the journey. When it reaches the Air Board loft, it alights on a specially constructed landing-board. The alighting closes an electric circuit, thus ringing a bell inside the Station, and automatically announcing that a messenger has arrived. Hundreds of messages within a year have been faithfully delivered in this manner.

Notable among these was when a seaplane was forced to land in a heavy sea off the mouth of the Fraser River. Immediately a carrier pigeon was released. It reached the Air Board loft speedily and delivered its message. As a result, a tug, rushed to the scene, managed to reach the airmen in the nick of time.

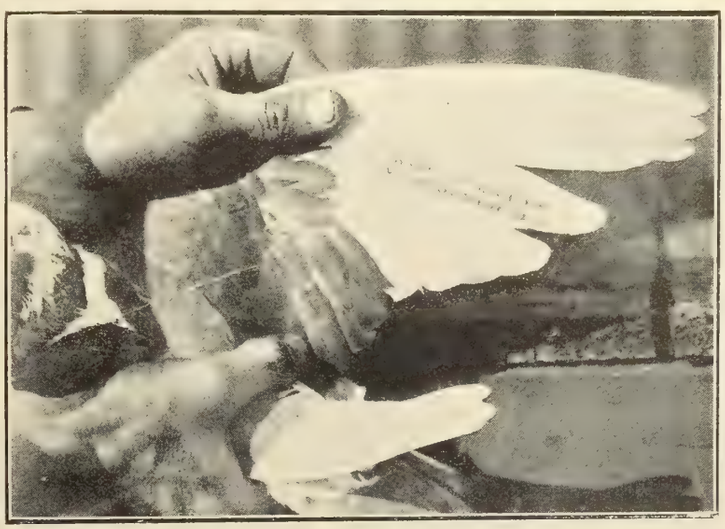
So valuable has proven this pigeon service that now a 'plane never leaves the Station without its emergency messenger. And to those who may think that, after all, a bird is a flimsy creature, let a little incident of the carrier pigeon's tenacity of life be told. Dropped from a 'plane recently, a bird failed to free itself from the cotton cloth, and fell, heavily, straight down, over 1,000 feet, into the waters of Vancouver harbor. The pilot, seeing the pigeon splash in the water like a stone, reported it as lost.

Two days later it returned to the loft, as lively as ever, and none the worse for the accident.

The success of the Air Board service with the pigeons has greatly popularized the hobby of keeping pigeons, and pigeon fanciers throughout the Province have become numerous. They are just recovering from the elation of one of the longest races ever held on the coast for carrier pigeons—a flight of 550 miles, from Sissons, California, to Vancouver. The race was under the auspices of the British Columbia Flying Pigeon Club, and some of the birds competing were valued at $150 each. The winning pigeons completed the long race in fifteen hours, setting an average pace of 110 miles an hour. Over two hundred birds competed. The pigeons are exercised and dieted for the race for all the world like an athlete.

In the long race from California the birds were shipped in special crates, and, as arranged, were all released at the same time by an express agent at the railway station. Around the leg of each was a rubber band, bearing numbers recorded by scrutineers. On its arrival, the rubber band was stripped off and inserted in a clock arrangement, which is automatically set going in this

Carrier pigeon wrapped in a cloth and dropped from a seaplane to deliver a message, clears itself of the wrapping and starts on its homeward flight.



Indelible marking on wing of carrier pigeon to establish its fate in case of accident, and also to advise whoever may find it that its flight has come to an end and to forward the message it carries in a special attachment to one of its legs.

manner. Checking off later produced the exact time used by the fastest bird in flying the long distance.

And, all through, the birds remain as faithful as was the dove that returned to Noah announcing that "the waters were abated from off the earth."

CHRISTMAS IN OTHER LANDS.

(Continued from page 14)

It is not considered a luxury there, but the very heart of the festival, and no family is too poor to have one.

They do not hang the presents on the tree as we do, because the parcels tend to mar its beauty and radiance; they are a secondary consideration and are distributed afterwards. The German tree is purely an object of splendour for splendour's sake, and the dazzling ornaments and fruits of gold and silver used for decoration, although extremely fragile, were, before the war, shipped annually to many parts of the world.

Before the Christmas tree became popular, there is a story told of how Martin Luther, after wandering one Christmas Eve under the clear sky lit up by a million stars, was so impressed, that he went home, and set up a tree for his children, and covered it with countless candles—an image of the starry heaven from whence Christ came.

While the truth of this cannot actually be vouched for, it seems possible that the use of candles on Christmas trees originated from that incident.

The origin of the custom of using the fir tree is uncertain, but before the fir tree came into general use, it was customary to put trees, such as cherry and hawthorn, into pots indoors, so that they might be in blossom on Christmas Day.

This custom may have originated with the legendary lore about the marvellous transformation of nature on the night of Christ's birth, when rivers of water were turned into wine, and trees blossomed amid ice and snow.

But whatever the origin may be, there is no custom that children love so well, and no preparations that ever give parents more pleasure.

We all look forward to the carols, the holly decked churches and even the frost and snow. We revel in the log fires, the feasting, greetings and gifts, but it is the Christmas tree that lingers longest in the memory of childhood, and if only for the ray of sunshine that goes with it into every home, we would that the custom live for ever.

THE COUNTRY MOUSE.

(Continued from page 7)

dear. How proud you must be of her!"

"Indeed I am," replied Margaret Dangerfield, for indeed she was.

Others crowded around, anxious to secure a date upon which they could entertain in honor of Mrs. Samuel Publicover from Meadowvale. In her enthusiasm, Mrs. Desborough gently pushed Madame Pelissier aside, and laid claim to her hostess' pearl-decked ear.

"My cousins—Lady Cranston and her daughter—are to be with me next Wednesday—just for the night—on their way to Australia, and I am going to have a very small dinner—a few of my best friends, and I do want you and your charming aunt to come. Now, you won't disappoint me, will you? She is simply delicious—so refreshing and clever, and I must have her—must have you both, in fact. You will come, won't you?"

For a moment many colored lights danced before Mrs. Dangerfield's eyes. She felt as if she were floating through space towards a dazzling sun, which for years had been elusive and unattainable. The warm pressure of Mrs. Desborough's slight fingers alone kept her in touch with mundane things, and her voice sounded very far off as she replied, "You are very kind. We shall be delighted to come."

It was the top rung. No wonder she felt giddy.

THE AVERAGE MAN

OFTEN spoils his future because he thinks his savings too small to be worth banking.

Do not wait until you have $100 to deposit — open an account with $1 and make it grow.

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

High School Boards

and

Boards of Education

are authorized by law to establish

Industrial, Technical

and

Art Schools

With the Approval

of the

Minister of Education

Day and Evening Classes may be conducted in accordance with the regulations issued by the Department of Education.

Theoretical and Practical Instruction is given in various trades. The schools and classes are under the direction of AN ADVISORY COMMITTEE.
Application for attendance should be made to the Principal of the school.

Commercial Subjects, Manual Training, Household Science and Agriculture and Horticulture are provided for in the Courses of Study in Public, Separate, Continuation and High Schools and Collegiate Institutes, Vocational Schools and Department.

Copies of the Regulations issued by the Department of Education may be obtained from the Deputy Minister of Education, Toronto.

Toronto, March, 1922.

The Man Without

By Madge Macbeth

Author of "Kleath," etc.

CHAPTER IV.—(Contd.)

DURING the days that immediately followed Fenniman's visit, Allison Bragge struggled valiantly with that slayer of peace whom men call conscience. He was determined to make no compromise with his honor; and he was equally resolved to take no step that would implicate innocent people. Silence meant the frustration of his object in one case; confession in the other. Round and round the question whirled his brain, while he decided nothing, arrived nowhere. It became difficult for him to concentrate at all. So soon as he tried to attack the problem, a sort of haze fell over his mind.

What really saved Bragge's reason during those dark days was the multiplicity of his trials. He could not engross himself with any one of them, and therefore he did not develop the fixed idea, the obsession, that so frequently culminates in madness. But — naturally, perhaps! — he was in no condition to appreciate the generosity of Providence in supplying him with half-a-dozen counter-irritants. On the contrary! Many times a day he broke into bitter imprecation against whatever powers were responsible for his present wretchedness!

A week passed. The Oyster was still unclaimed, unsought. He was still a mystery for which Bragge could find no solution. Althought his wounds were practically healed, his mental condition remained unchanged. Apparently he could not think, and he rarely spoke, but he seemed to have developed an instinctive attachment for the doctor, an affection that was expressed with the silent fidelity of an animal. It touched Bragge, even while it made his sense of responsibility the heavier. More than ever, he shrunk from the thought of turning the fellow over to the authorities. Yet something must be done with him!

Before he could arrive at a definite conclusion as to what that something was to be, his mind would wander, and he would find himself considering Mrs. Hicks and her inexplicable antagonism toward The Oyster. If it wasn't antagonism, it was suspicion of him; and if it was suspicion, of what did she suspect the fellow? More than once Bragge had opened a door suddenly, to find her standing on the other side of it in an attitude that denied her explanation of her presence there.

Mrs. Hicks was getting very decidedly on his nerves.

Time and again he resolved to discharge her, but always paused before the compromising words were spoken. In the first place, he had received more than once a disturbing impression that Mrs. Hicks knew more than she admitted. Sometimes her distrustful, sullen glance was directed at him, rather than The Oyster. Bragge found no explanation for this fact, but felt that it was better to have her under his eye than at large. Great diplomats, he remembered, had been known to surround themselves with people they suspected solely in order to watch them! Besides, he was a coward where it came to interviewing a succession of potential Mrs. Hickses. He could not face them! Again, it might happen that there would be no fiercely-contending applicants for the position, and with his suddenly increased practice, it was necessary to have some one in the house, at least during the hours of his absence. Bragge did not want to keep Mrs. Hicks; he dared not let her go. He felt very helpless before the problem that forms the woof of many harassed women's lives.

"I don't know how they stand it," he muttered. "No wonder they try to lure the good servants from one another. And to think, Oyster, my lad, that this sort of thing has been going on for centuries—centuries. Have you ever considered why Friend Moses had to take a definite stand in the matter of domestic relation? No? Neither had I. But it's as clear as day, now. Did he not command the Israelite brethren to turn their minds from covetous thoughts of their neighbor's hand-maidens, and does this not indicate a scarcity of competent lady helps even in those remote days? I see that you agree with me! To a man of restricted reasoning powers, it might appear that comeliness rather than efficiency was responsible for an occasional domestic holocaust amongst the banished tribes. But such is a superficial view of the facts. Mere beauty can always be replaced, but the competency of a serving wench is rare, and it will always be coveted—Tablets of Stone, nothwithstanding!"

The Oyster signified—mutely—that he was not a man to whom flippant references to the Holy Writ appealed, and Bragge relapsed into a sober contemplation of his troubles.

His revulsion of feeling against Mrs. Hicks was not unnatural, for he could not forget that to her carelessness was due, primarily, the blight that had fallen upon him. But for her disobedience, her interference, he would never have committed the crime for which he alone must suffer. He told himself that he hated her.

And yet, she could not nave changed the position of those vials deliberately. How should she know one poison from another? Still, he argued, wasn't it a strange coincidence that of all the bottles she must have handled, no other two were incorrectly placed?

There grew in Bragge's mind an increasing distrust of the woman, an instinctive feeling that she wasn't "square," and this was not diminished by an incident that took place about a week after the occurrence of the tragedy.

He and The Oyster were walking home, having left the car for some slight repairs in a garage downtown.

While still some distance from the house, Bragge noticed a handsome motor drawn up at the curb, and he felt a justifiable satisfaction in the sight. Allison Bragge was no snob, but to any ambitious young physician, patients who bowl to the door in handsome motors are somewhat more welcome than those who plod there on foot, after dark, with a small express cart at their heels. He hoped that Mrs. Hicks—always Mrs. Hicks—had presented herself at the door with at least a semblance of gentility.

However she had presented herself at the door, her appearance at the kitchen window surprised him. She was peering from behind the curtains with an obvious desire to remain invisible herself.

Bragge slackened his pace in order to study this curious performance, even while he pretended to be unaware of her presence. For whom was she watching so intently, and why, if she wished to prepare **him** for a distinguished patient's presence, should she go about the business so furtively?

Her actions when she caught sight of him, amazed him still more. With a frantic gesture demanding haste, she turned back towards the room, and her place was taken by a young man, who strained forward to catch a glimpse of him! A dead weight seemed to drop into the pit of his stomach. Who was the fellow, and what did this espionage mean?

There was no time to consider the question then. He took off his hat and coat and hurried into the office. It was empty!

So was the waiting-room, and, as he stood puzzling over the matter, he heard the purr of a motor, and reached the window just in time to see the handsome car disappearing rapidly around the corner of the street.

"Is the spy off already?" he asked himself, and, feeling that anything was easier to bear than suspense, Bragge made his way to the kitchen.

Mrs. Hicks was alone.

"Whose motor was that at the door?" he asked.

"Sir H-A l l e n b y H-Armstrong's," the woman answered curtly. She pretended to be very busy polishing the stove.

"What was it doing here? Did someone wish to see me?"

Mrs. Hicks shook her head and continued her attack upon the range. Presently, feeling Bragge's eyes boring into the small of her back, she remarked:

"It were my 'Owie. 'E's drivin' for Sir H-Allenby—'im that myde 'is money in pork," she added, as though by such illicit methods of accumulating wealth, the gentleman had personally affronted her.

"Appalling vulgarity," Bragge murmured, forcing a note of the old-time flippancy into his voice and manner. He had tried to preserve an unbroken aspect of cheerfulness in the presence of Mrs. Hicks, realizing that it would never do to allow her to suspect that he feared she suspected him!

At that moment, however, that was about the last thing her attitude seemed to suggest. Indeed, instead of behaving with the assurance of the righteous toward the sinner, she exhibited an agitation that was as unusual as it was bewildering. Of what was **she** guilty, Bragge asked himself, and what was she trying to hide?

"Appalling vulgarity," he repeated, hoping to draw some further remark from her, something that would furnish a clue to her amazing behavior. "Although I don't mind admitting a weakness for pork myself, Mrs. Hicks, as you would probably testify. Feel a sort of proprietary interest in that car, Mrs. Hicks. Doubtless, I helped to pay for it. You said your son was driving for Sir Allenby?"

Mrs. Hicks kept her head turned away.

"Yus," she muttered, "my 'Owie."

"I didn't know you had any family, Mrs. Hicks."

"Two," said the woman. "One of 'um was **'is!**"

This was somewhat obscure, but Bragge divined that the late lamented Mr. Hicks had been a widower with one child.

"Indeed," he returned. "A step-family must be very interesting. One's study of another woman's children is apt to be free from hampering emotionalism; more dispassionate; unbiased, so

(*Continued on page 33*)

The Library Window

By H M. Ridley

Canadian Cities of Romance. By Katherine Hale. McClelland & Stewart.

When you are in the mood for quiet musings on the romance of some of our Canadian cities, when you are weary of merely "spicy" writing, and feel a desire to quaff from the well of English, "pure and undefiled," turn to Katherine Hale's new book, "Canadian Cities of Romance." You must read it at your leisure to appreciate its beauty, but a leisurely reading will repay you—you will catch the gleam on the gem of a perfectly turned phrase or sentence, penned by a poet, and you will absorb something of the atmosphere of the quaint cities of Quebec and the Maritime Provinces, as that atmosphere is sensed and recorded by an impressionist—peculiarly sensitive to color, form, and sound.

This is not a guide book, but an intimate study of the soul and heart of such cities as Montreal, Kingston, Halifax, St. John, Toronto, Calgary,

KATHARINE HALE.
(Mrs. John Garvin)

and Vancouver. But while it is not a guide book, it contains information on historical points and present-day pivots of interest that should be invaluable to the traveller and the student. The Maritime Provinces, as the writer points out, loom large in the literary tradition of our Dominion. Out of Halifax came Joseph Howe, Thomas Chandler Haliburton, Marshall Saunders, Robert Norwood, and Basil King. In Fredericton lived Juliana Horatia Ewing, the author of "The Story of a Short Life"; Charles G. D. Roberts, Mrs. S. A. R. MacDonald, and Bliss Carman. "Steep streets and the ringing of church bells; the distant sea; sunset, and the lovely, irregular lines of masts and spars and rigging"—form some of the writer's Maritime impressions.

To a poet, "Quebec—an Immortal," naturally appeals. "Like some beautiful old native song, there is hidden in her, quaint repetitions and the racial themes that link her, decade by decade, with the past and the present." "The romance of Quebec is like charm in an individual, a thing of endowment. From out some hidden spring of being, and by long conspiracy of the ages, this place where Canada began possesses beauty that is in itself a heritage." "If I could paint my Quebec in sound, it would be to the ringing of bells, the laughter of French children and the almost inaudible, incessant whisper of prayers."

The "Domes and Dreams of Montreal" also touch the imagination of the poetic mind. "Steep streets, wide distances, noble churches, great squares, river-way or mountain summit: yet, with all its solidity, this is a city of surprises. I hear a church bell ringing, a sandalled monk may pass me; a priest hurries by, book in hand. . . . Then a laugh in the air and a party of school girls pass, humming an English air."

Ottawa, "a towered town,"

"Where the splendid Chateau Laurier,
On the old canal, looks down,"

has always been beloved by that little race, "the alien race of poets." "Waterfalls, rivers, canals, locks, bordering forests, ridges of glorious rock—these form an essential part of the picture of Ottawa. A wine-like, bracing air gives her the divine essence of youth. Her classic buildings are only the mental side of her."

The very titles of the cities that are portrayed by this writer suggests the savor of them: "Golden Winnipeg," "Halifax—a Holding Place," "Toronto—a Meeting Place." "Kingston and Her Past," "Victoria—an Island City." One can imagine no more appropriate Yuletide gift than a present of this book to one who loves Canada and her storied past, and the intimations of her splendid future.

Canadian Poetry.

Canada has good reason to be proud of her poets. Although a young nation, she has given to the world an Archibald Lampman, a Charles G. D. Roberts, a Wilfrid Campbell, a Marjorie Pickthall, an Isabella Valancy Crawford, and a Pauline Johnson. To these one might add the names of many living writers—Bliss Carman, George Frederick Scott, Duncan Campbell Scott, Edward Sapir, Lloyd Roberts, Katherine Hale, Norah Holland, Arthur Stringer, Helena Coleman, Jean Blewett, Virna Sheard, and Isabel Ecclestone MacKay. A critic has remarked that Canadian poetry lacks passion—that there are few love songs in it—and true it is that Nature, with her temperate joys, her changing scenes, her mystical beauty, touches the Canadian heart rather than those situations that are based on neurotic emotion. In a country in which the scenery is majestic, and the population small, it is not surprising that the impress that Nature makes upon poetic minds should be almost overwhelming. Out of the love of Nature springs a philosophy that expresses itself in Canadian poetry in quiet reflection and a calm acceptance of the scheme of things. Courage, tranquility and the power to transmute everyday happenings into terms of beauty—these are some of the gifts of the Canadian poet. But although, relatively speaking, Canadian love-poems are few, those few are often as exquisite in essence as they are reticent in expression. I have beside me two new volumes of verse by Canadian writers: "The Ballad of the Quest," by Virna Sheard, and "Fires of Driftwood," by Isabel Ecclestone Mackay. Both these writers know how to write of love, albeit the larger portion of their poetry is concerned with other themes. Here is a stanza from Mrs. Mackay's "I Love My Love,"

"I love my love, for she is like a
garden in the dawn;
Pale, yet pink-flushed, with softly
waking eyes,
And primrose hair that brightens to
gold skies,
And petalled lips for dew to linger
on."

Mrs. Sheard has a love-song that is touched with pathos in her "When Jonquils Blow."

"When jonquils blow, I think of one
Who sleeps beneath the green;
And all the light and song of life,
And all the golden sheen,
Turn cold and still before my eyes,
While pearl-edged boughs of May,
Seen through a sudden mist of tears,
Are rimmed with ashen-gray."

These two new volumes of poetry are noteworthy productions. An American publisher, the James A. McCann Company, of New York, has brought out Virna Sheard's "The Ballad of the Quest." Some of the poems in this book have appeared in such publications as Scribner's and the Century, but this is the first time that any of them have appeared in volume form in the United States. To Canadians many of the lyrics are familiar, but they will find in this edition at least fourteen entirely new poems—poems which sustain Mrs. Sheard's reputation as a writer of graceful melodic songs. "The Ballad of the Quest" is a young man's recital of his search for the happiness that had eluded him in his love of a woman, who had proved a Delilah. His bitter disillusionment awakens in him a noble resentment against those things in life that have smothered truth—ease and softness, "fool's gold and fool's joy." Poignantly he realizes,

"The truth I gave in exchange for a
lie,
And I bartered my dreams to a
passer-by."

He longs for the cleansing influences of Nature, with her austerity, and simple, primeval joys.

"On a morning road where the wind
is strong,
I may learn again to whistle a song.
Down forest paths, or the ways of the
sea,
My soul and my faith may come back
to me."

But the way of purification that comes to him is not the way that he had visioned in his dreams. It takes him from his home and his life of ease, but the Truth it gives him is stern and bitter.

"Out on the roads where the guns
took toll,
I gave little heed to my faith, or my
soul.
In the trenches, where only the dead
could rest,
Life was a candle-flame; Death was
a jest."

A further initiation comes to him when,

"On a desperate night, bitter black
with pain,
My soul returned to haunt me again."

As he lies on the "shell-bitten sod," he is conscious of a shadow that kneels by his side,

VELVET PAWS and SHINY EYES

By CAROL CASSIDY COLE

VELVET PAWS & SHINY EYES
CAROL CASSIDY COLE
Adventures of a little Canadian Boy in Nature's Wonderland — among furry friends and feathery

Thirty Illustrations
Coloured Jacket

75c.

"Children throughout the Dominion will be gladdened, I am sure, when this little book reaches them. And I hope it will reach many, many thousands of them. It is a long time since I have seen a children's book of which I approve so heartily; it is an ideal thing for the very youngest Canadian readers to start on. Eric, a little boy living on the edge of a Canadian village goes out and gets acquainted with the animals—the baby bear, the weasel, the rabbits and all the rest of them. As I read with an infantile delight quite unbecoming in one of my years, read of the wild geese, and the mink and the owl—I went back in fancy many years. . . . Canadians are fortunate indeed in having Mrs. Cole to write such wonderful stories for the babies. The illustrations are piquant, the binding is strong, the paper is good, the type is clear, the price is nominal. Once again, for the last time, ladies and gentlemen, How many please?"

—SATURDAY NIGHT.

AN ALL-CANADIAN JUVENILE

Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Publishers, Toronto

The Poets' Corner

Conducted by Norah Holland

Author of "Spunyarn and Spindrift."

We will begin our Christmas page with a delightful little bit of verse from one of the Irish poets, Nancy Campbell.

A CHILD'S THOUGHT.

Stockings full of toys, and trees
Where the coloured stars unfold,
Did not little Christ have these,
When the little angels, yawning,
Told Him Christmas day was dawning?
Mary must have put away
The myrrh and frankincense and gold
As too precious for His play,
And He could not reach as high
As the bright star in the sky—
Maybe, if I said a prayer,
Little Christ and I might share.

Next comes Margaret Deland's poem.

WHEN SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS.

Like small curled feathers white and soft,
The little clouds went by.
Across the moon and past the stars,
And down the western sky!
In upland pastures, where the grass
With frosted dew was white,
Like snowy clouds the young sheep lay
That first, best Christmas night.

The shepherds slept; and glimmering faint
With twists of thin, blue smoke,
Only their fires crackling flames
The tender silence broke—
Save when a young lamb raised his head,
Or when the night wind blew,
A nesting bird would softly stir
Where dusky olives grew.

With finger on her solemn lip
Night hushed the shadowy earth,
And only stars and angels saw
The little Saviour's birth.
Then came such flash of silver light
Across the bending skies,
The wondering shepherds woke, and hid
Their frightened, dazzled eyes.

And all their gentle sleepy flock
Looked up, then slept again,
Nor knew the light that dimmed the stars
Brought endless peace to men—
Nor even heard the gracious words
That down the ages ring—
"The Christ is born! The Lord has come
Good-will on earth to bring!"

Then o'er the moonlit, misty fields,
Dumb with the world's great joy,
The shepherds sought the white-walled town
Where lay the baby boy—
And oh, the gladness of the world,
The glory of the skies,
Because the longed-for Christ looked up
In Mary's happy eyes.

Here is an old, old Legend, written in the middle or later years of the sixteenth century, and copied from a prayer book of King Edward VI., published in 1549, which was found in an old house on the edge of the Yorkshire woods. It was published for the first time in the Atlantic Monthly.

THE STORK.

The stork shee rose on Christmas eue
And sayed unto her broode,
I nowe must fare to Bethleem,
To viewe the Sonne of God.

Shee gaue to eache his dole of mete,
She stowed them fayrlie in,
And farre shee flew and faste shee flew,
And came to Bethleem.

Nowe, where is He of Dauid's lynne?
Shee asked at house and halle.
He is not here, they spake bardlye,
But in the Maungier stalle.

Shee found Him in the Maungier stalle,
With that most Holye Mayde:
The gentyle storke shee wept to see
The Lord so rudelye layde.

Then from her pauntynge breast shee plucked
The fethers whyte and warm:
Shee strawed them in the Maungier bed
To kepe the Lord from harm.

Nowe, blessed be the gentyle storke
Forevermore, quothe Hee,
For that she sawe my sadde estate
And showed such pytie.

Full wellkum shall shee ever bee
In hamlet and in halle,
And highte henceforthe the Blessed Bird
And friend of babyes all.

Our next Christmas Legend is taken from the Cornhill Magazine and the author's name is not known to us.

Abroad on a winter's night there ran
Under the starlight, leaping the rills,
Swollen with snow-drip from the hills,
Goat-legged, goat-bearded Pan.

He loved to run on the crisp white floor
Where the black hill torrents chiselled grooves,
And he loved to print his clear-cut hooves
Where none had trod before.

And now he slacked and came to a stand
Beside a river too broad to leap,
And as he panted he heard a sheep
That bleated near at hand.

"Bell-wether, bell-wether, what do you say?
Peace, and huddle your ewes from cold!"
"Master, but ere we went to fold
Our herdman hastened away.

"Over the hill came other twain,
And pointed the way to Bethlehem,
And spake with him and he followed them
And has not come again.

"He dropped his pipe of the river-reed,
He left his scrip in his haste to go,
And all our grazing is under the snow,
So that we cannot feed."

"Left his sheep on a winter's night?"
Pan folded them with an angry frown.
"Bell-wether, bell-wether, I'll go down
Where the stars shine bright."

Down by the river he met the man:
"Shepherd, no shepherd, thy flock is lorn!"
"Master, no master, a Child is born,
Royal, greater than Pan!

"Lo, I have seen, I go to my sheep,
Follow my footsteps through the snow;
But warily, warily see thou go
For Child and Mother sleep."

Into the stable-yard Pan crept,
And there in a manger a Baby lay,
Beside His Mother upon the hay,
And Child and Mother slept.

Pan bent over the sleeping Child,
Gazed on Him, panting, after his run,
And while he wondered the Little One
Opened His eyes and smiled.

Smiled, and after a little space
Struggled an arm from the swaddling band,
And raising a tiny, dimpled hand,
Patted the bearded face.

Something snapped in the breast of Pan,
His heart and his throat and his eyes were sore,
And he wished to weep as never before
Since the world began.

And out he went to the silly sheep,
To the fox on the hill, the fish in the sea,
The horse in the stall, the bird on the tree,
Asking them how to weep.

But they could not teach, for they did not know,
The law stands writ for the beast that's dumb,
That a limb may ache and a heart benumb,
But never a tear can flow.

So bear you kindly to-day, O man,
To all that is dumb and all that is wild,
For the sake of the Christmas Babe that smiled
In the eyes of the Great God Pan .

Our next selection is an old French carol—so old that no one knows the exact date.

NOEL.

Jesus, meek and mild,
He our Saviour holy,
Came to earth a Child
Simple, sweet and lowly;
Shepherds near the manger low
Knelt in awe, His Name to know;
Magi proud and stately
Bowed before Him greatly,
More than Baby hands can hold
Brought of myrrh and gold.
Even then to their ken
Jesus was the Lord of men!
The angels of heaven all have sung Noel!
And earth's choiring voices shall the chorus swell!
Noel! Noel! Noel!
Sing we all Noel! Noel! Noel!
Sing we all Noel!

Then was born in lowly stall,
He, the gracious Lord of all,
Holy, kind and fair.
'Mid the cattle there!

Pure and sweet His childly guise,
Shining clear His baby eyes,
Lovely little lamb,
Lovely little lamb.

Baby Jesus learned,
Nestled near His mother,
Baby prayers to say
Just like any other;
Yet 'tis He Who taught us all,
Children whether great or small,
Pater Noster's beauty.
Ave Mary's duty,
Glorias that joyful sing
Praises to our King.
We to-day surely may
Follow Love along the way.
The angels of heaven all have sung Noel!
And earth's choiring voices shall the chorus swell!
Noel! Noel! Noel!
Sing we all Noel!
Sing we all Noel! Noel! Noel!

Come, my heart, then singing go,
In thee love divine shall glow,
Till thou weep no more, till thou weep no more!
Mary is the mother
Jesus thy dear Brother,
Come from heaven above,
Just to teach Thee love!
The angels of heaven all have sung Noel!
And earth's choiring voices shall the chorus swell!
Noel! Noel! Noel!
Sing we all Noel! Noel! Noel!

Let's Build a Real Rural Canada

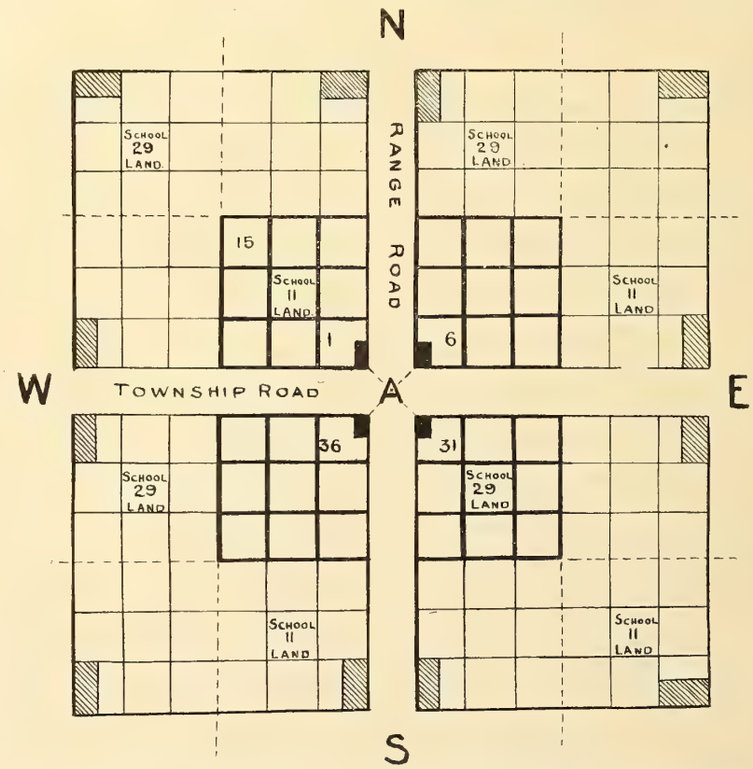
A Constructive Article on the Immigration and Emigration Problem

By C. Algar-Bailey

CANADA is out in the open market to sell territory and citizenship. Are her goods able to compete with those of other countries? If they are why are they not selling as readily? How is it that so many of those who come here for those goods do not stay. Are we out for a good grade business or content to take what is offered Those are a few pertinent questions we might well ask ourselves. It would seem more business-like—and more in keeping with statesmanship—if we turned the searchlight on ourselves, and voiced less criticism of those who have come to us and then gone away—dissatisfied. One often hears it said, "Canada is better off without those who quit." The retort courteous is, "Canada would have been better off had she been able to hold them." There is no reason why we should act as a sort of middleman to other countries in the immigration business. The Britisher's boast has always been, "What we have we'll hold." Canada might do well to say, "What we get we'll hold." It is surely but childish arrogance to summarily dismiss a state of affairs which has resulted in a loss of population amounting to nearly two million.

The new Immigration Policy of the Government indicates that steps are being taken to combat past evils. It is arranged that new arrivals will be met and looked after until located on a farm, and after that will be periodically visited by inspectors who will tender advice and guidance. Another departure is the promise of what are called "Community Clubs" where new citizens can visit a secretary, who will also give what assistance is in his power and act as a sort of agent. All these things are a great improvement and their value must not be underestimated. Do they, however, solve the problem of rural development? I maintain not. Men and women are to-day vastly different beings to what they were even a few years ago. They ask for social environment more than pamphlets on how and where to get rich quickly. They would rather have a modest income and comfort, than the chance of greater wealth at the price of semi-isolation. We have had experience of the latter and as result the West is still comparatively empty because human nature baulked. We can try again if we wish, but in ten years time the census returns will be just as disappointing. The recent words of Mr. Lloyd George: "You cannot expect people to live in villages unless you make village life worth while," should be pondered over by Canadians, for much less can you make people live on the bare, bald prairies unless they are made more attractive—and they can be made so.

To draw desirable men and women to Canada we must first make Canada attractive to them. To merely offer gold and silver will not secure the people we want. The best in humanity is demanding comfort and home-life. In other words, they merely ask in a new country for something somewhat similar to what they have where they are—plus the greater opportunities. What comfort and home-life are we offering the agriculturist? City people and those in the denser rural districts of Eastern Canada have but a hazy idea of the West. They hear of its vastness, its rolling prairies, its cities, but they do not grasp what life means to the men and women out in that vastness, out on those rolling prairies, out of those cities. Easterners talk of the fascination of being able to see for miles and miles in every direction. But out there most of them would soon alter their opinion and demand changes—or there would be an increase in mental cases. Life on a lightship with the constant sight of passing vessels doubtless has its fascinations for some, but one notices with the advance in electrical and wireless apparatus authorities are releasing human beings from that toil. Canada needs a new rural system and until she initiates it, it is waste of time and money seeking immigrants of the type we really want. The people of Britain realise now that Canada is not a land flowing with milk and honey, but they do know that the opportunities are here if Canada herself will take a hand in development work. Rural settlement schemes of many kinds have from time to time been advocated and tried. They have all had their good features and been planned for one object—the betterment of the lot of the agriculturist. Many of the excellent schemes suggested have been impractical owing to their adoption calling for a complete change of the present survey, whilst those tried have been applicable only to small holding settlements.



"A" marks the intersection of the Township and Range roads, and also the location of the Rural Village. The heavily lined square is the "Rural Township" of 36 sections. The shaded portions mark a supposed 320 acre farm out of which the legal subdivision of 40 acres is to be reserved. Each of the small squares has an area of 640 acres—one mile square.

To inaugurate a scheme of rural settlement on the prairies it is essential it be adaptable to the existing system of land division. This is necessary not only for reasons of economy, but to make it possible for occupied districts to adopt it if they so wish. Such a scheme of rural settlement is suggested by the plan herewith. It is palpable at first glance that no change of survey is asked for, and that it will slip into place—if the farmers so wish—in occupied districts as easily as it can become part of newly opened up territories. The scheme merely calls for the creation of "Rural Townships" within the present township system. The Rural Township will contain the same number of sections as the existing ones—namely, thirty-six. It will differ only in that it takes in one-fourth of four different but adjacent townships, and that the main roads of Canada will traverse it centrally instead of being at its boundaries. In other words, every intersection of the main highways of the West—that is, every six miles north, south, east and west—will be the centre of our Rural Township—a place for rural settlement—a spot for a country village. The next step is to provide acreage for rural settlement of the farmers living within the area of that rural township. Assuming that 160 acres will provide sufficient plots for the occupants of the 36 sections of land, we obtain the corner legal subdivision (40 acres) in each of the four central sections, and, after surveying them into plots of 2½ acres each, the ground work is completed for the creation of a rural settlement. We have plots of land facing one another on each side of the main roads, and all within a few hundred feet of their intersection. We have established rural centres approximately six miles apart throughout the country. We have made it possible for the farmer to combat the cold winter by having warmth of village life—with the most distant half-section farm only some three miles away by prairie trail. We have created a condition which is comparable with the rural districts of Europe—and we have not changed the map of Canada!

Having completed the land part of it, we now come to the farmer himself. We will assume that a Government representative is in conversation with a new settler, and this is what he is saying:

"The Government has provided some acreage plots for the farmers in this district, and they are down where the township and range lines meet—right on the main road to town. They call it the Rural Village. You should build your house down there. You'll be close to the other farmers and your wife will have neighbors to chat with, and the children will only have a little way to go to school. It will make your evenings and winter months jollier, and later on—if you all club together—you can buy a gasoline outfit and have electric light in your houses." "That sounds all right—sounds fine," replies the settler, "but what about the distance to my farm up in section fifteen—over five miles away by road allowance—and what about my stock?" "That's not a hard proposition to tackle," comes back the Government man; "you chaps here can get together and agree to have a trail across your places to the centre of the township, and then the Government can close all or part of the east and west road allowances, and let you have that land to make up for the trail. That will make your place only some three miles away, and will save you in taxes for upkeep of those section roads. You'll be having a Ford one of these days and in the meantime three miles is not much. You won't have the walk for four months at least during the winter, and in the summer you can all camp up on the farm part of the time. Your stock can stay up during the summer and come down to the village for the winter. The Government will likely give you a community paddock for the stock. It's pretty lonesome, you know, out here in the winter if you live on the farm, and your nearest neighbor is a mile or two away — perhaps more. It's pretty tough on the family, too. Besides, the kids would have several miles to walk to school every day." "Well," says the settler, "I'll let you know about it. What's it going to cost me to have that plot?" And the Government representative tells him that farm land in that district being worth about $20 an acre, a 2½-acre plot will cost him $50, plus $5 for surveying and title, and concludes by saying, "We'll allow you time to pay that, if you like—granted that when your house is up, you plant some trees and start a garden going." It is not difficult to forecast the result of that settler's deliberations when one remembers that in the Old Country and Europe generally, the people are accustomed to living in groups and in close proximity to one another. The Federal immigration scheme announced since this plan of rural settlement was developed, but facilitates the acquiring of "Rural Reserves" in the districts which are going to be resettled. A plan can be evolved whereby acreage will be reserved at the time a suitable farm is listed for sale, or when it is changing hands. Such land, if not utilized for village purposes, would revert to the occupant of the farm in which it is located.

Let us now look ahead ten years and see what can be in existence in the West if the Government and large landowners adopt a scheme such as I have described. There could be dotted over the country at practically every six-mile point, groups of houses, trees, bushes, and even flower gardens—it is wonderful what friendly rivalry will do. In some places there might be a little cluster of houses between those rural spots, but there could be a chain of farm houses and villages throughout the

occupied territory of the Prairie Provinces. Such conditions make for solidity and security. They may not be a panacea for all evils, but they surely form a bulwark against depression—from whatsoever cause. Contrast what can be with what now is. Farm houses are spaced over the country, with now and then a group of four, where families, in an effort to combat the semi-isolation, have placed the buildings in the adjacent corners of their respective lands. But little attempt is made to plant trees or bushes, or grow anything other than grain. No wonder people in bad times become despondent—they have not even the constant diversion of friendly intercourse and discussion; that which breeds a mental energy capable of overcoming most difficulties—the thing which builds national spirit and empires. Ten or a hundred years hence!—what will it be? An extension of those conditions—or a depopulated country? The latter is more than a bare possibility, inasmuch as people these days will not deprive themselves of social life or live in semi-isolation—and the feeling is growing stronger every day. Finally, consider the effect such improved conditions will have on an immigration campaign for desirable settlers. To be able to go to Britain and say, "We've got a rural life started in Canada akin to your own, with little village plots all over the country, waiting for you to come over and give a name to; waiting for you to come and elect your own village council and chairman; plant your own trees and gardens in. We've given up the idea of making a man and his family live out on the prairies, away from his neighbors, and with poorly kept roads to travel over." Yes, to be able to say those things will mean something in Britain; will get us what we want—the real Britisher, who builds homes and stays in them—the man who can really help to make Canada a nation amongst nations.

D. ALGAR-BAILEY,
P.O. Box 193,
April 19th, 1922. Ottawa.

THE MAN WITHOUT.

(*Continued from page 29*)

to speak. And was **his,** a son also, Mrs. Hicks?"

Mrs. Hicks, jabbing viciously at the stove, produced a sound that Bragge translated into an affirmative. He continued:

"What does he do for a living, Mrs. Hicks?"

There was a pause. The doctor, leaning against the door with a nonchalance he was far from feeling, saw that he had touched a raw spot in the extraordinary make-up of his employee. It was evident that she felt a deep suspicion of his question, that she was reluctant to answer it.

She worked round the stove until she arrived at a point where she could dart a swift, sly glance at Bragge without seeming to do so. He felt it coming, and prepared to meet it with disarming indifference, and then, after this inexplicable little by-play, the woman answered.

"'E's dead!"

"Dead?" repeated Bragge. "Oh, I'm sorry . . . I didn't know. Has he been dead long?"

"Not long enough," snapped Mrs. Hicks, in a tone from which the doctor gathered that the offspring of the dear departed had not aroused a storm of maternal passion in his step-mother's scrawny breast.

(To be continued.)

THE LIBRARY WINDOW.

(*Continued from page 30*)

"No, not a shadow, or mystery,
But a rose of the darkness, she came to me.
Mist grey was her gown, and about her head
Was a shining band with a cross of red.

And then by a flame that lit up the skies
I looked once again in Delilah's eyes."

She, too, had come by another path out of her life of self-indulgence and hypocrisy, and it is on a new footing that she meets her former lover. The young man's long search for peace is rewarded. With joy he cries,

"There is only this at the end of my quest—
Only you, and Love, and a spirit at rest."

"Fires of Driftwood," by Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, is published by McClelland & Stewart, of Toronto. The author is another of our Canadian poets who has won distinction abroad. Many of the poems in this volume have appeared in Harper's Magazine, Scribner's, Ainslee's, The American Magazine. McClure's Magazine, and the Metropolitan. The title is appropriate. All this is grist that comes to the author's mill, and she knows how to transmute common, every-day happenings in the crucible of her imagination. A fine, intellectual poet is this writer. Some of her best poems have to do with the immigrant. I wish I could quote the whole of her "Calgary Station." Here are a few lines:

"Dazzled by sun and drugged by space, they wait,
These homeless peoples, at our prairie gate;
Dumb, with the awe of those whom fate has hurled,
Breathless, upon the threshold of a world!"

"Yonder, with solid face and tragic eye,
Sits a lone Russian; as we pass him by
He neither stirs nor looks; his inner gaze
Sees not the future fair, but, troubled, strays
To the dark land he left but can't forget,
Whose bonds, though broken, hold him prisoner yet."

"Here is a Pole—a worker; though so slim,
His muscle is of steel—no fear for him."

"This little Englisman, with jaunty air,
And tweed cap perched awry on close-trimmed hair;
He, with his faded wife and noisy band,
Has come from Home to see a promised land."

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Deep lieth the dead snow—
And Who rose again in th' quicken wood,
For His love of long ago.

Our Brother Who once in a manger lay—
Swift passeth the cold snow—
And Who loveth us just the same to-day
As He loved us long ago.

—H. Deane.

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Correspondence in French

By Guy de Lestard, Principal of Toronto School of Languages

LESSON 5.

Direct Objects.

le—him.
la—her.
les—them.

EX.

Je le vois—I see him.
je la vois—I see her.
je les vois—I see them.

Questions.

Le voyez-vous?—Do you see him?
La voyez-vous?—Do you see her?
Les voyez-vous?—Do you see them?
Le connaissez-vous?—Do you know him?

Indirect Objects.

lui—to him.
lui—to her.
leur—to them.

EX.

je lui parle—I speak to him (or to her).
je leur parle—I speak to them.

Questions.

Lui parlez-vous?—Do you speak to him (or her).
Leur parlez-vous?—Do you speak to them?

Negative Sentence.

Ne le connaissez-vous pas?—Do you not know him?
Ne lui parlez-vous pas?—Do you not speak to him?
Ne leur écrivez-vous pasè—Do you not write to them?

THE FOLLOWING EXPRESSIONS ARE FOLLOWED BY "DE."

Combien (de)—How much? How many?
beaucoup (de)—much, many.
peu (de)—little, few.
plus (de)—more than.
moins (de)—less, fewer.
Autant (de)—as much, as many.

THE FOLLOWING VERBS REQUIRE "a" BEFORE AN INFINITIVE.

Commencer à—to begin.
aimer à—to love, like.
apprendre à—to learn.
hesiter à—to hesitate.
Avoir à—to have to.
réussir à—to succeed.

Examples.

Il commence à lire.—He begins to read.
J'ai à lui parler.—I have to speak to him.
J'hésite à le punir.—I hesitate to punish him.

THE FOLLOWING VERBS REQUIRE "DE" BEFORE AN INFINITIVE:

oublier—to forget.
dire—to say, tell.
négliger—to neglect.
promettre—to promise.
permettre—to permit.
craindre—to fear.
offrir—to offer.
parler—to speak.

Examples.

J'ai oublié de lui ecrire.—I have forgotten to write to him.
Il a negligé de faire cela.—He neglected to do that.
J'ai dit à M. Poiret de venir.—I told M. Poiret to come.
J'ai demandé à M. Poiret de venir.—I asked M. Poiret to come.
J'ai permis à M. Poiret de venir.—I permitted M. Poiret to come.
J'ai promis à M. Poiret de venir.—I promised M. Poiret to come.
J'ai defendu à M. Poiret de venir.—I have forbidden M. Poiret to come.
J'ai offert à M. Poiret de venir.—I offered M. Poiret to come.

Notice that the six verbs above require an indirect objective pronoun in French.

Je lui ai demandé de venir.—I have asked him to come.
Je lui ai promis de venir.—I promised her to come.
Je leur ai dit de venir.—I told them to come.

THE FOLLOWING VERBS REQUIRE NO PREPOSITION BEFORE AN INFINITIVE.

Vouloir—to want.
pouvoir—can, to be able.
devoir—to owe, must.
savoir—to know.
falloir—to be necessary.
aller—to go.
faire—to do, to make.
esperer—to hope.
penser—to think.
croire—to believe.

Examples.

Je veux aller à New York.—I want to go to New York.
Il va écrire sa lettre.—He is going to write his letter.
Nous esperons le voir.—We hope to see him.

NOTE: All pronoun objects, in French, precede the verb to which they refer.

Examples.

Je le donne à Jean.—I give it to John. Lit.—I it give to John.
Je lui donne les livres.—I give the books to her. Lit.—I to her give the books.
Je le lui donne.—I give it to him. Lit.—I it to him give.
Je les leur donne.—I give them to them. Lit.—I them to them give.

Note also that le, la, les, precede lui and leur in a sentence, but both come before verb; and that lui means either **to him** or **to her** when used with verb, but with preposition **him—lui, her—elle.**

Je vais avec lui.—I am going with him.
Je vais chez lui.—I am going to his place.
Je vais chez elle—I am going to her place.
Je vais avec elle.—I go with her.

The Preposition "Chez":

CHEZ—Translates "to or at the place of." (Home or business place).

Example.

Je vais chez Eaton.—I am going to Eaton's.
Il est chez le docteur.—He is at the doctor's.
Elle va chez elle.—She is going home.
Je vais chez moi.—I am going home.
Allez-vous chez vous?—Are you going home?
But:
Je vais à la maison.—I am going home.
Je vais à l'église.—I go to Church.
Je vais au jardin.—I am going to the garden.
Je vais au theatre.—I am going to the theatre.
Je vais au restaurant.—I go to the restaurant.

CORRECT THE MISTAKES IN THE FOLLOWING SENTENCES:

Les maisons, qu'ils ont acheté, ne sont pas très grande.
The houses that they have bought are not very large.
Elles ont vu les enfants de Madame Smith.
They have seen the children of Mrs. Smith.
Francais sont brave.
Frenchman are brave.
Connaissez-vous où est l'ami de mon père?
Do you know where my father's friend is?
Avez-vous beaucoup livres?
Have you many books?
Elles ne sont pas sorti ce matin.
They did not go out this morning.
J'aime très beaucoup ce livre; l'avez-vous lue?
I like this book very much; have you read it?
J'ai parlé à lui hier.
I spoke to him yesterday.
Lui avez-vous parlé.
Did you speak to him?
Je n'ai pu donner ces livres à les enfants de Madame Smith, parce que je ne les ai pas vu.
I could not give these books to Mrs. Smith's children because I have not seen them.
Les avez-vous vu?
Have you seen them?
Les avez-vous parlé?
Have you spoken to them?
Le prochain vendredi je lui écrirai.
Next Friday I shall write to him.
Nous leur avons parlés hier matin.
We spoke to them yesterday morning.
Nous souvent avons ecrit a eux.
We often write to them.
J'ai oublié à écrire ma lettre.
I have forgotten to write my letter.
En réponse de votre lettre de 7 courant.
In answer to your letter of the 7th inst.
Nous avons dit M. de Lestard de venir nous voir.
We told Mr. de Lestard to come to see us.
Allez-vous à Eaton?
Are you going to Eatons?
Mon père et mère ne sont pas ici.
My father and mother are not here.
Je leur ai donne mes lettres.
I have given them my letters.
Je leur les ai donné.
I gave them to them.
Je vous remercie pour votre lettre de 8 courant.
I thank you for your letter of the 8th inst.
Je l'ai reçu aujourd'hui.
I received it to-day.

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MARIE MADELEINE DE BEAUREGARD.

Après avoir fini ses études à l'école de Medecine de Paris, Edouard de Beauregard vint s'établir avec sa mère à Montreal où habitait depuis quelques années la soeur de Madame de Beauregard, mariée à un avocat de la ville.

La famille était originaire de la Rochelle, une des sept villes protestantes de l'ancienne France, une des rares villes qui ait un Temple et où les anciennes familles appartiennent presque toutes au culte reformé.

Madame de Beauregard considerait le fait d'être protestante comme un titre de noblesse légué par ses ancêtres et avait inculqué à son fils une aversion profonde pour tout ce qui était catholique. Elle descendait en ligne directe du comte de Beauregard qui fut mis à mort comme hérétique, en 1628.

Arrivée à Montreal, la famille se trouva donc dépaysée au milieu de tous ces Francais catholiques pratiquants et imbus—comme le disait le jeune docteur—de prejugés absurdes et de superstitions montrueuses. Il exprimait librement, ses opinions et ne tarda pas à se faire de nombreux ennemis dans une ville où la majorité des habitants ont conservé toute leur foi.

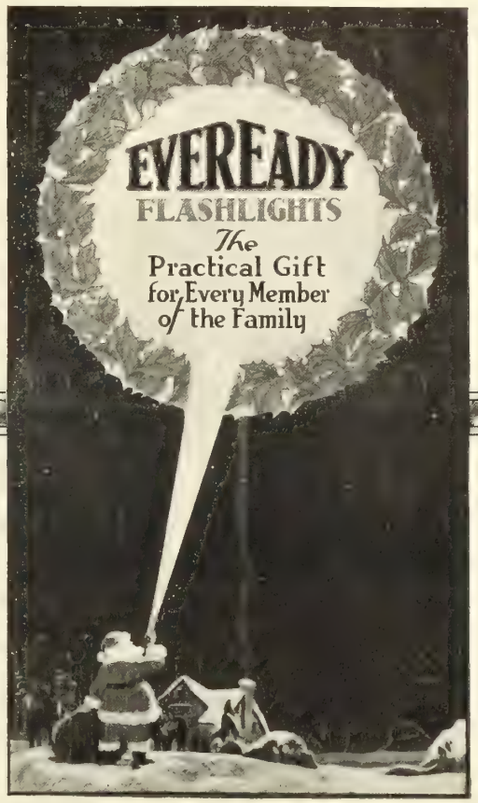
Le clergé le dénonca comme un Franc-masson dangereux et fanatique et le jeune homme comprit qu'il ne pourrait jamais réussir au milieu de tant d'ennemis. Il quitta Montréal et vint s'établir à Toronto, la ville la plus importante de l'Ontario, bien connue pour son peu de sympathie pour tout ce qui est catholique.

Son fils Jacques suivait les cours de medecine à l'University de Toronto; il promettait de devenir un bon sujet et un médecin habile, Marguerite, agée de 22 ans, était une grand fille, blonde, élancée, d'allure distinguée qui, sans grande beauté plaisait par une expression de douceur.

Madeleine, la plus jeune des enfants, avait 18 ans. De taille moyenne, mais de tournure élègante, brune avec de grands yeux noirs bien francs, elle avait un air décidé qui demontrait un caractère dominateur et une volonté infexible. Jamais deux soeurs n'avaient été si differentes et un Elles passaient rarement un jour sans se disputer et quand Marguerite, lasse des querelles, se soumettait aux caprices et aux exigences de sa soeur, celle-ci éplorée se jetait à son cou l'assurant de tout son amour. Sous les apparences d'une révoltée et d'une fille froide, Madeleine cachait un coeur d'or et une grande sensibilité, qu'elle semblait honteuse de faire connaître. Beaucoup de femmes passent ainsi dans la vie sans qu'on les connaisse et qu'on les apprecie.

Par un beau jour de printemps, Madeleine et son père se promenaient dans ce parc magnifique de Toronto, "High Park," quand au coin du parc et de la rue Bloor la jeune fille fut renversée par une auto, conduite par un jeune homme. Légérement blessée elle fut transportée à l'hopital dans la rue du Collège. Le jeune homme, après avoir donné son nom et son adresse, promit de faire tout ce qu'il pourrait pour compenser la victime et assurer son confort. Le désespoir du jeune homme était si visible que le docteur n'eût pas le courage de le traiter rudement, ainsi qu'il l'aurait certainement fait en toute autre occasion.

(a continuer dans le porchaine numero.)



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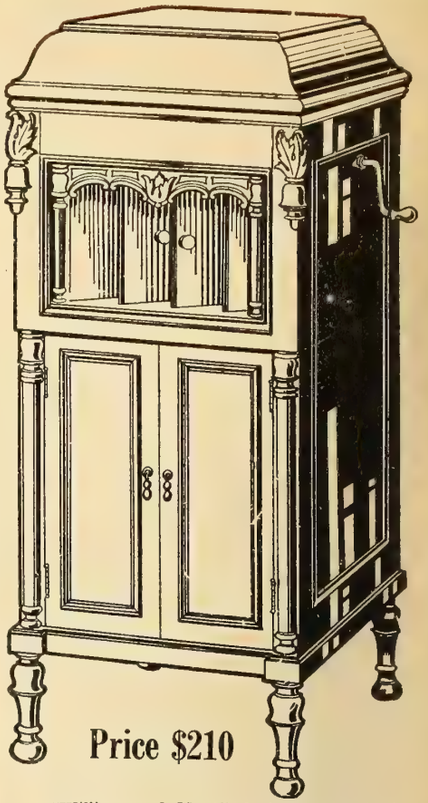

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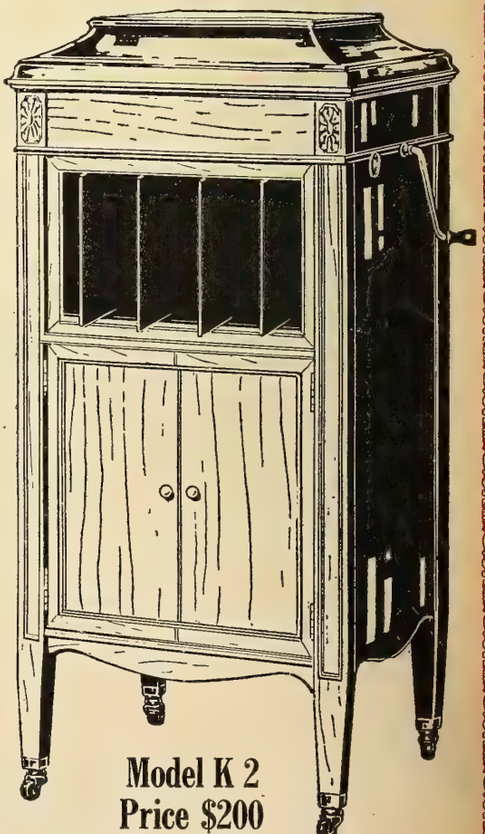

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JANUARY, 1923

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Managing Editor

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THE NEW YEAR

A HAPPY NEW YEAR! Thanks! Same to you, and many of them! How the old greeting flashes from lip to lip as "a new age expands its white and holy wings above the peaceful land."

With some the felicitation is but a perfunctory performance, lacking sincerity of heart, but there are few mortals whose hopes for the coming year do not rise in response to the ancient greeting while the spirit furtively yearns for the consummation of the generous wish.

This year we received a card whose cunning flattery was expressed as follows:

"This is how I say it to most people—

"'A Happy New Year!'

"but this is how I say it to you—

"'A HAPPY NEW YEAR!'"

The subtle distinction tickles one's vanity, but in a world where happiness is more the exception than the rule, it is surely an ungenerous soul who would not wish every fellow mortal full measure. So, good friends, in wishing you ALL a Happy New Year, this is how we want to say it—

"A HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

One frequently hears it said that our life is what we choose to make it; but alas, in our journey through the world we find it is too often marred and disfigured by the envy, hatred, malice, and uncharitableness of others.

Few of us who look back over the past year will not find cause to regret we were so parsimonious with the Christian virtues.

It is man's inhumanity to man that makes the countless thousands mourn the unhappiness of the years, so let us now resolve that the good wishes for health, wealth and prosperity we are passing around will, through our regard and consideration for others throughout the coming year, ripen to the full fruitage of the happy benediction.

Editorial

Do You Need Money for Your Church?

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MAKING THE MOST OF THE NEW-COMER

UNDER our new immigration policy Canada this year will be welcoming thousands from the countries of the old world, who will pour in through our doors, fresh, eager, hopeful, and ambitious, bringing with them their own peculiar gifts and talents to enrich the life of the Dominion.

In welcoming these new-comers, let us remember that the Canada of to-day was built up out of such material as they represent, and let us be even more ready than we have been in the past to keep alive, protect and conserve the talents and traditions, the gifts of art, music, literature, education and learning they bring with them. Let us recognize it, receive it, and be grateful for it, welding and merging it in our national life, that it may give light, beauty, and colour to the spirit of the nation.

Canada is too frequently thought, spoken, and written of as the melting pot. Such an idea should not dominate the mind of the leader who visions a prosperous and united country. On this side of the water we are prone to try and exert an undue influence over the minds and actions of the new-comers, but it is a good thing for the progress of humanity that we are not all cast in the same mould. The melting pot idea is wrong. What we need in Canada is material to build a strong and beautiful nation, and not material to be thrown into the pot and boiled down to the same mediocre level.

IT would appear, from complaints we have received, that a number of subscribers have not been getting their copies of the magazine. As we have recently made a change in the mailing staff, it is possible that a number of errors have been made, but if subscribers would kindly notify us regarding missing numbers, we shall be very glad to supply them. Meanwhile we can assure our readers that everything is being done to obviate these errors, which are a matter of great annoyance and regret to us.

THIS story was adjudged the winner out of 149 manuscripts submitted for the prize of $50.00 offered by National Life for the best short story not exceeding 1,600 words.

The Wife of His Youth

A Simple Story of a Great Love

By E. A. Taylor

CHICAGO is a big city, with a reputation for doing things in a big way.

When Chicago has nothing else to do, she counts up her divorces and tells everyone that she is the most un-marrying city in the world, and some people are very shocked.

This is the story of Ira P. Smith who was unexpectedly divorced in Chicago, but whether the divorce was made absolute or not, is a question which eternity alone can answer.

On the Sunday when the following incident occurred Ira had been married just five and twenty years to his first and only wife.

He was a tidy and good tempered man, short and rather bald, and getting stouter than he cared to.

A small bakery which he kept, much hard work, and unlimited help from Ruth, otherwise Mrs. Ira P. Smith, had enabled him to raise and fairly educate four children.

Ruth was a slender woman with rather fine eyes, and on this Sunday was arraying herself in the smartest garments her meagre wardrobe could produce, wondering the while what "Ira P." was doing all by himself in the closed store.

As a matter of fact he was busy writing on the back of a card: "To the wife of my youth, who still abides with me." He had seen the words on the title page of a book, and they struck him as the correct thing to go with the silver brooch he had bought secretly for his loved wife. None of the children remembered it was the Smith silver wedding, and he hoped Ruth would think he had forgotten too; it would be so nice to surprise her.

Having finished his task he waited for her, with the brooch and card in his pocket, his head cocked a little on one side and looking somewhat like a contented robin. The Smiths had led a bird-like life. There was the rapture of courtship, and early wedded life, when the heart of Ira sang continually for joy, and he still sang a few notes—whenever he had the breath to spare. His nest, once full of wide-open little mouths, had kept Ruth and him busy early and late, trying to satisfy the demands, mental and physical, of the twentieth century child. Ruth had been a wonder all those brood-raising years, so Ira P. thought, as he waited. Never was there a better manager, nor a woman who put in such good team work beside her man.

Now the children had all flown from the nest. They were all very bright and clever, and Ira P., who was not clever at all, regarded his offspring with the mixture of pride and amazement a robin might feel when the young he had nurtured turned out to be eaglets.

Ira P. was very proud of his children, but he had a secret satisfaction now that they were all gone, in hoping that he and Ruth would have time to talk to each other. He chuckled contentedly as she came down the stairs to him. Worn with the strenuous labor of bearing and rearing modern children, she was only a shell of a woman, far older than her fifty years, yet Ira P. felt the strength of his youth had returned to him as they walked out together, the little silver bar, his present, shining on her breast. He set his feet sturdily on the ground, and held his head high. He had a boyish belief that he was going to do something great—become young again, live another life, and achieve something magnificent. Then he looked at the woman at his side,—the wife of his youth; his imagination tinged with the warmth of his love veiled her face from him, so he did not see that all the soft glow of womanly life had faded from her worn features and that her hair was grey and thin. In his eyes she was young again, the wife of his youth, his first and only love.

She divined his thoughts and her face became illumined, so much so, that a young man who passed them stopped to stare. He was a black and white artist for a newspaper, and had just put in a week making sketches for the latest and most notorious divorce case. That day he was feeling rather cynical, until he saw Ruth —"An old woman," he muttered, with amazement. "Sixty probably, yet with eyes like a girl in love; I must get another look at her."

He watched the couple strolling on, evidently making for a little used level railway crossing in a suburban section of the city, then a sudden thought struck him and he hurried to the road beside the track, where he waited with sketching block and pencil in readiness.

He saw them crossing the tracks, then Ruth's high-heeled shoe caught in the rail. She stood, frowning and smiling, and seemed glad there was no one in sight, while Ira P., kneeling on a handkerchief spread out to save his Sunday trousers from the dust, commenced to unlace the boot. Just then a man came dashing across the train yard, his eyes wide with horror, while he shouted frantic warnings. Ira heard them—as he also heard the roar of the oncoming train.

As he rose to his feet, Ruth, terror-stricken, pushed him with both hands. "Go! go!" she implored.

He had just one instant to spring back, one instant to choose between life and death, one brief instant to decide on separation or annihilation and he spent that instant in catching her in his arms, and kissing her with passionate lips.

The artist, standing paralyzed with fear, saw Ruth's face. It was the face of an old woman, pinched grey with the terror of death. Then in a flash, fear vanished, and he saw the face of a young girl, illumined by an ecstacy of love.

The steam-driven avalanche of iron was upon them, and instantly those close-wedded bodies were hurled through the divorce courts of death.

And their souls? Is there not marriage in Heaven for such as they, where they can lay down among the lilies, love-linked for ever? Or do such, "after they have played for a thousand years in the meadows of Asphodel," come back again through the gates of birth, to meet on earth, and wed again, and from their love-mating, give the world the souls of our greatest poets and heroes?

To Let—Number Twenty-three

A Tale of the Underworld

By Leslie Gordon Barnard

THE KID has just gone. As I watched him saying good-night to Lena my mind ran to the first night he came here to Number 23.

Number 23 is about midway in a long row of brick houses, chock-a-block, built by someone who could not have intended often to pass this way. You can't tell one from the other—and they're all ugly. Even a sober man might be excused for setting his key to the wrong latch. I always knew ours by Lena's geraniums in the window. Lena was raised up-country somewhere, and she misses growing things. I always encouraged her in this hobby of hers; very respectable-looking thing, geraniums—they seem to sit there in the window telling the passers-by: "Here is a place where drabness has not crushed a love of life's refinements; here is respectability flourishing on the ragged edge of poverty; here is the abode of home-keeping folk, the backbone of the nation!" No one would suspect, looking upon this badge of respectability, against the background of scrupulously clean lace curtains, that this same Number 23 has seen, under the cover of most seemly card parties, with not so much as a chip in sight, many a queer plot hatched; that in its very homey, commonplace bedrooms, have been housed now and again, men upon whose head the police of two continents have placed rewards, running into four, and even five figures.

It was Corrigan's idea—but don't go looking for a Corrigan with the thought of police reward in sight, for the name is not really that—that Lena and I should set up this place, and form a safe and unsuspected haven—one of several such, dotted across the country.

"A respectable married couple like you!" he grinned, in that silly way he affected, and than which no better disguise ever existed. It would take more than a clairvoyant to see behind that vapid, almost effeminate face, the "master mind" of a network of criminal activity.

Funny, though, as I thought then, that Lena should stand out against it so. She was always worried when I didn't keep her right in touch with things—and sometimes more worried when I did. In my masculine vanity, I thought it was just a concern for my precious skin—But I'm getting away from the Kid.

It was foggy that night—and funny things can happen in a fog. Early in the day, I remember, Corrigan sent me my instructions.

"Be outside the Biltor Hotel, ready for quick get-away, ten p.m. Taxi. Tall dark man, scar on left cheek. Will demand that you drive quickly—anywhere. Take him to 23."

When I first met Lena I was a chauffeur, and, if I knew nothing else, I knew cars. Garages were my undoing; little, petty grafting gradually engulfed me, until I crossed the path of Corrigan. He had me where he wanted me, and I was glad enough to hitch up. Many an affair I've pulled out of the fire for him with quick action and an open exhaust.

It was so foggy I could hardly nose my taxi into position; so foggy there were hardly any other cars there. But I know the city like an Arab knows the desert. I got out, and was busy apparently adjusting the catch of the door—Corrigan's latest sign for those who might not know my car—and wondering whether Corrigan had reckoned on fog; he's such an uncannily efficient person one might almost suspect him of creating it—when I heard a shot. It seemed to come from just up the street, and an instant later a tallish form burst from the fog and into my car.

I had the door closed on him in a second, and was off, with his words in my ear:

"Drive quick!"

"Where?" I demanded.

"Anywhere!" he said. It struck me as funny that anyone of Corrigan's outfit should get so excited as he seemed to be, but I figured it was a pose, and, anyhow, he had given the right password.

I took him direct to Number 23; I mean the end of the street. We didn't believe in advertising our "taxi service" more than that.

"Where are we?" he demanded, sticking his head out.

"Just within a stone's throw," I told him. "I suppose C. told you your destination?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," he said, "but I guess I'll get out here. If you'll let me know—how much—and where to send it." He added, stammering a bit: "I'm sorry, but—I'm broke!"

I had my flashlight on him in a moment. The fog was so thick it swirled in wisps between the light and his face, but I saw no scar, nor was he dark. Just a fair-haired lad, with staring brown eyes that seemed to hold depths of despair and fear.

I suppose he thought I was cursing him instead of my own stupidity. Even so, I put it to anybody, how could I help the mistake, in the fog, and with everything working out like that, according to instructions? I was so annoyed, though, I determined I'd throw a scare in the youth.

"That'll be five dollars—for a quick run like that!" I snarled. "Pay up or I'll fetch a policeman!"

I've seen too much of beginners in crime not to read the look in his eyes. And I remembered, too, how keen Corrigan was to get hold of new blood when he had something on folk that would keep them safe until he drilled his own discipline into them.

"Look here," I told him, "you can't put anything over me, son! You've been up to some funny business, and a cop would be about as welcome as a farmer's dog to a tramp. I'll stand by you if you give me the straight dope!"

"Dope?"

"Yes, the straight story!" I began to wonder if even Corrigan could mould such material. But C. can do wonders, and, besides, I knew I must have evidence to back up my alibi.

He told me, then, and seemed almost glad to get rid of the yarn to another, about how he had got in wrong with the crowd back home in his country town, and they'd played him for a sucker, and let him do the dirty work; how he had helped them break into the local bank, and they had got away with all the "swag"—and left him busy on finishing up the inside job—to look after himself, when sudden discovery raised a hue and cry. He rode a freight to another town, and finally landed up in the city here. I fancy he hadn't had much under his belt for a while, and an empty stomach makes cowards of men, let alone boys, so he began to see danger in every traffic cop. After that came desperation; hunger works that way, too. He broke in a bread-shop window with his fist, thinking the fog would cover him, and a peeler took a shot at him. Kind of dangerous trick in a fog like that! He jumped my car because it was the handiest, and the only escape in sight—and the door was open. Funny how little things effect great issues, isn't it?

I took the car round to the garage, three minutes away, and then piloted the Kid to Number 23. He was as willing to come as a stray dog to follow the first friendly stranger.

I was worried—but it wasn't about Corrigan or the Kid, or the tall, dark man with the scar, who, for all I knew, might be wildly looking for my car even then—I figured the fog would help him, too; I was worried about Lena. Lena was queer about some things. She'd probably give me a dressing-down over introducing the Kid to Number 23. Only she uses her eyes instead of her tongue, like most women, and it's an uncommon sight more uncomfortable.

Lena looked up from one of those padded-leather books I bought her the last Christmas. It was the outside tempted me—the look and the feel of them—but she's read them through since. She eyed my find with interest.

"He's to wait for Corrigan," I told her. "We'll have to bunk him for the night!"

"You'll find a bed ready in the back room," she told me. "Put him there.

I took him up, and left him staring wide-eyed into the darkness, but comfortable enough to be between linen again, and to have some food tucked away—food that I had carried up myself rather than risk Lena's questions. As it was, when I went down, she said:

"He looks country!"

"He is country," I admitted.

"And homesick!"

"All he needs is sleep!"

She said, after a space: "Is he one of Corrigan's?"

"He has an interview with him tomorrow," I told her, and abruptly changed the subject.

Corrigan came in the morning, raging about the mess I had made—or almost made—in failing him. I admitted everything, the safest way with him, and, matters having come out right in spite of my mistake, he was mollified. The lad upstairs was my trump card. Corrigan's chief joy was schooling youngsters in the game, when they were caught young enough to be teachable. He has pride in his work, has Corrigan.

Lena, always suspicious, happened, by something more than an accident, to make an uninvited fourth for part of the interview. Later, in the lower hall, she faced the chief, blazing with anger. He was urbane, polite—few men can be more—but she got nowhere.

"You can tell your wife," he said to me, after she had gone, "that she'd better keep her nose

out of affairs, or I'll take it out on you!"

Corrigan never makes empty threats. I told Lena. She just bit her lip, and turned away to water some of her plants on the window-sill.

When all is said and done, credit must be given to Corrigan as an artist. He took the rough country clay and made of the Kid the perfect representation of a gentleman. There was in his speech, carefully tutored by one of C.'s men, who had graduated from an old world university, sufficient of culture to let him pass in any society. That requires more a knowledge of what not to say than what to say. The argot of the criminal was religiously kept from his lips. Once I remember him using a slang phrase commonly in vogue amongst us, in Corrigan's presence, and I can recall the tongue-lashing it called forth. As he was perfected in his part, he mixed more and more in life—the high life of the restaurant district.

Many a night my car has stood outside some famous night club or roof garden, and I have seen the Kid come out, immaculate in evening dress, often as not with little Peggy Brixon, and very casually signal for me, as though time was no object when every moment meant a chance of discovery.

Corrigan had for the Kid the same regard as a sculptor for the masterpiece that has been modelled by his hands.

I only mention these things to show the incredible change in the country lad I rescued from the fog that night, and to explain my amazement when one day he came to me with the complaint:

"I'm through coming to Number 23, Bert! Sorry, too; I've enjoyed the little affairs your Lena has given, but—well, I'm through!"

"Afraid of a raid?" I asked him, for someone had raised a rumour that we were suspected.

"No," he said, eying me queerly. "Afraid of Lena! Look here, Bert, you've got the best little girl in the world, bar one, but she's not built for this kind of thing. It's not so bad when a bunch are there, but when I drop up for a meal it's too—too homey. She even made me help her wash the dishes the other night—that time you were called out right after we had finished eating. And she talks—well, about books I used to like once, and—things like that. It isn't fair to my work. I've got to stop it, that's all! I'm going to try it out, for a month anyhow—if I can keep away! She's got me so I can't sleep right at nights!"

When I told Lena, she looked, as I knew she would, very crest-fallen, for she liked the lad better than any who came and went at 23; but I caught a little glint of satisfaction in her smile now and then, and over the dishes later I heard her singing some old-fashioned melody.

Whether by accident or design, or even by request of the Kid himself, I did not then know, but Corrigan sent him off on a month's affair to some middle-west town, and so made the break easier. Things were very quiet at the time at 23—Corrigan, with the rumour of possible suspicion in his mind, ordered the bunch to keep away—and Lena had more time on her hands than usual. She liked company, too, and I was not surprised when I went home one evening to find Peggy Brixon there. The only surprise was to find this girl, whom I knew chiefly in the role of a society-girl type, happily washing dishes, a great gingham apron of Lena's giving her the appearance of a child dressed up for a lark.

Peggy Brixon was another of Corrigan's finds. He had discovered her despairingly watching the ejection of her mother's poor possessions from a squalid tenement. Corrigan, with an eye to business, and something, I am inclined to believe, of a better motive, paid off the landlord in money and fitting words, and himself aided in restoring the furniture to the mean hovel. The mother, he saw, was failing badly, and had her sent to a hospital, her last shelter on earth as it proved. After that, when Corrigan put his proposition to the girl, he had little difficulty. Two things aided him: the absolute despondency of the girl, and her fierce craving, long suppressed, for excitement and "life." Peggy Brixon was close to being another masterpiece of Corrigan's. Together, Peggy and the Kid would have passed anywhere.

Corrigan gave me the first hint of how things were going in my own house, one day when we were downtown.

"That wife of yours is a damn nuisance, Bert!" he said, bluntly. "Every time I drop up, she eyes me as if I were a murderer or something of the kind, and you know yourself I've kept clear of the rough stuff! She makes me feel mean and mad in the same breath! I don't mind that—I can stand it. But she's queering two of the best fancy workers I ever had on the pay roll! The Kid's had to be sent away to get over it, and now I'm durned if she isn't busting up things with Peggy! It's got to stop, that's all! Last time I saw Peggy I asker her if she wasn't pining for a new job, and sort of apologized for keeping her on the shelf a while. She didn't say much, but I saw her eyes register relief. I don't like it, Bert. It's got to stop, that's all. Speak to your wife to-night!"

I went home. Peggy was there, as usual. She was sitting in the little back parlor with my wife, her fair head and Lena's dark one close together. Peggy was enthusing:

"Oh, I do love that bungalow type, don't you?——" when I entered.

"Mercy!" cried Lena, jumping up, and flushing. "I haven't begun to get supper ready! Come and help me, Peggy!"

They went off. I strolled over and picked up the fallen copy of "Home and Garden."

I didn't mention Corrigan's complaint that night. After supper—and the inevitable dishwashing, which makes a splendid gossiping season for two women mutually inclined—Lena played the piano; and I thought as I watched Peggy, curled like some pretty kitten, in a great armchair, where only the softest glow of the piano lamp could fall on her, that if the Kid was anything of a man he must be eating his heart out in the middle west. Lena played soft things—the kind that one fancies when the lights are turned low, and one is well-fed and drowsy and inclined, perhaps, to dream a little . . .

Had anyone come to Number 23 that night, suspicion would have died a natural death. Never was the air more filled with eminent respectability . . .

I don't know that I blame Corrigan altogether for the part he played. We all have our moments when the worst gets on top and simply strangles any good thing in us for the time being. If someone were to bust up a picture that had grown by a painter's skill to be a masterpiece, I suppose our sympathy would be with the artist if he forgot to be gentle and kind for a while. Then there was the other affair, of which even I knew nothing then.

Corrigan was a tyrant in the matter of his "workers," as he chose to call them, keeping in close touch with him. It was an inflexible rule that, when they were not on a job of his, they must not leave town without his sanction. Peggy Brixon took the law into her own hands, and spent a whole ten days away without a word to him. Only by chance he discovered her absence, and hurried to Number 23, in an ugly mood.

"Where is she?" he asked Lena.

"How should I know?" she replied.

"You're too confounded honest," he told her, "to get away with that stuff! Your eyes give you away. Where is she?"

Lena was frightened at his manner. I don't blame her—Corrigan's eyes are the ugliest in the world when his temper runs away with him.

"Lyndurst!" said Lena, trembling a little.

"Lyndurst!" he repeated. "I've heard the name . . . Ah. I've got it—that's the one-horse joint the Kid came from! What's she doing there?"

"Spending a week or two at the summer hotel."

"In October?"

"They take a few boarders all winter," said Lena simply, getting herself in hand again.

Corrigan grunted, and went away. The ugly look in his eyes had changed from anger to a treacherous calmness. It seemed to deceive her, though, and I did not wish to distress or upset her.

When two women get their heads together over plans, secretly, you may expect one of two things: a real accomplishment or a blow-up. When Peggy came back, I was permitted, though, to hear her story. I hardly recognized in the teller of the tale the Peggy Brixon who, a month or so before, was an habitue of our local "white way" restaurants and clubs.

"I went," she said, "in the guise of a special article writer, looking for the local 'characters' every village and town can supply. The boarding-house keeper, a Mrs. Fensome, proved a jewel. And she loved to talk—this being a slack season. We were sitting in her great front window one day, her favorite spot, commanding the main street, when she caught my arm.

"'There's a character for you now!' she said.

"I saw a little old man, stooped, white-haired—rather a pathetic figure. The boy who helped his failing eyesight saw Mrs. Fensome before she could draw back behind the curtains. He spoke to the old man, and the later smiled and bowed to us with queer, old-fashioned courtesy.

"'That's the Prodigal's father,' she said, smiling, and then she told me the story. Roger Galway had married late in life; his wife, in giving to him a son and heir, paid in full. Roger lavished on the boy all the love of a starved heart. He was too indulgent; his moderate fortune was at the lad's disposal, and it, with bad companions on the sly, led him astray. It ended, when the boy was in his middle twenties, with a bank robbery by the gang. Only one was caught, and he refused to incriminate his pals—but the next day or so the whole gang cleared out. There was no real proof against them. Roger Galway's son went out at eight o'clock on the night of the robbery; he did not return, nor did he ever send word.

"'It turned the old man queer,' Mrs. Fensome told me. 'We

used to watch and whisper when he came into church of a Sunday, with even his perpetual stoop hardly showin' because he was so stiff with anger. He hardly ever spoke to a soul, but went long walks alone into the country round about. That was before his eyes went so bad. There was the boy's dog; the poor beastie used to follow him to the gate with his body wriggling in hope and his tail wagging, but it was only his sad eyes that followed further, for the old man wouldn't have even that much of the lad with him. Then, one Sunday, our parson—a rare good man he is, and eloquent—preached on the prodigal son. In the middle of it, Roger Galway got up, stiff as a poker, and stalked out of church. The minister never stopped, miss, but went right on, and I can remember, plain as can be, how the words must have followed the old man out. You mind, miss, the place it says: "And while he was yet a great way off his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck and kissed him." Those were the words, and they seem to have rung in the old man's ears all the way home. Wednesday nights, miss, we have prayer-meetin', and on the next Wednesday afternoon old Josiah Gadder met Roger with the lad's setter dog, wild with delight, beside him. It got round the village pretty quick, and most of us went to meetin' that night. Sure enough, old Roger was there in a front seat. He got up when the time came, and lifted his quavering old voice in a prayer for his wandering boy.

" 'Since then, miss, Roger Galway's been known as the prodigal's father. He's got it in his mind—and nothin' will turn him—that some of these days the boy will come back. His cottage—you may have seen it, miss—is at the top of the hill, and he sits for hours with that hired boy beside him, watching down the station road. You see, he's goin' to run and meet him, just like the good book says. Funny, though, he's got it in his head that it was part of his fault, not to give the boy more money. A while before the robbery he quit giving him much. Now he thinks he should have "divided unto him his portion" better and maybe he wouldn't have got mixed up in the trouble. Now the old man keeps gathering and saving, so when the boy comes back he'll be able, after a manner, to kill the fatted calf as well as keep them both in comfort.' "

That was the story, largely in the words of Mrs. Fensome, that Peggy Brixon told us. She had known, of course—as we did, long before an end was made of the telling—that the Prodigal's Father was also the Kid's.

"I fancied if we could find his father, we'd get the key we needed," said Lena presently. "It always made the Kid uneasy to ask him about him."

Said Peggy, thoughtfully: "The Prodigal's Father is ageing quickly. He's old at a time when most men are spry. Some constitutional complaint, they say, and the trouble and waiting are telling. It's growing on him, too, this obsession. Sometimes he'll sit almost all day, when the hired boy is not there, peering down the road as though to force his eyes to serve him . . .waiting . . . telling the setter every little while, as if to sustain his own conviction: 'He'll come yet, Laddie — he'll come yet — in time.' "

"The Kid must go home," said Lena at last, with finality. "When does he get back here, I wonder?"

"Next Monday," said Peggy quickly.

"Oh?"—Lena jollied her.

"I had a letter," said Peggy, blushing a bit; and the happy light in her eyes should have warned me.

I had to go out then, so they had their chance to put their heads together again in secret. I had promised to say nothing. It was a promise easily secured. The picture of the old man, telling the dog, Laddie, his hopes and fears, and watching that strip of country road, went with me into the very midst of an argument with a traffic cop—a thing that, ordinarily, I shun like poison.

Whenever Lena gets restless, and specially unhappy and worried over things, she packs a suitcase and takes the first train out to a suburban aunt's. I have never met this good lady, but her picture gives me the key to her environment, and her mentality. She believes in all old-fashioned things; lives a simple, God-fearing life; and has a tremendous faith in mankind.

It was perhaps a week or ten days after I heard the story of the Kid's father, that Lena packed her bag, and left me. I never questioned these jaunts; they were the safety-valves of her existence.

She usually comes back rested; this time she was radiant.

"It went off wonderfully!" she chortled.

"What did?" I growled, from behind an evening paper.

"The wedding!" she said.

I set down my paper.

"Not—not your aunt, for the love of Pete?"

"Bless your innocent soul!" laughed Lena. "No, ducky—just Peggy Brixon and Morton Galway! Aunt is the dearest thing!" She left me, with an air of jaunty triumph.

Behind my paper, I was helplessly enmeshed in a mental cobweb, in which was caught the picture of Lena's aunt aiding with delight the matrimonial destinies of two of the cleverest of Corrigan's agents.

I gathered that the Kid was figuring to go back home for a visit. Afterwards, I had the story of the Prodigal's return from authentic sources. Piecing it together, I can give it pretty straight, I think.

The first intimation Lyndurst had of the affair was when Sam Trimble, the postmaster, passed word around that old Roger had received a letter which the hired lad read to him in one corner, and which had sent him out of the post-office silently, but with a new springiness in his step; and that the dog, waiting for him outside, had been called upon to rejoice with him, old Roger murmuring: "At last, Laddie, at last!"

"It will be out of him at the meeting Wednesday," Mrs. Fensome informed a boarder of hers. "He'll be tellin' the Lord all about it, and we'll get the news that way. A very close mouth has Roger Galway with us mere folks, but he's eloquent with his Maker."

She returned from the meeting trembling with excitement.

"It's like I told you," she reported. "The boy has written that he's coming home. Only it ain't just like I told you either. He weren't a bit eloquent—he just could stammer out, 'Lord, I thank Thee, I thank Thee!" Afterwards they learned the boy was to come on the next Friday.

It looked as though the whole town would be out to see the drama of the Prodigal's return, but old Roger Galway shook his head at that. He said: "It wouldn't seem right, meeting him in public like that. He says himself, in his letter: 'I've heard, father, that you want to come and meet me. Don't come to the station; there will be so many there. I'll take a car from the station and stop at the old mill at the foot of the rise. You'll be able to judge the time after you hear the train whistle.' "

Someone interjected: "He'll be changed, likely, and your sight is so poor; how will you know him, Roger?"

At which old Roger smiled: "Know him?" he repeated quietly. "I shall know him, for he's still the same Morton. The old mill was a favorite spot of his as a boy—of his and mine. It was there I first told him of his—mother."

In the end, delicacy of feeling, it seems, supplanted curiosity in most. It is true that many eyes looked from windows and doors as old Roger set out, led by the hand, and with Laddie at his heels, upon his welcoming pilgrimage. They saw his form go down the descent, then lose itself in the crimsoning foliage shading the pathway to the mill. He did not await the whistle; he set out an hour before it was even due. His spirit, if not his old body, ran ahead to meet the prodigal . . .

The lad who led him was dismissed. Roger waited alone. The meeting was marked by one pair of eyes only: the village simpleton, who, with the wit of a fool, brought news to the post-office that night:

"He fell on his neck right enough, but I wouldn't a known Mort. He's quite a swell lookin' guy, though. They went away arm in arm. Only the dog, Laddie, didn't seem to take to him. Funny, that!"

The more intimate details came out after—long after.

They went on up the hill together in the gathering dusk. The young man was very quiet; the old man too happy to speak. They had tea together. Mrs. Fensome had, with unobtrusive kindness, slipped in and laid out a meal. When their footsteps approached she forebore to look, and ran furtively off.

Perhaps the meal betrayed the young man's state of mind to the elder. Roger Galway said at last:

"Morton, lad, there's something grave on your mind. I care not what the past has been, I forgive everything before you speak a word. Yet confession may do good. Come, lad, tell me, as you have told me your troubles oft before!"

Then, in the firelight, the prodigal made confession of a misspent life, a life of crookedness and crime. There was one thing that preyed upon him greatly: a widow he had defrauded. If he could make her restitution . . .

"How much is it, Mort?" old Roger asked at last.

The sum was five thousand.

"You shall take it to her," said the old man, sighing a little. "I have six thousand in the bank. Make out the cheque, lad, and I will sign it. Would we might double it and more, lad—that was the spirit of Zaccheus and a fitting one!"

One can imagine how his near-sighted eyes would trouble him in the signing away of his savings of years.

Next day, the village heard that Roger Galway's son had come and gone again. He would return, after settling affairs in the city. He would be back, at the latest, on Monday.

Monday came and no Morton. Another week passed, and yet he did not come. Old Roger appeared no more in the meeting. His spirit seemed to break. For him, eventide had come, but it did not bring peace. The prodi-

gal did not return. Of the money matter, Roger breathed never a word. But it got out about the cheque—things like that do in small places.

Corrigan came to Number 23 in those days only when necessity called. For Lena, he entertained a silent kind of hatred, I thought. But Lena sang about her work, or over her sewing, when he was in the house, and so, openly, proclaimed a sense of triumph. She could not have seen, as I did, the ugliness in the man's eyes. The mask he had put—by conscious effort until it became habitual—over a face that spoke criminality, dropped from him in those days.

Of the Kid and Peggy we saw nothing for two weeks.

"Their honeymoon," Lena said happily.

Then the pair came home. They stayed with us for a while. Peggy came to me two days after the return. She wanted me to drive her down to a meeting with Corrigan. They were to have dinner together, for old times' sake, she said.

"It's only fair," she told me. "I guess he's mad, and he's a bad man to have feel that way! It'll take some coaxing to straighten him out! Besides, I've got to tell him what I fancy he guesses. Mort and I are going straight! We're taking a cottage within easy reach of town, and Mort's landed a salesman's job. He'll make good at that. Mort has tickets for the theatre, and he's going to meet us in the lobby of the 'New Parisian' at eight. By that time I'm to have C. talked round to an amiable state of mind!"

I took her down. At eight, I did the same for the Kid. He waited for a while just within the lobby, then, growing impatient, went on in. After a time the three came out. Corrigan and the Kid seemed to be having a wordy altercation; Peggy looked distressed. She was trying to act as peacemaker. They stopped by the curb, where I had drawn up, waiting.

Peggy said, coaxingly: "Please, boys, let's forget all this stuff, and take in the show."

Corrigan laughed shortly. "Two's company," he said. "I guess we part for keeps. Oh, I'll keep hands off—we'll call a truce on that!" He added, savagely: "It's a nice deal, though, for a chap that lifted you both out of the gutter! It's that other woman's fault as much as anybody's." A malicious leer came to his face. He said: "I suppose you'll be doing this 'home and mother' stuff—or maybe it's 'home and father'?"

"We're giong to Lyndurst tomorrow, if that's what you mean!" the Kid said, with steel in his voice.

"I wouldn't!" said Corrigan. "I happen to know they're not partial to prodigal sons there just now. You see, there's an old fellow out there, near blind. His prodigal son returned a couple of weeks ago. He got his hands on the old man's fortune and came to town to make restitution, like Zaccheus . . . I guess they'll look a long time for him and his money! . . . No, I wouldn't go, if I were you! The townsfolk didn't get a good look at this chap, and they might mistake the Kid here, and think he was coming back for the other thousand! . . ."

The Kid stared, impassively, at the narrator. He found voice at last.

"How did you know?" he choked.

Corrigan laughed, an ugly laugh, again.

"What year do you think I was born? Peggy here goes down snooping round Lyndurst, so I thought I'd check up. I sent someone down. It looked rather good. A blind old man, willing to be convinced—five thousand dollars or more lying ready . . ."

The Kid was still dangerously impassive.

"But—the old mill?" he asked.

Corrigan's eyes glinted. "Four years ago," he said, "there was a bank robbery at Lyndurst—a local affair. It separated a gang of ne'er-do-wells. One got caught in my net one foggy night when he had fled to the city. Another went to jail. He was clever. When he came out he did another job. I ran across him. He's been working out west for me since. I wrote him. He was able to furnish local color. Anything else?"

The Kid said: "You didn't do this for that five thousand, Corrigan! It's not your usual line . . . blind old men. You did it because of me!" He moved nearer; outwardly he was the same impassive, faultlessly-mannered person. "You dirty swine!" he choked. "You low beast—imposing on a blind old man—on my father!"

The Kid's right arm shot out. It caught Corrigan unexpectedly, and sent him reeling to the pavement. He staggered up, dazedly, swearing as I had never heard before. The mask had dropped now. Peggy caught the Kid's arm, desperately. A crowd began to gather; a commissionaire came running from the nearby entrance. The Kid lit a cigarette, calmly:

"Search that man!" he ordered. "He's just taken a pearl necklace from my wife!"

Corrigan's jaw dropped. Two men were holding him. There came to his eyes what I had never seen there before—the shifty, fearful look of the hunted. Someone put a hand in his pocket and drew out a gleaming string of pearls; I recognized them at once as belonging to Peggy Brixon. Peggy held out her hand for them. Her breath was coming fast.

Someone shouted: "Call a policeman!"

Corrigan's eyes were on Peggy. She said, breathlessly: "Please don't! He's had his scare, and I don't want any publicity!"

"It ain't right, ma'm!" said the commissionaire, stiffly. "It ain't right to do that!"

"Please!" said Peggy again, smiling wistfully at him.

He started to argue the point. The men holding Corrigan loosed their hold a little meanwhile. Peggy flashed a look at me. I understood; started my car; pulled slowly out of rank. Corrigan's body lurched suddenly from the crowd.

"Let him go!" cried Peggy. "There—that solves it nicely! I do hate publicity. Come, Mort, dear."

Corrigan was in my car, and we sped along the street. I took Corrigan to his immediate lodging. He stopped for a moment after we got out by the curb.

"Tell the Kid," he said thickly. "Tell him I don't hold any grudge for what he did to-night. I goaded him to it. Tell him that—that I'm proud of the way he and Peggy handled that affair!" He chewed an unlit cigar viciously. His face was swelling to mark the Kid's blow. "I guess she's better mated with him than with a rough neck crook like me! Let the Kid know I've got the old man's five thousand safe enough. I'll send it to him. And tell Peggy to keep the pearls—I'd like her to have them!"

Lena and I motored out to Lyndurst with the Kid and his wife. It was just twilight when we got there. I kept the car at the door, while they waited for admittance. A small boy was chopping wood in the back yard. The Kid whistled, and a setter came dashing round, welcoming him ecstatically.

A stumbling hand opened the door; the old man himself appeared in the opening.

We heard the Kid say: "It's Mort, father, . . . and I've brought my wife!"

The old man stood, speechless, for the moment. The setter forgot his age, and bounded about in joyous barking.

"Laddie!" said the quavering voice, taking on new strength. "Laddie, I told you he'd come back, and he's brought me a daughter too!" He took the Kid in his arms, in a long embrace.

Peggy's voice said, a little breakingly:

"Is it customary to kiss a—a prodigal daughter, too?"

Roger Galway caught her to him. We waited until Peggy ran out to say good-bye to Lena.

"I'll see you soon," said Peggy, putting up a moist face for Lena to kiss. She stamped her foot. "It makes me so mad—" she said, with the break still in her voice, "it makes me so mad to be silly, and sentimental like this—but isn't he an old dear?"

. . . . . .

The Kid, I say, has just been into see us at Number 23, and left again. He was breathless with the news he carried.

"Twins!!" he told us, executing a war-dance on the floor. "We're calling 'em Lena and Harry! Lucky they came assorted, eh?"

"Harry?" repeated my wife, questioningly.

"Sure," said the Kid, "that's Corrigan's middle name! Peggy used to call him by it before she met me. Hurry up and move, you folks—those kids will be worth watching grow!"

Next week Number 23 will be vacant, until new tenants are found. I wonder if uneasy ghosts from the underworld will disturb their respectability! Lena and I are moving out to a cottage next to where Mort and his wife and old Roger Galway live. I'm going into business with the Kid, selling cars. Corrigan said we'd better part company; I had no business having a wife like Lena if I wanted to play his game. Corrigan? No, he hasn't caught the reform epidemic. I guess he was born to crime! Society made him what he was by leaving a low slum for him to be born in. They'll have to put up with him now!

I must quit writing. There's Lena calling me to help with the dishes. What she really wants is to talk over her plans for our garden-to-be!

EPIPHANY.

Of late there has come back to me
A promise—ages old.
A promise and a prophecy,
Millions of times re-told.
But suddenly to me it seems
The quest of all this sad word's dreams.

"There shall come a star!"—it blooms
In drifting foam of flowers,
As gossamer as garden glooms
That guerdon twilit hours.
But out of Time's obscurity,
I know that star will shine for me.

And I shall see with Balthazar,
Gaspar and Melchior,
That luminous and lovely star
The world is waiting for.
And by its light shall mortals know
God walks with man again below.

Blanche E. Holt Murison

In Holiday Mood

By Mildred Low

"Boys and girls, come out to play;
The moon is shining as bright as day."

THE winter moon! Across the dark-blue sky she trails her splendid course—serene, remote and exquisitely chaste. A powerful spell she weaves on all who gaze upon her. Drawn by her irresistible charm, they turn their thoughts from mundane things and enter the magic realms of fancy.

In most cities, unfortunately, one hardly ever sees the moon. The great tall buildings, the endless narrow streets, the lesser lights below, all combine to hide the glory of the queen of the night from the scurrying humans for whom she shines unheeded. They know not the marvellous glamour she casts o'er moon-lit hill, snow-covered plain and silent frost-bound stream.

But herein is Montreal, Canada, different from other places. Between the broad St. Lawrence River on the one hand and the slopes of Mount Royal on the other, the city stretches out its great length. It seems but a few steps from the congested haunts of men to the very strongholds of Nature. The mountain is Montreal's chief asset, especially in winter-time. So easy it is of access by cab or sleigh, by street car or on foot, that it forms the most splendid breathing space for the city's teeming population. It is the lungs of the metropolis.

Montreal is one of the most important business centres of the world. Her citizens deal with big things in a big way. They take their work seriously, and the results they accomplish are enormous. Largely this is due to an appreciation of the importance of regular and frequent recreation. It is the man that works with all his might who also knows properly how to play.

Practically everybody in Montreal goes in for winter sports. Picturesque gay-coloured sporting costumes are almost as common on the streets as the ordinary everyday garb. No need for the fortunate residents to take a day, or a week, or a month's holiday elsewhere. Their playground is right at their very doors. They are in holiday mood all winter long.

The most diligent business man may enjoy an hour's riding along the pretty bridle paths of the mountain before or after his day's work. Children from the slums go sliding day after day almost within sound of their dinner-call. Students and clerks spend their evenings and Saturday afternoons in the broad outdoors. Busy housewives and over-worked members of the social round steal a few hours every now and then for a wholesome frolic on the snow-clad hills.

There are no half-measures about the Montreal winter. For an unbroken stretch of ten or twelve weeks, one may count on the same sort of glorious weather—clear, frosty, sunshiny days, brilliant star-lit or moon-lit nights. The dazzling blue of the sky, the spotless purity of the snow that covers lawn and park, are as a healing benediction and a perpetual source of joy and inspiration. The rarified air that fills the lungs is invigorating and stimulating to a degree. In the happy faces that pass along the crowded streets, in the shouts of the throngs of merrymakers on the hillsides, is shown the reflection of Nature's beneficient winter mood. It is by the heart that age should be reckoned—not by crow's feet and greying hair. The hearts of those who know how to play are perpetually youthful.

All winter long, the boys and girls come out to play. They ski; they go bob-sledding; they take long tramps on snowshoes over and around the mountain. They watch the horse races on the ice at Delormier Park, the ski-jumping contests on the Cote des Neiges Road, the thrilling flights of tobogganers down the famous old Park Slide, rebuilt this season. Rinks innumerable, of real ice, open and covered, invite the devotee of the steel shoe, or provide accommodation for the curlers' bonspiel.

Skating in Montreal has become a fine art. The Winter Club, of which Sir Vincent Meredith is president, has fostered this truly Canadian sport and developed some beautiful performers on the ice. The Canadian championship events and special exhibitions of figure skating are announced for this winter. Widespread interest is also shown in the visit of the contestants at the international tournament being held at St. John, N.B.

The International Curling Tournament takes place in Montreal from January 11th to 17th, as well as the Gordon Medal Contest, which will bring some of the leading curlers from the United States. The snow-shoe

TOBOGANNING

clubs, oldest of sporting organizations in Montreal, have shown tremendous activity this season, and the skiers are putting on special competitions every week-end.

With champions of every form of winter sport in the city, there promises to be a great influx of visitors from the United States and from other parts of Canada. In the interests of hospitality, sporting and business circles have combined to arrange a definite programme of events, so that there will be continuous opportunities for strangers to take active part throughout the whole of January and February. Club privileges have been extended and special instructors engaged, who will initiate beginners in any or all of the merry games that are played with ice and snow.

For pure unadulterated fun, for health-giving, life-saving properties, for wild thrills and superlative excitement, there are no sports equal to those of the winter-time. Speed, that modern fetish, is the key-note of them all. The summer amusements have their charms and their fans. Thousands thronging to see the baseball or football games find themselves wrought up to a tremendous pitch. But, increased in proportion to the swiftness of the play, is the rush of overmastering emotions that comes over the watcher at one of the big league hockey matches.

Montreal has many indoor attractions beside the rinks. There are picture galleries, museums, libraries, university halls, that well repay a visit. There are luxurious hotels, cosy tearooms, gay dancing parlors, theatres and moving picture palaces. A popular and hospitable centre for conventions and association meetings has the Canadian metropolis ever proved.

But it is in the great outdoors that the real witchery of the winter is felt—at night, when the moon is shining as bright as day. Carrying lighted torches up the mountain-side go the snow-shoers, in quaint, bright-coloured costumes. In and out among the whispering naked trees they wind their long, mysterious march. From the brightly-lighted toboggan slide and the ski-jump farther on come the shouts of happy revellers. Strains of music from the bands at the skating-rinks are faintly borne on the still air.

Below, the city stretches its endless lighted length—eastward to Maisonneuve, named for an intrepid governor of early days—westward to Lachine, pathetically reminiscent of an eager pioneer who dreamt of finding a short route to China. South lies the inland harbour, about which huge ocean-going vessels ply busily all summer long, now so strangely quiet and deserted. And over all the moon rides high—ineffably serene, remote and chaste.

The Pot—An Apology

(A Bit of Nonsense)

"After a momentary silence spake
Some vessel of a more ungainly make
'They sneer at me for being all awry'
What did the hand then of the potter shake?'"

ONE of our thoroughbred English words is in disrepute. In its earlier forms pota, or poit, it was with us before there was an English language. Always a humble word, nay, a despised word, in spite of all lessons in the dignity of labour. The Chosen People were sinful in yearning for the flesh-pots of Egypt. Perhaps that started the word "pot" on its downward career. Why did not Moses simply mention the meat, roast buzzard, or whatever it was, that worked on the memory and desire of the hungry Hebrew?

The pot calls the kettle black. Yet the pot spoke truly, and we censure, not the kettle, but the truth-speaking pot. In picture and story the kettle sings merrily on the hearth, a veritable manifestation of home comfort.

A pot-boiler is something done to appease the carnal appetite—a prostitution of art. Very sound, no doubt, but why contaminate the pot any more than the griddle? Whenever you meet the latter linguistically, it, like the kettle, is blessed with virtue; its meat is well and honestly earned. Candidly, I doubt whether the grilled porterhouse of the fashionable restaurant is an honester dish than the shoulder of boiling beef in the humbler kitchen. Yet the pot stands for sensuality and the griddle for just reward. Similarly, the pot-bellied man is far more likely to have attained his loathsome rotundity by too frequent contact with fried rather than boiled meat. But see how his gormandizing is made to reflect on the comparatively ascetic pot, which is habitually used for the preparing of thin soup.

The most rapacious of our games of chance, and the lowest in the moral and social scheme has further defiled my swart friend. The "jack-pot," or simply the "pot," is, in poker parlance, the accumulated stake, viewed with greedy eyes by the players. It may be argued that no offence is meant, and that the stake, being the joint contribution of all, is called a "pot" in token of its communism. The ground is untenable as the gambling phrase for communism and equality of chance is "pool," a word enjoying a much higher verbal level.

"Pot-luck" is the worst dinner your host can supply, and to "pot" a man is to shoot him. To **"potter"** is to break the great modern commandment: "Thou shalt be efficient." Away with dull repetitions, the case is proved.

The bright exception to the otherwise universal degradation of the pot occurs in the word "flower-pot." It is noticeable, however, that even here the disgrace is felt. For it is a well-established convention that the pot must be hidden. The wealthy use the jardiniere. The poor, instead of frankly exhibiting the pleasing and well-shaped earthen vessel, drape it in tissue paper. They would rather allow the eyes of their friends to rest on paper hideous of tint and discoloured by water, than on a nude pot. As a clinching argument against this absurdity, remember that an architect does not hide with dirty tissue paper the honest masonry which is the foundation of the house.

It was years ago that I first decided to do battle for the pot. In the heat of July in the Northland the mosquitoes made a noise like kettle-drums, and they stung like adders. Our joy and salvation was in the "smudge-pot." Thereupon I wrote the following poem to immortalize one individual pot which made life blessed for three successive summers:

Oh, red-ringed pot with rusty sides,
Reposing on thy charred old base,
Emitting smoke in rolling tides,
Which rise and curl with mystic grace,
Then dimmer grow
Ascending slow
To roof of knotted Norway pine.
Oh, pot, to humble mission true!
May distant far be thy decline,
And may the gods with kindness view
What thou hast done
Thy sands all run.

In urging you to take seriously the sad plight of the pot, I would point out that Omar Khayyam and I are not alone in treating the despised utensil with respect. We are joined in blessed trilogy by Robert Browning. He will ever be known principally by **"Rabbi Ben Ezra,"** in which the pot is the symbol of humanity and the potter that of the Deity. How constant he was to his figure of speech. Listen!

"Ay, note that Potter's wheel,
That metaphor."

And the noblest line in the whole poem is

"Time's wheel runs back or stops: Potter and clay endure."

William Arthur Deacon

Distinct From the Crowd

An Instructive Dissertation

By Lillian Margaret Scott

EVERYWHERE we see them, these people who have no individuality, who reveal no cultured background, and go through life with appalling nonchalance, exuding a kind of harmless merriment over diminutive achievements and boring events, when, with a little study, we might all become dominating figures and stir up something of a thrill wherever we happen to make our appearance, be it on the links, at a dinner,—in fact, anywhere that people congregate.

A careful analysis of the insolently original, leads me to set forth a few hints which, if carefully followed, will do much to raise one above the level of the common mob.

Take shopping, for instance. How many are there in this age of higher education who enter a shop with the dignity in keeping with their position in life? So many of us make our entrance quietly, select the first article thrust upon us by a disinterested clerk, and as quietly retreat to our waiting motors—or oblivion. No fuss! no ostentatious display! It is a sad fact to have to acknowledge, but it is, nevertheless, true.

If you are a novice making your first overt attack upon society, and wish to impress and be immediately discussed and accepted by everyone, I would suggest being generally unpleasant. This will disclose your fervency to domineer.

Let us suppose you wish to make a tour through one of the large shops. You will naturally choose one of exclusive clientele. If you have a car, inform your driver to stop at the main entrance with pomp and eclat. There will be a clear space for you to do this on account of the legible sign reading: "No Parking Here" displayed at the curb. The other car owners submit to orders like the poor, meek creatures they are, but Heaven forbid that you should be meek, so order your chauffeur not to move away from the entrance until you return. Very likely the starter will tell him to move off, but you must protest against this, telling the insolent starter that you will be gone but a moment. This will establish your importance. Of course, when you get into the shop, time passes all too quickly, as time will; but your faithful chauffeur will refuse to drive off from the entrance. "Orders is orders!" he says, challenging the starter, who retorts with violent language and looks up and down for an officer of the law.

Now pass through the main door, which you must not forget to slam in somebody's face. Dressed "snappy," and accompanied by a lively Pekingese, you advance toward the floor-walker and enquire as to the exact location of the ribbon counter. It may be right in front of your eyes; in fact you know it is; but not to "know" anything shows a certain naivete extraordinarily charming, and asking questions in a loud voice always attracts attention and marks you as someone of note.

Arriving at the ribbon counter, show complete indifference. Deposit your furs and purse on the counter and make your Peke comfortable amid a pile of remnants. The clerk may scowl at you; she may even expostulate; but ignore her and begin to scatter the bolts about in every direction. This will please the clerk and she will forthwith show eagerness to serve you. Never reveal any intelligence you might possess by asking for any particular shade, nor show that you have any idea what you want to use the ribbon for. Simply rummage about impartially and demand the girl to take the samples from the display stand. Ask her advice, but never accept it. Distance lends enchantment, you must remember, so never choose a piece of ribbon from a show-case without feeling the quality and asking the clerk to take it to the light. She will have to squirm through the crowd to get to the street door, with you probably following ten minutes behind, through having become mixed up in a skirmish around a bargain in lace; but do not concern yourself about inconveniencing her. A little exercise will do her good. She probably needs it, as her feet never ache from standing, and, besides, this is the sort of thing she is there for. Of course you'll not buy such expensive ribbon. You never do. But finish up by purchasing enough for the Peke's neck. Have the clerk measure sufficient for a bow. This will flatter her. The dog will snap and bite at her, but assure her that the dear is quite harmless. If she refuses to comply with your request ask for the manager, and he will probably set things right for you, as they are fond of dogs in large stores and will do almost anything to please customers who insist upon turning their emporium into a menagerie.

Having caused enough excitement at the ribbon counter, repair to the book department, again seeking the aid of the floor-walker, as departments, unfortunately, have an illusive way of dodging one's vision.

Always ask for a volume which you do not see on the tables, or one that you know is not yet published. This will give the impression of intellect. Supposing you've heard that anybody who is anybody is reading "Tony Tone's Tomfoolery," ask if they have a more recent book of "Tony's." Be sure to say "Tony" caressingly. This will show your familiarity with the author. I need hardly tell you not to purchase the book, as you may peruse it in peace and quietness standing at the counter. Of course you will not get beyond the third or fourth chapter, but do not hurry yourself and thus miss the most interesting love scenes. Take your own time, and with several liftings you will have read the book at no expense, except, perhaps, giving the store much of your valuable time while lending colour and atmosphere to the department.

Naturally you must never dress modestly. Far be it! And when shopping always wear ticklish feathers in your hats. Select those graceful sweepy things that will annoy everyone around when you get into a crowd or bend over a counter.

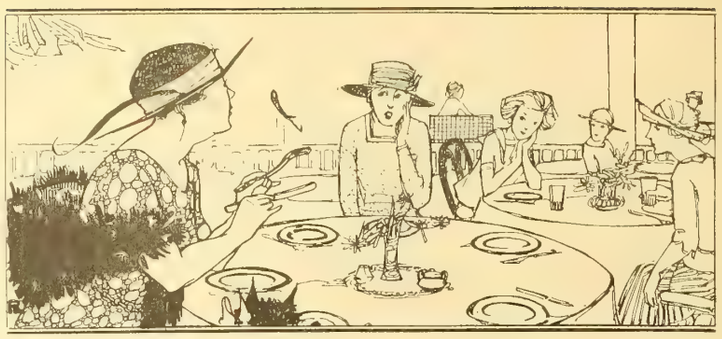
And perfume! Ah! never, under any circumstance, drift around a shop without leaving in your wake a trail of your favorite perfume. If you happen to forget it, make straight to the toilet counter, and in case there is a new odour with which you have not been overpowered, sample everything they have; daub the corks on your ear-lobes and your apparel; then you need not make a purchase. To make sure of getting enough variety, however, have the girl write out a list while you are spraying yourself. She will not mind doing this for you, and when you leave the counter, you will be confident that your supply will last until your next visit, which should be fairly soon, providing the book you have started proves interesting.

Should you have an appointment with a lady friend, keep her waiting about twenty minutes. This is always imperative. Greet her effusively; kiss her several times and bombard her with your arms. Demonstrations of this kind show culture. Stand in the aisle and cause a blockade. You may then both go off to the ladies' room to adjust your make-up, after which it will be well to invade the lunch-room. Enter with much ceremony. Do not take the table the waiter assigns, but select your own. Be sure to choose a large one set for six. This will infuriate the waiter, but you need not care about that. The great thing is to succeed in showing that you have a will of your own.

Display as much sophistication and daring as possible, and reveal that you are a complete guide to

the inner circles of society by informing your companion of strange doings among your friends. Look all around; talk loudly and play with the silver. Borrow a pencil from the waiter and draw plans and funny designs on the table cloth. Your skill will be appreciated by the management.

Send back your salad, and complain about the food. This will give the impression that you are an actress or something equally outstanding. If your friend whispers that the people at the next table are amused at your antics, turn around immediately and glower at them. They are probably parvenus and do not know any better, and by placing your hands on your hips, throwing back your head and emitting



a loud laugh you will show that you are not given to nervousness. This will also reflect your delicate breeding.

Before leaving the table, pick up some of the change your over-generous friend leaves on the tray. Better still, pick up all of it, as the tipping system should be abolished.

By this time you will know pretty well what is expected of you, and will become known as a person to be reckoned with.

After partaking of your repast, you might suggest driving your friend to her home. Do not forget to make your exit as impressive as your entrance. This is important.

During your sojourn through the shop, the law will very likely have induced your chauffeur to move away from the entrance. While the starter calls out your number, walk up and down the sidewalk impatiently, imperiously; giving vent to your emotional nature. Speak scornfully of the inadequacy of the shop's service, and threaten to discontinue your charge account. If the foregoing instructions have been carefully followed, by the time your car rolls up you will either be arrested for creating a disturbance or photographed for the Sunday Supplement.

Rooftrees

By E. M. Sutherland

"The road is wide and the stars are out, and the breath of the night is sweet,
And this is the time when wanderlust should seize upon my feet.
But I'm glad to turn from the open road and the starlight on my face,
And to leave the splendour of out-of-doors for a human dwelling-place."

THE open road and the trees etched against the dull blue of the skies, the wind blowing free and strong across the meadows and along the highways, is attractive to us all so long as the sun is in the sky, but when the shades of night make purple shadows across the path, the most beautiful thing in the landscape is the lighted windows that we pass, the mothers calling the children in from play to prepare for supper-time; other children doing last-minute shopping in the grocery or the butcher shop, and as one passes along the sidewalks, it is hard to resist peeping in at windows where the blinds have not been pulled down, and glance at the swiftly-passing pictures of home life, which, as onlookers are absolutely unthought of, is often far more interesting than the most carefully constructed scenes in the movies. Carefully - aproned little girls with happy faces set the table for supper; others with serious faces are grouped around a shaded lamp, intent on getting the homework out of the way so that some treasured scheme can be carried out after meal-time; other smaller children are grouped at the window, faces sometimes flattened against the pane, on the look-out for daddy, who ought to be along almost any minute, and whose figure silhouetted against the corner lamp-post is the signal for a joyous outpouring of several chubby youngsters from the doorway, a riotous burst of baby chatter and a keen competition to be carried for a few steps homeward. It may not be the most dignified thing in the world to leave the windows unshaded, but most passersby have a grateful thought for those people who, from lack of time or other motives, let others share the happiness of their fireside.

Just as there are all sorts of people in the world, so are there all sorts of houses; little houses that stand all by themselves inside neatly-painted fences, with beds of flowers in the pocket-handkerchief lawn and hollyhocks along the side of the house; other larger houses with larger gardens, or perhaps no garden or lawn at all, owing to the necessity of using every foot of ground, and, lastly apartment houses. No matter how much one may pretend that a rented house is one's own, and paper and paint and repair it, such a pretence is usually impossible in an apartment house. The landlord does the papering and the painting, and all the odd jobs that the man of the house does so cheerfully, or has wished on him by common consent in a home of his own, are executed by the janitor in the apartment. Of course, there are all sorts of arguments in favour of apartments—more leisure, no furnace to bother with, no double windows to clean and put on (by the way, have you got yours on yet), no repairs to take up the evening hours, or the half-holiday, or even an hour or two on Sunday, but the child who grows up in the apartment home misses a great deal.

Children of today, with gas in almost every home, have few of the chores that developed the muscles of the children of other days. No wood-boxes to be filled, no wood to be sawed and split, and piled in the cellar or the woodshed against a rainy day. In a good many cases there is no lawn to be cut, and the edges trimmed, though, on the other hand, more chickens are kept nowadays, and that means a chicken-house to be cleaned, and all sorts of jobs in connection therewith. Definite jobs to be done at definite times in a first-class way will do just as much, and more, to develop a boy's muscle than flying off to play football or baseball the very minute when school is over in the afternoon.

Just as there are all sorts of exteriors to homes, so are there all sorts of interiors. Two families with about the same income will make the same size and sort of house into two utterly different kinds of home. One family will stress the fact that the furniture must be up-to-date and beautiful, the curtains in the latest style and most fashionable colour, and the care that the carpets require renders the lives of the occupants an almost continual burden; while the other home lays emphasis on the fact that, while everything must be kept spic and span, everything cleared up after playtime, the curtains will not spoil if pushed back by tiny hands to see if daddy is coming yet, the carpets can stand a good of rough usage and not look too shabby, and the furniture attains a certain dignity by being comfy, and has an air of being useable at all times.

Therefore, if you think your home city is a pretty dull place, walk along almost any street and glance in at the varied pictures of home life through the unshaded windows, or if you consider this not quite the thing, look at the back-yards. One back-yard of our acquaintance is a constant source of interest. It is the happy hunting-ground of five youngsters, with a home-made Indian tepee, a doll's house, and an erection over an apparent hole in the ground that we have never fathomed the mystery of. This particular family is apparently never allowed to play on the street, for, although there is a gate in the fence, the kiddies never seem to stray beyond their own grounds. Sometimes when we see youngsters playing at being run over by motor cars—at least we surmise that is the name of the game, as they dash wildly in front of passing motors, only escaping an accident by the skin of their teeth or the fleetness of their legs—we wish that there were back-yards to every house, or playgrounds near enough home for every child, so that the street need not be their most popular pleasure-ground.

A Nutritious Diet for All Ages.
Keep Horlick's Always on Hand
Quick Lunch; Home or Office.

Concerning Clara

"God could not be everywhere, and therefore He made mothers."

By Kate Kearnay

THE room was full of women. Handsome, clever, well-groomed, perfectly-gowned, wage-earning women. Each one was a notability in her way; as an actress, a playwright, manager, an artist. Each one had made a success of her "line"—artistically and financially. Their clothes and their conversation proved it.

To Clara, Eglantine was the most interesting of all, for she was coming into real prominence as a writer of articles, and short stories. The kind of a person to whom editors wire!

To attain "diswire-ability" would set Clara a long way onwards up the road of her ambition. For Clara also wrote—newspaper stuff chiefly, with occasional articles for magazines that "paid upon publication"; and here and there a bit of publicity, or specially commissioned work; and twice she had had a verse—at beginners' prices—accepted by a really good magazine. Otherwise, all the influential ones (she went the postal rounds of them) had returned her poems—stories—articles—to date. She never sent stamps for their return; but they always came back: tho' seldom with the damning printed slip—"the worst kind of a slip man ever made," as Clara used to say. Almost always there was a little personal note from the editor. Perhaps it was this masculinity-by-mail that kept Clara so incurably optimistic. They wrote that they often ALMOST took her contributions, but——!

She felt convinced that some sweet day she would slip past the real thing in editors—Horace Lorrimer perhaps, or John Siddall—on the blind side, and then——! Then she would be able to buy herself some time to finish off good work. "For how shall I ever get the time without more money? And how make the money, without the time?" It seemed a kind of vicious circle.

Clara was the only stranger—and the only shabby person!—in the room. War had made extra calls on the family purse; calls that had begun to sound early in the game, and which, after four years of vocalizing, were still at it; not the least faint, but with a regular spurt in pursuing. The family income had been actually somewhat reduced. Cost of living during those four years had doubled—got so high that at times it positively stank in Clara's nostrils. And then there was her contribution to the country: the latest thing in soldiers (of the future), aged ten months.

So Clara's suit was two years' old, and overtired at that. When you are nurse, cook, and bottle-washer for five people, it isn't always easy to keep your street clothes strictly for the street. Friends may accompany you home from market; you may have to get the next meal without opportunity to change; and the children greet your return with a sweet delight, which often leaves its mark upon your garments.

But Clara was finished with pretty stockings (a present), and smart shoes that she had bought off a bargain table for $1.98. Yes, sir! They really HAD cost only $1.98, and they really WERE smart; because Clara happened to have a foot that fitted an unusual combination of sizes and widths. Her spring hat she had thought not

unbecoming when she bought it in the basement of one of the big stores, for $2.95. Nor was it. But when she saw the other hats among those present, she took hers off and poked it under the table, with the remark that it made her head ache. ("Even the mere **thought** of it!" she murmured grimly to her conscience.) She knew that the thick sleek braids that ended in little curls above her ears had nothing to fear in the full light of day.

Everybody at the party knew each other well; everybody but Clara, that is. She was wintering on the Southern Pacific coast, for the children had been in need of a change, and she herself was somewhat worn and wanted a near-rest-cure. But everybody took pains to make her feel welcome, and at home. Partly this was due to the fact that she was a quick and rather amusing talker, as well as an appreciative listener; and partly just to the innate courtesy, friendliness, and charm of Western women who have become poised by contact with the public.

Clara was responsive; and while not pretty, was passably good-looking. Had she been able to afford "clothes" she would have had (like every other intelligent woman so circumstanced) some style and distinction.

The tea, served by a pleasant-faced Jap, was delicious. The cheese sandwiches, cut into spades, hearts, clubs, and diamonds, and decorated with olives and parsley, melted in the mouth. The toasted wafers, and French pastries, were a feast in themselves. And the iced cake—my word! Clara had been her own cook for a year; and she readily attached herself to food to which she was first formally introduced in the drawing-room. She was enjoying herself hugely.

"What did you think of Irvine Cobbe last night?" a fair woman in a delicate halo hat asked the hostess.

"I thought I never heard anything more delicious than his lecture. But I hear YOU got his photograph, Florence?"

"Yes, I asked him for it after supper. He's an old friend of Theodore's, you know. And he murmured, 'Dear Mrs. Lincoln, I am charmed—honoured—I believe so strongly in the beauty movement in America, and am so glad to do my utmost to foster it.'"

There was a general chuckle.

"I wish I could have gone," sighed the Prettiest-Girl-in-the-Room. She and Clara were perched luxuriously on opposite arms of the same big soft chair. "But I can't get up at six-thirty, and go out at night as well."

"But why do you get up at six-thirty?" asked Clara, who did it herself, and whose family effectually restrained her from many evening outings; but who was apt at times to look upon her limitations in an Elijah-like manner.

"To bath my baby," said the Prettiest Girl. "I can't trust the kind of nurse I can afford; and I can't afford the kind of nurse that I can trust. So I look after him myself mostly. It does tie one down. She sighed, very softly.

"With big bow-ties. But **aren't** the bows soft, and the colours lovely?" said Clara, her face kindling. "Is yours a little soldier, or a little nurse?"

"A little soldier," said the Prettiest Girl, her beautiful brown eyes turned tender. "And he's adorable in his bath; splashes about, and isn't a bit afraid. He can throw the sponge about like a "cub" with a ball. He's wonderful, really! Just fourteen months. How old is yours?"

"Oh, the youngest will be ten months in a minute or two—and he's got seven teeth!" Clara licked her lips at the thought, and failed hopelessly to look modest.

The brows of the Prettiest Girl creased concernedly.

"Why, mine has only eight! Isn't that dreadfully backward for his age?" Her tone supplicated for denial.

"I wouldn't worry," said Clara comfortably. "Of course, if your baby cuts two teeth the day he's five months' old, like mine did, and lives up to that brave beginning, you go about announcing the fact in a megaphonical manner, and insinuate to less dental parents "how sharper than a serpent's thanks. it is to have a toothless child.' But the child who never had a tooth to gnash before nine months (like my eldest) probably Fletcherizes just as effectively at the age of four. I don't really believe it matters."

"O, have you got two?" the Prettiest Girl breathed interestedly.

"Two? Bless you, my child, I've three." A proud little thrill crept into her voice, in spite of herself.

"Have you **really**? Then I suppose you'll think I'm crazy to be so fussy. But when you have only one—the very first one—and the least little thing goes wrong——"

"With three, there are just three times as many chances to be fussed you know," said Clara, with a comical grimace. "My husband says, that if the children

sneeze, I have them dead and buried, with violets growing on their graves, before I've finished wiping their noses! No, thank goodness, it doesn't make me hysterical in action. But every mother knows that awful sick pang . . . Little children have such a light hold on life, and such a strangle hold on our hearts!"

The Prettiest Girl smiled, and shivered. For God so loved the world that He sent the maternal instinct, which quivers and responds to beautiful platitudes as happily and sincerely at the hundredth time of hearing as at the original first.

"But all the same," queried the Prettiest Girl, "don't you think I should feed for teeth?" (No mother-of-one ever speaks in the third person singular.)

"Strained oatmeal," replied Clara promptly. "and of course——"

They no longer lounged. They knelt upright on the large squashy arms of the big chair, facing each other.

"There's Peggy at it again," cried a noticeable woman in a wide pink hat. "Can't you ever talk of anything but that child? Your brain will turn to sieved mush presently, and your conversation become mere denatureed pap; no mental vitamines. And you used to be so intellectually vital, Peggy! Children do degenerate their mothers. I wish we could see you oftener. You are too much of a recluse. No, dear, I couldn't go back with you now. I'm due for dinner at the Kid's Club; and I'm driving Viola to her apartment first. She's singing at the Wyngold Studios tonight, you know—ready Viola?" And she was gone.

"I suppose it's true," said the Prettiest Girl. And her voice sounded tired. She slumped down in the corner of the chair, and her eyes showed shadows. "I daresay that I am dull—that I do talk—eat and drink baby!" I know I think and dream baby! I suppose it is degenerating.

Clara had been diving under the table for her hidden headgear. Perhaps that was what made her cheeks so pink. She clapped the hat firmly on to her head, gave it a fashionable tilt low over her brows, and asked, a little defiantly:

"What did you do before you married?"

"I was a reader for Moughten-Hifflen, the big publishers," said the Prettiest Girl quickly. "It was awfully interesting work, and of course one had to keep brain-fit: mentally up-to-the-minute."

"I should think it must have been a most stimulating occupation, and full of interest, 'new every morning like the sun.' I can imagine that you loved it, and were proud to make a success of it. But—but—you must have had to read a lot of piffling trash at times too?"

"Yes, but that was a part of the job. And one read conscientiously and always with the hope of discovering a genius. And there were sometimes great moments. Of course it WAS deadly in spots—every job is. But I loved it."

"Underline that," said Clara quickly, "and it's a good description of motherhood. But remember, you are the author of that baby. Modesty is charming in authors, of course. But don't advertise your own work as a failure! Every mother should cultivate perspective. But every good workman—or artist—talks 'shop' when deeply interested. Every real person MUST proclaim their beliefs at times. A mother who doesn't believe in her own babies is no better than a Bolshevist! Personally, I don't care if the greatest artist on earth thinks I'm a conceited clod. I may never be a great playwright, but I know I'm a good producer. And I believe that I have three of the "best sellers"—in unique editions." Her flush subsided, and her eyes were centered with a twinkle as a happy responsive humour curved the Prettiest Girl's lips, and crinkled her eyes.

"Good-bye," ended Clara, a little breathlessly; and dived into her other adieux.

. . . . . .

Her homeward journey occupied an hour. Everybody else (except the Prettiest Girl, who lived next door) departed luxuriously in limousines, or the latest thing in "chummy roadsters"—their own, or each others. Nobody happened to be going Clara's way. It was a long way—so with pretty expressions of regret, the one or two who had spare seats, left her to take it alone.

As she waited on the wind-swept corner, the exhilaration of the party faded. Her well-worn suit was not over-warm, and the lacy frill that she had achieved so effectively for the front of it WAS a lacy frill—

"A simple lacy frill to her,
And it was nothing more!"

It was the crowded hour of the evening, and the first car for the Beach Towns passed her at full speed. The second stopped (half an hour later) to disgorge a single passenger, and Clara succeeded in swinging herself up into the heated feotid atmosphere, punctuated by drafts, of the back platform. And the hat that had cost her $2.95 received a dint that would mark it for life.

In the first year of their married life, Clara and Charlie had planned to buy a car—only a "flivver," of course, but some darn thing that would RUN anyway! They were to buy it just as soon as Charlie got the raise for which they did not wait to marry. Temporary financial difficulties on the part of the big company whose wheels he helped to turn delayed the already overdue increase. But it came, very helpfully, just in time to pay for the first baby.

Little Claire was a small, delicate creature, who greeted the world with a wise but wistful smile; and whose tiny, fragile white fingers, pathetically lacking the round rosiness that is a baby's right, lay cool and listless in the hand of Life, and were months taking a firm hold upon the future. Time and again it seemed to Clara that the little hand must slip! The child slept in a room alone, for sleep and fresh air had largely to supply the place of food; that seemed her only chance, she assimilated so little. She was not strong enough to breathe the intensely cold air admitted by widely-opened windows, in below-zero northern nights. So Clara kept the room aired and empty by day, specially ventilated by night, and every cubic inch of air in it, was the baby's own. But the arrangement left Clara alert in an ante-chamber of dreams. Night after night she would start from her sleep and slip bare-footed across the floor, to noiselessly open the door, and listen—listen—the wee thing's breathing was so soft it could hardly be heard, except close against the ear. To approach so close was almost certain to waken her, and sound sleep would save her. WAS she stirring? Clara would pray that she was not—and yet not to hear her move or breathe was to fancy she had died in her quiet sleep.

Some other mothers will understand!

With the coming of the first warm days Clara took her to the mountains. The little creature was alert with interest at eight months' old, and made friends everywhere. The black porter would carry her up and down the car, perched in the crook of his arm, to their mutual delight. The contrast of his burly blackness accentuated her pale fragility. She looked like a valley-lily bud to whom the spring had been unkind. But the soft mountain air had brought a suggestion of curves to the tiny face and figure, and a faint pink flush crept up under the transparent skin to greet the pine-scented sunshine.

The investment paid ample interest. As an expectant mother of this delicate baby, Clara herself had been radiant with health and vitality. Perhaps it was as a practical joke on the part of

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Old Mother Nature that her second baby nearly killed her. She was unable to drape birth with any of the romantic veils of vapour with which an old maid can surround it. The actuality to her was crude, stark, unwashed, agonizing. But this second baby was a beautiful thing in boys, looking at least a week old on his birthday, with an appetite for meals that developed as time went on into a goat-like ability to "eat anything." Floor polish, boot polish, plasticine and plum stones seemed only to have an exhilarating effect upon him. Once he had almost choked himself upon a five-cent piece. But his parsimonious parent shook him by the heels and retrieved it, undefaced.

"That's no place to put away money," she said firmly, and tucked it away in his baby bank.

The Third baby——!

But Clara resolutely wrenched her thoughts from contemplation of that preliminary maternity. She had heard more fortunately constituted woman say that from birth to birth they forgot the pangs, till the moment of their repetition. To Clara they were something to be resolutely unrecollected. But there were times when her fear of them made her feel sick and faint; and sometimes she bore them again in a nightmare. She had all the healthy animal's intense resentment against pain or ill-health. She never subscribed to the theory that women loved their children because of the cost of them. She triumphantly adored hers in spite of it.

And the Kewpie Kid was well worth his weight in any agony! She held firmly on to that never-faltering thought. It was only because she was tired, she told herself (shifting to her other foot, and easing her shoulders against the brass bars behind her) that she sometimes had to consciously recall that. The warmth of it was always at the centre of her heart, like a banked fire. When she needed its bright encouragement, she blew it into a flame with a breath of love.

Tonight she certainly was tired. She really loved going out—always had—and not to go at all did let one's mental joints get rusty. She honestly believed in short vacations from her family (as much for their sakes as for her own), and thoroughly enjoyed them. Only once in a while the doubt assailed her through her weary limbs. Was it worth while?

Her maidless day was already full, from seven a.m. to eleven p.m., without going out into the highways and byways and compelling extra efforts to come into it. To press her suit, and clean her gloves, to fix her lacy frill and "speed up" that she might accomplish the daily duties ahead of time, filled the day with biblical measure. No matter how it was pressed down and shaken together, it always ran over. Nor would she be able to relax now when she got back. There were the three to be fed and bedded, and the left-overs to be caught up with, and some preparedness arranged for next day.

She stood with her back to the wall, closely bounded on both sides by working men;estimable workingmen, but obviously unbathed since last Saturday night.

Now, if she had had a car—!

A wonderful friend of hers had a car, that she had let Clara learn to drive, when at home! and Clara had developed almost a gambler's love for the turn of the wheel. She would rather drive than eat. But she would never own a car! Boots and buns and baths for three—clothes and colleges—Oh! She visualized herself all down the years, running a race to keep up with the righteous demands of youth —that Eternal Marathon of Mothers!

The warmest workman got off. Clara and the other nearest one readjusted themselves. Above his grimy face he had Irish-blue eyes; and Clara was an ardent collector of car-step acquaintances. She could get friendliness without forwardness. She had an excellent memory for a face. The name that accompanied it she never even wanted to know. But such chance-casuals often widened her outlook, and adjusted the lens of life for her. She liked glimpsing a viewpoint from an entirely different angle; liked discovering the point of contact with someone outside her own circle. And often, months after, a hailing hand in some unexpected spot would spill sunshine on an ugly street corner for her, and recall an infinitesimal interlude.

It was so now; and as Clara dropped off at her street corner and swung along under the deep shadows of the pepper dress, she was smiling to herself.

"I suppose I'd seem frightfully wealthy to his wife—who has to prance like anything to catch up with a pram," she thought, living over in her mind the little tale her interest had elicited. "I hope she'll keep the pretty colour in her cheeks that he described. anyway."

Now she could see the lighted windows of her little brown bungalow. With the breathless pang at her heart that never fails to catch almost on the threshold after absence, she thought, "O, suppose, suppose, something has happened in the three long hours I've been gone!" She fairly ran the last block.

With her first footfall on the threshold there came the blessed rapturous rush that brought back her breath; the beloved, clamourous voices that drowned even the memory of the fear so completely that she never recalled it on leaving them; it never assailed her till the next time of returning. Then it was a terror that lay in wait for her, just where the darkness licked up the lamplight.

Like a heavenly chorus, the uproarious shouts put the skulking coward to flight.

"It's Mummie! O, Mummie, Mummie! Mummie darling!!"

Between them all, they could hardly get the door opened.

The Whirlwind Campaign achieved its object and overleaped it as she entered.

"It seems you've been gone YEARS!" "An' I had a postcard from Daddy—read it—read it!" "O, an' Mummie, darling, I broke your breafffast cup, an' I'm dretfully sorry—" "An' we're yist STARVING!" "Wad' jew bring us? O, lovely Mummie; beautiful Mummie!" "O, Mummie, the whole day seem'd dark without you—"

And through it all the Kewpie Kid, seated on the floor beside the Youngest Grandmother in the world (they had been playing ball), drummed his little heels in ectasy and shrieked for joy, and clapped his fat hands—O, darling hands, that beat upon her heart!

"The goodest children," said the Youngest Grandmother, beaming upwards. "But you simply must undress this person. It's ten minutes past his tea-and-bedtime now."

"I missed a car," said Clara, unhugging a child from each elbow. "But the children must wait a minute for their tea. I'll hurry—yes, I'll make cocoa for you—but it's a shame to impose on Littlest just because he's so angelic." She fairly jumped out of her coat and skirt, slipped on an old sweater, and covered her petticoat with a big, soft apron. "Now!"

Nobody could have resisted the Kewpie Kid at bedtime. First he "found himself" behind his sweater (yes, he wore sweaters —white knitted affairs, worthy of a 'varsity halfback), with woolly knickers to match — knickers which, when "peeled," revealed knees in whose avoirdupois the Kewpie Kid displayed the deepest and most humourous interest. His advent had touched his mother with tragedy. But to him the world was one uproarious joke. He sank a tentative forefinger in his creases, looked up for applause—and chuckled.

Denuded of his shoes, from which he tried to bite the buttons —sputtering with amusement when they were reft away from him—there remained the superlative spasm of putting off his own stockings and displaying those amusing marionettes, his toes. Garment by garment, he was divested of his clothing, the adoring little brother and sister acting as first lord and lady-in-waiting; and greeting each abandoned button with murmurs of admiration and delight. Till at last, tubbed and rubbed and powdered, sweeter to the soul and the senses than a clover-field in June, he was tucked all warm and rosy-cosy into his little cot, with the beloved bottle, which he greeted as the funniest thing of all.

"Isn't it dreadful," said Clara to her mother, as she scurried between the table and the stove, "I never can hurry over his dressings and undressings—none of us can. The time we waste over him! (If you call it waste.) And then the scramble—"

But presently the other two had also been fed, bathed, night-gowned and enfolded in the sheets. "My eldest son" (just five) had recounted his share in the day's adventures, had his bruises kissed, his toe-nails cut, and his scratched finger "mended"; dropping off to sleep in a spasm of scholasticism trying to spell "l-o-v-e."

"My only unmarried daughter" was waiting, wide-eyed, in her little bed for a good-night cuddle, and her prayers and praise.

"Was I good, Mummie? Do I make you happy? O, curly-Mummie, you're more lovely than a princess—"

Before the fire, Clara and the Youngest Grandmother ate their belated little supper a deux, talked and rested, and were happy together, as only two intimate friends can be.

"And now, let us sit PERFECTLY still for half an hour," said Clara, stretching luxuriously. "Let us forget—we had a housemaid once—and that the place thereof knows her no more! Let us ignore the cold grey grease of the dishes after they have stood too long. Let us relax as Perfect Ladies for well-nigh fifteen minutes. Let us invite our souls, and—"

The Kewpie Kid lifted up his voice and wept.

"O, mercy!" quoth Clara. She rose wearily to her feet, her shoulders sagging, and disappeared into the darkness. After a few minutes she returned, the Kewpie shawled upon her shoulder.

"He seems to have a pain of some kind. You don't think—"

The Kewpie Kid chortled.

"Ba-ba—ta-ta—go-GO!" said he, raising a radiant face from her shoulder.

"O, you naughty monkey!" said his mother, smiling into the Kewpie's face, and giving him a shake that ended in a hug. "Not a thing amiss but an acute attack of passion for your kind—afraid

of missing a trick, weren't you? Oh, well—"

"Ta-ta-a!" gurgled the Kewpie, burrowing suddenly into her neck with his button of a nose, and scrunching soft knees against her breast. Mother smiled at mother across his head. Clara switched off the light, and, pulling a low stool beside the Youngest Grandmother's chair, sat there crooning and "soothering" her little son. Her mother slipped a hand around her shoulder, and the baby caught the thumb and kept it, nuzzling it. Over and over again, when Clara thought him surely asleep he opened blue eyes of laughter at her, that she might share the joke of his wakefulness. Little by little, however, sleep weighted the long lashes till they were too heavy to lift. They lay like a dark shadow on the exquisite curve of his cheek. The little body relaxed and grew heavier, and Clara felt against her face the warm, soft stirring of his sleeping breath. The fire flickered down as the three sat there, linked together in the long, warm sleepy silence.

"Youngest," said Clara dreamily at last, "you are the cleverest woman I know—the most learned in Life. Did you feel degenerated—when you had—me?"

The Youngest understood.

"Childless women are students who have never graduated in the School of Life," she said softly, caressing the shining head against her knee. "You are my diploma! It is a small soul that degenerates in achieving immortality—"

"Um-m," said Clara thoughtfully; and then, in a whisper full of passionate pity:

"O, the poor women—the poor, poor women!"

The Red Cross Society and the Model Town

By Alfred Buckley, M.A.

Editor of the Town Planning Journal

THE Red Cross Society is seeking to give expression to an idea of priceless value. In other times and other countries when the orientation of language was more natural, it would have been said that they were seeking to be obedient to the heavenly vision. With the declaration of the Armistice and the demobilization of soldiers there came a time when the impressive service of the Red Cross Society was in danger of losing its incentive. The epic of that service will probably never be written, for the spiritual transfiguration of those who served, was too subtle and too wonderful for words. Many of them learned for the first time how much more beautiful it was to give than to receive, and how magnificently sound was the ethical basis of a religion whose leaders have often placed the emphasis upon intellectual agilities.

This glowing paragraph was as yet untyped when somebody said: "Friend, you are a dreamer. The Red Cross Society and the Victorian Order of Nurses are squabbling like the deuce over their respective jurisdictions and prerogatives, and now that the incentive of national self-protection is gone, the Red Cross Society will fall to pieces by internal disintegration, or the war of masterful personalities. I could tell you——"

"Oh, please don't," I said. "I want to dream of what they might do, and I want somebody to create a new incentive that will be thrilling enough to sterilize the germs of disunion, and make another appeal to what is finest in human nature. If the war has taught us anything, it is that idealism is the greatest driving force in the world. The Red Cross workers have proved that. Just clear out and let me alone." And I continued to write:

With the easement of war service, there was the whisper of the beautiful thought: Why not use this splendid agency for the radical and permanent improvement of public health? Such appalling facts had been discovered as that the number of deaths among men of military age during the war period from preventible diseases was greater than that involved in the sacrifice of the war, and that there were towns in Canada where the infant mortality rate rose to 300 in the 1,000! All kinds of betterment movements in the city and country were languishing and dying for just the kind of service that the Red Cross Society could give. The congestion of living conditions in the city was breeding crime and sickness and industrial war, and draining the life of the nation, and almost no effort was being made to make the charm of the country a real competitor to the fascination of the town—so that the depopulation drift of the country was increasing decade by decade, and rural districts where once families had settled, energized by hope and belief in a prosperous future, were being abandoned in despair, chiefly because life was not interesting enough for reasonable happiness.

Doctors were estimating that the economic loss to Canada from preventible deaths reached the sum of $150,000,000, and in the United States $3,000,000,000,, while the feeble-minded, the progeny of bad social conditions, cost the republic $90,000,000, and crime $600,000,000. In the great cities of Canada, in Montreal, Toronto and other metropolitan centres, were welfare agencies, numbering among their workers the saints of modern times, whose names were never known except in pathetic reports, largely made up of what they could not do for lack of public support.

At the other end of social endeavour were town-planning associations struggling against the results of the crude economic individualism, the worse economic combines, which make a few men rich far beyond their social deserts, and condemns multitudes to live in ugly and depressing conditions, where the seeds of social ills are planted by the ugly minds that are the evil fruit of ugly social conditions—struggling to make articulate and convincing their vision of a better method of building up the places where men and women make their homes, so that to the poorest shall fall some of those amenities that are the commonplaces of the rich, and without which the romance, the contentment, and the joy of the home, are impossible.

Could not the Red Cross Society include in its programme of social betterment the building of a demonstration town, so planned that every house should have sunlight and air and garden plot, and every child and grown-up person a place for play, and always some provocation to the love of beauty in trees or flowers, or landscape, or water? Would it not be a great public health service to show that slums need not exist in a land of such great spaces as Canada, and to demonstrate that care for the best planting of the homes of the people would be the finest national economy in the conservation of health and the promotion of a contented people?

Such demonstration towns have been built, and are being built. They are no longer the chimeras of a fanciful imagination. One was built at Letchworth, thirty-four miles north of London, twenty years ago, and there the social evils that are consuming the energies of so many welfare societies have not begun to exist. The infant mortality is the lowest in the world, and public health is at its maximum. There the home-maker knows that nothing will ever be allowed to destroy his values, and the manufacturer knows that his conveniences in light, power and room for expansion, as well as in cheap land, will be considered as diligently as the amenities of the home-maker. There is no land-sweating and no speculation, and all public services are operated for the benefit of the citizens. And Letchworth was begun with scarcely more capital than was collected recently in Toronto in one week by the Federation of Community Services.

Such a demonstration town is built near Cincinnati on the impulse and benevolence of a rich lady, and another is being built by the London County Council. Mrs. Barnett has built such a town at Hampstead, after thirty years of discouraging toil in the slums of London, except that Mrs. Barnett's town is more of the nature of a dormitory suburb than a demonstration town should be.

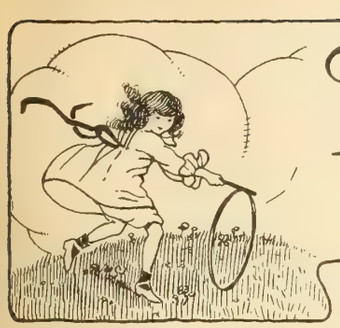
These demonstration towns become the Meccas of social reformers, and accumulate public interest and advertising value that do not need to be artificially created, because they are manifestly constructed with a social purpose, and because the number of thinking people who see the immense evils that follow fortuitous methods of city building is continually increasing.

One such demonstration town in Canada would do more to advance the cause of better town-building than decades of lecturing and writing, and its ultimate influence upon the public health of the nation would be of incalculable magnitude.

THE NEW YEAR.

"Ring out the Old, ring in the New!"
Pealed forth the bells on frosty air,
And some were glad, and some were sad,
And some were offering up a prayer
That this New Year might be for them
More full of joy, and less of care.

—Laura A. Ridley



The Children's Section

Boys and Girls Come Out to Play

Dimbie Dustman Tales

By M. O. Taylor

MUMMY had been away for two whole days, and Dimbie was missing her very much, but she was coming back, and so Dimbie was out in the garden picking the sweetest roses she could find, just to make the house look pretty. She was so busy trying to reach a lovely pink one that she did not notice that right above her head swung

"Grimes"

"OH!" cried Dimbie, as she dropped on the end of her nose.

"How do you do?" said Grimes, running on her dress. "I came to ask you to tea." And then she started singing:—

"Will you walk into my parlor,
Said the Spider to the Fly;
It's the prettiest little parlor
That ever you did spy.
You have only got to pop your head
Just inside the door,
And you will see some curious things
You never saw before."

"I'm not a fly," said Dimbie, "but I'll walk into your parlor."

Of course, she remembered to say the words, "When you're in Spider Land do as spiders do," and then she was sitting upon a rose-leaf watching Grimes spin her web.

Grimes was swinging from a long silk thread, trying to join it to another part of the rose bush; backwards and forwards she swung, but still she couldn't manage to reach her thread across.

"Oh, dear," said Grimes. "I wish the wind would blow and help me."

"Give it up," said Dimbie.

"Give it up?" echoed Grimes. "Why, whatever would my great-great-grandmother say if she could hear you; she showed King Bruce how to win Scotland!"

"Well, what would she say?" said Dimbie.

"She would say 'try, try, try again,'" said Grimes, and this time the wind gave a little puff and blew her thread just where she wanted it; and as soon as it was firmly fixed, she started making her web. It was really very wonderful; she kept running to the middle of the thread and out again to the rose bush; she tied every thread firmly in a knot in the middle until she had them looking just like a cart-wheel, and then she began running round and round, and round, carrying her thread with her all the time, until the web was quite finished; Dimbie had been wanting to ask questions, but Grimes seemed far too busy, so she waited. She was a little bit afraid of Grimes, too; she really wasn't very pretty to look at; she had eight eyes; fancy that, eight eyes looking at you at once, and eight legs, all covered with long hairs; and when she ran up a thread so quickly quite close to Dimbie she wanted to run away, but that would have been rude, because Grimes had asked her to tea.

"But where do you get all that thread from?" said Dimbie.

"Out of my body!"

"Well, but how do you get it out?" Dimbie asked.

"I pull it out with my back legs," said Grimes.

Grimes was very busy again in the middle of the web gathering up all the loose pieces of thread and rolling them into a nice little ball; and when she had gathered every little bit she ate it up. Wasn't that funny?

"That's how I take care of my thread," said Grimes. "I keep it in my body."

That made Dimbie laugh.

"Well, if I were a fly and got in the web I'd fly right out again," she said.

"You couldn't," laughed Grimes. "It's all covered with sticky stuff; do you think I'd be such a silly as to let flies get out when once they get in? Look!"

And Dimbie looked and saw that all the web was covered with tiny drops like gum.

"I think you're very cruel to catch the poor little flies," said Dimbie.

"Cruel?" cried Grimes. "Why, I'm not half as cruel as you; you run **after** things to kill them; you catch the poor little lambs in the field, and go out and shoot the beautiful birds just for fun. I don't do that. I just wait till they come, if they're stupid enough not to look where they're going it's not my fault. Besides, I must **eat**. You're very tiresome to talk like that. Now, I'm going to have a sleep, and when I wake up I'll have my tea."

"Well, but what are you going to have for tea?" said Dimbie And then Grimes looked at her with her eight wicked little eyes and said:—

"YOU!"

Dimbie gave a scream and tried to get away, but she was caught fast in the web.

"Oh, you bad Grimes!" cried Dimbie. "Bad, wicked Grimes! I'll never go home to Mummy any more!"

"Will you, won't you, will you, won't you,
Walk in, pretty fly?"

sang Grimes.

And when Dimbie saw her coming nearer with her sharp little feelers all ready to bite, she struggled so hard that she fell right through the web, bang!

Of course, she'd been asleep. But when she looked up Grimes was still sitting there, and she looked **so** wicked that Dimbie broke her web all to pieces.

Velvet Paws and Shiny Eyes

CHAPTER V

Eric Becomes Acquainted With Reddy Squirrel's Family.

Adventures of a Little Canadian Boy in Nature's Wonderland—Among Furry Friends and Feathery

By Carol Cassidy Cole

ERIC became so interested in his little visitor, Reddy Squirrel, and found him so entertaining, that he had almost forgotten how hungry he was. He had not had anything to eat since the berries which Tawny Owl had brought the day before, and now he began to feel the want of food. I suspect he must have looked very wistful when Reddy talked about the store of nuts which he was saving up for winter. At any rate Reddy suggested that Eric come with him to the other side of the wood and see his house and young family.

So they set out—the quick-footed little animal leading, and the little Elf-Boy following more slowly. As they passed an interesting looking hole in the ground the squirrel rushed up to it to shout a greeting to his cousin, Chipmunk. But Chipmunk was very shy, and seeing Reddy's companion would not come out. So they proceeded on their journey. Soon another cavity in the side of a steep bank attracted Eric's attention, and Reddy explained to him that that was where Marmot Woodchuck, another cousin, lived. Eric began to think that Reddy must have a very large number of relatives, which is quite true, for nearly all of what is called the gnawing animals belong to his family.

There are many kinds of true squirrels, the red squirrel (our friend Reddy was one of these) being by far the most numerous. Then there are grey squirrels and black squirrels and, last of all, flying squirrels. One species is found in North America. Ground squirrel, or Chipmunk as he is called, is a very near relative of Reddy's. He spends most of his time in the trees, but builds his nest and hides his nuts in holes which he burrows in the ground. Then there is Woodchuck, who lives entirely on the ground and does not venture in trees; in fact he is so heavy and clumsy that he could not climb a tree to save his life.

Another of Reddy Squirrel's relatives is the prairie dog. He looks very much like a squirrel, but, like Woodchuck, he lives entirely on the ground. He is a great burrower, and after he has made his hole, takes great pains to guard it well. This little creature is often seen sitting bolt upright outside his hole, keeping a sharp lookout for enemies, and barking like a little dog when alarmed.

Reddy was telling Eric all about these little wood-folk as they went along, and it did not seem far to the tree in which Reddy had built his house.

Eric, if he had bothered his head about it at all, had thought that squirrels lived in hollow trees; so it was quite a surprise to him to find that Reddy had a really, truly house, which he and Mrs. Reddy had built before the young ones came. First there was a platform laid of sticks, which the squirrels had bit off with their sharp little teeth. This was carpeted with leaves and moss, and then there was a roof. The roof was wonderfully made, and woven so that it was quite water-proof. The young squirrels were born here, and would live with their parents until next spring, when they would set up a house for themselves.

Now you know squirrels pair for life; they do not change their partners every season, as so many animals do—and they are very affectionate little creatures. So when Eric and Reddy arrived at the foot of the tree they found Mrs. Squirrel out looking anxiously about for Reddy. "Oh, I am so relieved," she began. "I thought you might have fallen into the clutches of old Mr. Cat" —and then seeing their visitor she stopped. But Reddy reassured her, and soon she was frisking around looking curiously at Eric, peeking at his cap, his tiny feet, and like her husband she found him very amusing. But Mrs. Reddy was more polite than Reddy. He had fairly shrieked with laughter when he first saw the tiny Elf, but she contented herself with laughing behind her tail at him. When she saw how good-natured Eric appeared, and how hungry he looked, she asked him up to the nest to have some nuts.

Eric was introduced to the young family. There were four of them, and they chased each other about, jumping and doing all sorts of gymnastics, until they had Eric fairly holding his sides with laughter at their antics. Then Reddy showed him his store of nuts, and Eric ate until he was quite satisfied. The little host insisted on his filling his pockets, so that he had food to last him for several days at least.

Now you may think it very strange that a boy could live on nuts and a few berries. But when Eric was turned into an Elf that fateful day, he not only looked like an Elf, but he also took on all the habits of the little wood creatures.

So it was with much gratitude that he accepted the nuts from Reddy Squirrel, and after taking leave of the squirrel family set out for his home in the owl's nest.

CHAPTER VI

The Wild Geese

THE time came when Tawny Owl did not return to his nest in the old oak tree. Day after day Eric waited, thinking that each day would bring him, until finally he was forced to come to the conclusion that something must have happened to the little owl. "What ever will become of me?" thought Eric, for he had grown to depend on the owl for his food, and he felt very safe in the nest when Tawny returned to it daily. But already hawks and other birds of prey were looking inquisitively down at the nest, and Eric felt that it would not be long before they would find out that his protector was gone, and he would be

in grave danger. Perhaps you may wonder why he did not return to his home. Many times he had thought of this, but how could a tiny Elf live in a house with human beings? Why, he thought, his very life would be in danger from Tabby the cat, especially when he remembered how in his little boy days he had tormented this same pussy. And then, too, there was the possibility of his parents not recognizing him. Perhaps they would not be able to see him at all, for he had often read in his fairy-books how an Elf may go about among human beings and remain invisible to them. No, it was much better to stay on in the woods, and perhaps some day the creature who had bewitched him would take pity on him and he would return into his old self. And then, anyway, to tell the truth, he was really becoming very fond of all the wood folk, and he would be very sorry to leave them.

All this was passing through Eric's mind this morning as he sat in the tree just outside the owl's nest. So busy was he with these thoughts that he did not notice the approach of two farmers who had seated themselves under the old oak. Their voices aroused him. The older one was saying: "The wild-geese are flying now; it's a good time to capture them to add to our flock."

"But how?" asked the younger. "Why, it's simple enough," answered the other.

"When the flock alights on the north marsh, as they always do, we will catch them in nets and clip their wings."

Now, when Eric heard this, he felt very sorry for the wild geese, for he knew what a disgrace they would consider it to be forced to live among tame geese. There are no creatures that love their freedom more than wild geese and every spring they take long journeys north. The more Eric thought about this the more did he wish that he might help them. It was not long before the chance came.

Far out from over Lake Ontario came a flock of wild geese. They flew in a wedge-shaped mass, following one, who was the leader. Perhaps you have noticed how noisy a flock of wild geese always is, and it was the same with this one. They were chattering and joking among themselves. "Let us alight on that marsh," called one to the leader.

"Yes, yes," answered Yota, for that was her name, "We will rest awhile."

Down they came in one swoop, and brushed so near to the tree that Eric could hear the flutter of their wings.

"Now," thought he, "is my chance. "Nimbly he slid from the tree, and made his way to the marsh. There they were, the whole flock of them. And Eric noticed how pretty they were. Their heads were dark and shiny. A collar of white encircled the neck; and their backs were brown, tinged with deep blue. They lay in the water and gulped the half-rotted sea-weed. They delved into the bottom and brought up small fish. Gaily they chatted among themselves. Eric approached to the very edge of the water. Finally, the eye of one of the geese nearest chanced to fall on him. He stopped in amazement.

"Why, whatever in the world is this?" he asked. "Yota, Yota," he called, "what is the name of this tiny creature?"

Now, the leader of the flock of geese is always a wise old goose. She is usually years older than the others, and has had more experience; it is for that reason she is chosen leader. The rest of the geese always refer to her, and abide by her decisions. And so it was with Yota. At once she said, "Why, that's an Elf, an Elf of the forest. He is a very harmless little creature."

With that the whole flock came close to Eric, who, by this time, was a little embarrassed with so many eyes upon him. But he managed to whisper to Yota the warning about the old farmer, who intended to catch them, and hold them prisoners by clipping their wings.

This news was received with horror by the wild geese, and such a cackling arose that Eric thought the farmer must surely hear, and would be along at once. But Yota soon quieted them, and gave the word to start at once—and then she paused—but what of the little Elf who had so kindly warned them? Surely they owed him much—their liberty, which they prized more than life itself. Coming close to Eric, Yota said, "We are indeed grateful to you, and anything that you may ask of us we will grant, if it is in our power to do so."

Now, Eric was very much taken with this flock of wild geese, not only were they very beautiful to see, but also he felt they were faithful creatures, and would keep their word. Never had he heard of wild geese doing any living thing harm. They were not birds of prey—they did not destroy crops. In fact, they stood at the head of all the wild birds in his estimation. So when Yota put it to him thus he answered quickly: "Oh, I should love to go with you."

Now, the wild geese had certainly not expected this. But Yota was a goose of her word. "It is possible," she said, "but first I must tell you that we journey far, far north of the Hudson Bay, up into the Arctic regions, and the hardships are many. We are often hungry, we are chased by foxes and other wild creatures, and we are sometimes storm-driven. But if you still wish to come with us, we shall treat you as one of ourselves."

Eric was so delighted that he jumped up and down with joy, for always he had wanted to explore those north regions, and to go on the backs of wild geese was more than he had ever dreamed.

The Bad Little Bat

By Verna Sheard

ONCE upon a time there was a bad little bat, who made a whole lot of trouble for his dear family. His little brothers and sisters—and there were six of them just the same age he was—used to talk about him very fast in the only word they knew. This word was "Squee."

You can talk a great deal with one word if you only know how; and they knew how.

Yes; morning, noon and night his brothers and sisters told him how bad he was, and his father told him how bad he was, and other things, too.

They all "Squeed" at him, every last one of them. Only not his mother. And she said he was "clever," which annoyed his brothers and sisters, and she said "he had a kind heart," which annoyed his father, and made him remark, "She would have to show him his kind heart then!"

When she answered at such times, "Well, anyway, he did have a kind heart!" his father would say "Squee" in so awful a voice that the whole nine of that bat family always kept perfectly quiet afterwards for nearly ten minutes—even the bad little bat.

But the bad little bat did not get one bit better, although he grew much bigger.

You wouldn't believe the things they could tell you he did! You wouldn't believe he could think of so many things he should not do!

He would not hang up-side-down from the hidden beam in the old red barn, the way all his dear family did. Not he. It was his pleasure to hang down-side-up. Of course, at bed-time he always fell off the beam as soon as ever he shut his eyes, and it always upset everybody.

Besides that, he never came into the old red barn at daybreak when the others did. You know what bats are like? They sleep nearly all day, and are awake nearly all night, and can see in the dark (if it is not dreadfully dark), like owls and cats.

No; at dawn the bad bat simply disobeyed his parents, and kept flying around and flying around, disturbing everybody, especially his father.

Then, again, he used to tease his little sisters. He would pull their wings, which are like India-rubber, and let them snap back. And that hurts! And he used to push his brothers off the beam, and crowd, when there was plenty of room for all. When they cried "Squee! Squee!! Squee!!" and his father scolded, he only smiled in a way that made his father furious.

Of course, you or I might not have known he was smiling. But he was; in the funny way that bats smile.

Everything smiles, I think — even flies, and some smiles are nice and some are not, on even the little faces you would hardly think were faces at all—like the faces of bees or ants, you know.

So the bad little bat went on being bad, or trying, or whatever they called it, until his grandmother came.

She came to pay them a visit, and she was really a very nice old lady bat. She was of a lovely soft grey colour, and had sharp grey ears, and a few sharp white teeth left even yet, and what she did not know about keeping out of the way of cats and owls — nobody knew. When she spoke, the other bats listened, and when she gave advice they took it.

But not the bad little bat. Oh, no! He knew as much as his grandmother. At least he thought he did. And this is what happened then.

The old grey grandmother bat gathered all the family around her the first night she came and began to talk to them.

"My children," she squeed, "I have come to visit you because I wanted to warn you of a great danger. To this nice old red barn where you have been such happy flitter-mice (which is just a prettier name for "bats," my dears) someone else has come to live. Now who do you think it is?"

They all opened their mouths and said "Squee?" in tones which meant they had not the least idea, and please to tell them.

"Just so!" said the wise grandmother bat, nodding. "I didn't think you knew. I am sure I cannot tell where you keep your eyes now-a-days or your ears. Now pray pay attention to what I am

Young Helpers' League of Service

Dedicated to Every Boy and Girl in Canada

Conducted by Aunt June

Pledge for Helpers.

"Do a little kindness to someone every day,
Scatter rays of sunshine all along the way."

I pledge myself in the service of my King and Country to DO MY BEST IN MY DAILY WORK wherever it may be, to help others wherever possible and to endeavor in every way to make myself A Good Citizen.

Date————,

Name .....

Age .....

Address .....

AUNT JUNE'S CORNER

My dear Boys and Girls:—

I was very delighted and surprised to get such pretty Christmas greetings from some of my young friends. I was thinking of you all very much during Christmas week and wishing you all kinds of happy things, and now we have come to the New Year, I wonder what it will hold for you?

I hope it will bring to each one of you many days of happiness and days of helpfulness.

Now that the old year has turned right-about-face we have so many delightful things to look forward to again, the same happy parties to repeat, the winter sports and skating, and then the lovely Easter term at school.

Speaking of winter sports in the snowy time, do not forget the little birds while all the ground is frozen and the trees are bare. The little winter birds who stay around our houses have a very hard time to find food and will be grateful for your help. I hope you will sometimes scatter out crumbs for them or pieces of fat. They are very fond of tid-bits of this kind, scraps of suet or fat or cooked meat.

Outside my window, in addition to the birds, there are other little animal friends—two squirrels. To-day one of these little fellows had great antics with an apple core. He came down the side of the tree with bright eyes peeping about for food and spied a can of garbage waiting for the man to take it away. Peeping out of one corner were some cores and peelings of apples that had been thrown away. Mr. Squirrel spied these, I think, from the top of the tree, for he made straight across the snow to the can, stood on his hind legs and put a tiny paw up and snatched one. You really could only call it a snatch, he was so quick. Then he darted away back to the tree with a large piece of apple in his mouth, climbed onto a nearby roof and sat up in the snow nibbling away at his treasure.

Later on we put out some nuts for him but so far he has not returned for these though I hear that yesterday he came in at another window of the house and took two or three. Those of you who live in the country will see plenty of these little fellows, I expect.

Once more, with good wishes to all boys and girls everywhere that 1923 may be the happiest year you have ever had.

Yours lovingly,

AUNT JUNE.

THE BIRTHRIGHT OF EVERY CHILD

IS proper care and attention so that its future may be guarded against all emergencies. There is no better way to safeguard the future of your children than by saving money for their future needs.

Open a Savings Account for each child—the deposits need not be large—small amounts, even $1 at a time, will do and the Bank Account will grow up with the child.

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

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THE BAD LITTLE BAT.

(Continued from page 19)

about to tell you. Every mother's son and daughter of you pay attention."

So they paid attention, and she went on.

"An owl has come to this barn of yours. He has come to live here. An owl with feather horns on his head. He is the grandfather of many owls, and he has big yellow eyes that can see quite as well as your eyes can see in the dark. Furthermore, he has a sharp, sharp beak that looks like polished brass, and he has sharp, sharp curved claws that shine like steel hooks, and are just as hard. He is never kind to anybody but little owls. Now, my children, you are not little owls. You are little bats. In a way he likes little bats. **He likes them to eat!"**

The old grandmother paused and all the bat family shuddered and said "Squee," very faintly. All—that is, except the bad little bat. He laughed out loud and screamed "Squee!!" suddenly close to his grandmother's left ear—just like that!—and what it meant was "you can't scare me! I'm not afraid of your old owl with feather horns and steel hooks. I can take care of myself without all this silly fuss, and I am going to do just as I please in our own red barn. We got here first."

Yes, that is exactly what the bad little bat meant when he said "Squee" so loudly it sounded almost like a pistol going off by his grandmother's left ear.

Of course she jumped and nearly tumbled off the beam, because she was stiff and had rheumatism in one wing. But she did not quite tumble, and she did not scold. All she said was.

"Very well, my dear. You have heard my words. Take heed to them or something I don't like to think of will happen. Then instead of a family of nine happy flitter-mice, there will only be a family of eight unhappy ones."

She gazed gravely at her grandson—the bad one—lifted her wing, pointed it at him, and said "Remember," in one blood-curdling "Squee."

But did that little bat take heed? He did not. That night, that very night, he would not fly out of doors with his family, but hid away until they were gone, and then slipped from his dark corner, and began to fly around the old red barn alone.

The grandmother bat still stayed in her place on the beam, for that night it was too windy for her to go out into the garden.

The bad little bat looked up and saw her and made up his mind to show her at once that he at least was not afraid of owls. He felt there could be no better time to show her than that time. So he flittered up and down and round in circles, and up and down again over the mounds of sweet-scented hay and the bins of corn and oats.

The moon shone in through a tiny window and sent his shadow darting here and there. He played a game with his shadow, chasing it but never quite catching it, and he forgot everything except what jolly fun he was having all by himself, when suddenly—(I simply hate to tell it!) a big white owl with feather horns on his head and claws like shining hooks and eyes like motor lamps, and wide soft thudding wings, saw the little bat, and swooped down horribly!

The bad little bat had only time to shriek "Squee! Squee! Squee!" when—what do you think? His old grandmother darted straight down from the beam and almost right into those two motor lamp eyes of the big owl, and nearly blinded him.

She caught the wing of the little bat in her teeth and pulled him out of danger before you could wink!

Then she flew with him to the high beam in the old red barn, which was in a corner where no owls could easily come.

So it was the little bat learned how wise his grandmother was, and how kind.

When his heart stopped thumping very hard, he began to think things over, and after a while he told his grandmother how sorry he was that he had frightened her and given her so much trouble, and that he would really, really try to be a good little bat after this. Really. And the old grey grandmother bat smiled at him, and he smiled at her, and they were very nice smiles indeed.

When the family came in at the grey dawn the grandmother bat did not tell them a word about the adventure of the night. And the little bat thought then he would not say anything about it either. So he didn't. They looked at each other—and knew it was their own secret.

Baby's Knitted Jacket

By Elsie Galloway

A KNITTED jacket is both dainty and cosy for the baby, and may be worn at all seasons of the year when a little extra warmth is required.

The jacket illustrated was made to fit a child from six months to a year old, and three ounces of white zephyr wool was used, knitting two threads at once. If a Saxony yarn or fine fingering yarn is used, it can be made with single yarn, and two ounces should be sufficient.

Begin at lower edge of back by casting on 59 stitches.

1st Row—Knit across plain.

2nd Row—Slip 1st stitch, throw thread over needle and knit two stitches together (over, k. 2 tog.) 28 times.

3rd, 4th and 5th Rows—Knit plain.

6th Row—Slip 1 stitch (o., k. 2 tog. k. 6 sts.) 7 times, o., k. 2 tog.

7th, 8th and 9th Rows—Knit plain.

10th Row—Same as 6th row.

11th, 12th and 13th Rows — Knit plain.

14th Row—Same as 6th row.

15th, 16th and 17th Rows — Knit plain.

18th Row—Same as 2nd row.*

Repeat from — to —, thus making two rows of blocks. Then knit 19 ridges (once across and back again makes one ridge). On next three ridges increase one stitch at beginning of row.

Cast on 7 sts. at beginning of each row 4 times for sleeves, making 121 sts. altogether.

Knit plain for 22 ridges, or till sleeve measures 3½ inches at wrist. Knit first 55 stitches off on extra needle, or slip off on safety pin or cord. Bind off next 11 sts. for back of neck, and on remaining 55 sts. start front.

Knit 4 ridges plain, then increase 1 st. at neck every other row 4 times.

Now cast on 15 sts. at neck edge, using last 11 sts. at neck edge to make border down front to correspond with that at lower edge. Counting from neck edge * slip 1 st. k.1., o., k. 2 tog., k. 6, o., k. 2 tog. for border. Knit remaining sts. plain as before. Knit next 3 rows plain * and repeat from * to * once more.

On next row slip 1, k. 1 (o., k. 2 tog.) 5 times, if row begins at front edge, or if row begins at wrist edge knit to within 11 sts. of end, then (over, k. 2 tog.) 5 times, k. 1.

Knit 3 rows plain, then slip 1, k. 1, o., k. 2 tog., k. 6, o., k. 2 tog. * for border. Repeat from * to * twice, then 3 rows plain. Next row slip 1, k. 1, (o., k. 2 tog.) 5 times, as before.

Knit till there are 41 ridges on sleeve at wrist, then bind off 7 sts. at beginning of row 4 times on each sleeve. Bind off 1 st. at beginning of row 3 times on each side. Then knit 19 ridges as on back, continuing border down front till you have 4 blocks. On next row slip 1, k. 1(over, k. 2 tog.) 21 times, k. 1, and make 2 rows of blocks to match the back.

After last row of holes, knit 1 row and bind off stitches on next row. This completes one front; make the other in same way.

To make cuffs, take up 43 sts. at edge of sleeve and make 5 blocks, as before. Make 1st row as follows:—

Slip 1 (o., k. 2 tog., k. 6) 5 times, o., k. 2 tog., and continue as before, making only 1 row of blocks.

For collar, cast on 16 sts., and knit 1 row plain. 2nd row—Slip 1, k. 1 (o., k. 2 tog.) 5 times, k. 4; make blocks as before, making 13 blocks. Bind off and sew to neck edge.

Crochet a cord by making sufficient chain stitches to give desired length. Run cord through neck just below the collar to draw it in to required size, and finish cord with balls or tassels. If desired, ribbon could be used in place of cord, either blue or pink, giving just a touch of colour, which would be very dainty.

THE MILK-FED DRAMA.

ONE of our prettiest players —full of youth and ruth— has announced that when her present contract terminates she is seriously contemplating Western pictures, of a "different" type. Barrooms and gunplay are to be conspicuous by their absence, and the interest of the pictures will be centred round the promise and the power of the far-flung fenceless prairie.

Is a tear too wet a thing to be dropped for the absent?

This scheme, however, may well give us pictures to which young mothers of large families may fearlessly take their most confirmed bachelor uncles, and show them ways by means of which they may improve the rest of their unspent lives.

People who think that drink must be something stronger than 2½ per cent. before a man can get "warmed up" have only to view the stirring million-dollar picture, in which one of our hand-picked stars pursues his milky way to love—a lady—and a throne—to be forever disabused of this soured idea.

Those who have seen our physically-cultured Doug. drain a foaming, overflowing beaker of the milk of human kindness in the company of his incomparable Jehu; and then do a great milk-shake all over creation, well know the curdling emotions of pain and pleasure to which such an exhibition can give rise; and recall with feeling the churned w(h)ey in which we wondered whether butter was really melting in a mouth that smiled like that!

Prohibition may have knocked us cold, but does it follow that it has dried up the source of ALL our strongest emotions? 'Tis a matter of history that storms can arise in teapots; and women —lovely women!—look daggers at each other across the crullers; or rip their old-fashioned friends up the back (unless they wear backless gowns), around the coffee cups.

Picture, then, to yourself the cream of the situation that might arise—and be whipped up—in the bosom of the hero, as he enters a great community dairy in one of the States of the Golden West (so vividly portrayed in the second reel of the boiling drama of the future "Egging Him On") and finds the villyun of the piece poaching on his especial preserves; while his pride (as he hopes she is to be) cracks shells with him across the counter, finally offering him a foaming glass, beady at the brim (Can you fancy a dry "I" in this audience?) in which she has mixed, with her own fair hands—an egg-nogg WITH TWO WHOLE EGGS IN IT!

'Tis enough, at prevailing prices, to raise the devil in the heart of any man who contemplates housekeeping on a limited income. A hen will raise the most unseemly racket anent a single egg. Shall our hero be outdone by a hen?

Not so, Gadzooks, Ef—eggs! Snatching his trusty rotary beater from his hip-pocket, and whirling it in the air, he brings it down upon glass and rival with all the strength of his strong right arm, and the fleeing villyun bows his bespattered neck beneath the yolk!

Is it emotion that contracts the throats of the Great Unquenched?

Nay, 'tis meringue!

So far from crying "Cheese it!" they are a-thirst for more of this 100 per cent. junketing.

Dress

By Kathleen

HAPPY 1923.

IF you want to step into the New Year with your best foot foremost, it should be shod (preferably) in a grey suede slipper with strappings of navy blue glace kid, or a pair of the new green glace shoes that are the whim of the moment with grey hose. (A Canadian maker, by the way, has lovely examples of stockings with the satin stripe, in every conceivable colour.)

The Infant Year, bringing adoring eyes upward from the first described shoes, past the wink of a silk shod ankle that is all the newest skirts allow, will observe you, the Lady of his Dreams, clad in a three-piece toilette of navy-blue marocain, whose cloudy draperies are lined with the proverbial silver-grey. Your lovely hands are concealed in grey gauntlet gloves, whose stitcheries of steel silver match those that ornament your grey suede handbag, which, by the way, holds a handkerchief where silver-grey dots stand out against a border of navy blue. Spring is coming (not just yet—but you know how these things happen—and we haven't yet outlived the passion for preparedness) and so you are "thrice armed" by having an umbrella just to match, a narrow border of silver-grey on its navy-blueness, and its handle covered in grey kid, also patterned with cut steel beads.

The Spring fancy is repeated in your graceful "chapeau," for beneath its black velvet brim are leaves—lovely leaves, that startle little 1923 by their pointed perfection. Forgive the child! He's young yet to know that they are made of ostrich feathers, cleverly laid with their grey and blue fronds alternating to make a wreath around your face. The Young Year bows and waves you onward, the acknowledged Queen of the Season, for up-to-date smartness.

Alas, poor Reynard!

The little foxes have ceased to spoil the vines! So many of them have given up their active lives just to hang around the women. Women, however, have so often been likened to (clinging) vines, that perhaps the little foxes hardly realize the change. Certainly, they do not spoil the modern "vines," for few things are more becoming than those animal ties of fox, whether of silver, the cross or the natural variety. In the latter, it harmonizes exquisitely with so many of the beautiful shades of bronze and brown that continue to be worn; especially with the favourite blonde tortoiseshell velvet which is being used for so many of the indoor and visiting toilettes for the late winter season. Apropos, it is interesting to hear that a "farm" for Canadian furbearers is being established in Scotland!

A New Skirt Swims into our Ken

The skirts of the Dance Frocks are almost revolutionary in their tendencies. They often show themselves in their own colours nowadays—colours only hinted at in their silver or lace or ribbon bodices! Though the long loose casque bodice still retains its hold, the skirt flares away from it even more definitely than it did last season. Crepe de chine or crepe Romaine, is the material gaining most favour in their fashioning, because of the perfection of the falling draperies which, when on the front, begin to show a tendency to develop into jabot-frilled panels. These, held in place at the centre of the waist by an ornament, or fanciful buckle, cascade down the centre front, to end in a long point several inches below the hem.

If you belong to the Great Majority of Busy Women, who have to cut their own sandwiches in a frock like this, you must arrange a corner above the buckle in which your "point" may be sheathed. Then slip on one of the delightful aprons that I saw in our shops here the other day—bib and tucker of gathered watered silk, in the loveliest shades of rose, paddy or amber—that will keep you unspotted from the whirled egg-beater, and yet is so soft, but firm, it couldn't crush you if it tried! Even if you were discovered in this protective armour, you could be nothing but admired—yet it is but the work of a moment to slip from behind its waterproof curtain, release your drapery and again face the world (and the early caller) "point device."

A Novel Decoration.

Have you tried the flat bows, or single floral motifs, worked in brilliants, and added as an embellishment to day frocks of either crepe or velvet? A well-known French dressmaker has introduced narrow-width, silver-tissue ribbon, studded with rhinestones; and delightful it looks applied in the form of a bow, set either on one hip or at the back of a black velvet gown.

Or a floral device may be cut out, after the manner of Broderie Anglais, to display a lining of gold on silver tissue.

Throw the Handkerchief.

Catch it around your shoulders—catch another one to it—and there (in what are almost words of one syllable!) you have the Handkerchief Blouse, so featured in our up-to-date facts and on our equally up-to-date figures! They may be had already made up, or in their primitive state of huge hemmed squares with paisley borders, dots, coloured patterns.

Do you want one?

ANNOUNCEMENT.

The Sales are upon us! Some of our women who live away from the larger centres lament that they cannot take advantage of these, and so cash their Christmas cheques, while the exchange is at its highest in their favour.

They are too far away to take advantage of shopping by mail in response to Sale Advertisements.

To such, we offer an entirely new service. It involves a certain amount of speculation on your part, and a big responsibility on ours. Still, we believe that co-operation can make it satisfactory.

If you are brave enough to try it, we propose that you write a letter something like this:

Dear Katita:—

I am anxious to try some of the sports stockings so fashionable this year. My size is nine. The colors I want most are cream with tan—and purple—two pairs of the first and one of the latter.

I also want one of the new Handkerchief Blouses made of silk, 34 bust measure. Failing that, one of white crepe de chine, with bateau neck.

And a pair of gauntlet gloves, size 6, grey, with the cut pattern in white, if possible.

I enclose Money Order for $.....

If, during the next two or three weeks, you can buy any of the above at sale prices, that you consider good value, will you please do so and send to me.

Name .....

Address .....

What we want to emphasize is, that we must have name and address VERY CLEAR. Also your size, choice of material, color, etc. —all the details you can, with a second or third choice allowed to us (for you) when possible.

The Staff of our Dress Department will watch the Sales, and make the purchases for you to the best of their ability. We hope that your experience of their experience will prove the usefulness of our plan.

Address—"Katita," office of the National Review Co. of Canada, 24 Oriole Gardens, Toronto, Ont.

Service Department

By Eunice

WHILE New Year Greetings are being flashed from lip to lip and everywhere the spirit of rejuvenation and hope springs fresh in hearts and homes, let us pause for a moment to consider one New Year's resolution for our country. It is so easy, is it not, to sing, " MyCountry, 'tis of Thee" and other equally proud songs of the home land, then jauntily go out and put our hands to service that will benefit any and everybody before our own.

There have been many prediction that 1923 will be a year of greater prosperity and progress than the year we have just cast behind. We have gone through the worst period, according to the prophets of finance, and with careful spending and hard work 1923 may find us again climbing the peak toward a fair season of continued prosperity.

Prosperity is part of our national health, national health depends upon individual health, individual health upon individual effort. The happiness and prosperity of home relationships and the happiness and prosperity of the home circle combine to make up the whole of the life of the nation. In this scheme of prosperity and happiness there is an intimate connection between the material and the spiritual. We cannot, if we would, divorce the material relations of life from the spiritual without destroying the prosperity and happiness of the human family, as without the intimacy of this union the growth and life of the nation must inevitably decay. It is the translation of our spiritual aims and ideals into the material work of our hands that draws the human family into closer relationship, makes for lasting prosperity, establishes good business and creates the wealth and happiness of nations. "Man doth not live by bread alone," but too often for lack of the material bread, many perish by the way, and too often for lack of the spiritual bread of sympathy and help, the life of the people withers.

Mutual help and co-operation are vital to our success. The toilers on the land who mine the precious minerals, gather the riches of the forests, plant the seed and harvest the golden grain to feed the hungry millions, depend upon the workers in shop and factory to provide the necessities of life, the tools and machinery for garnering nature's wealth and the instruments and devices whereby such wealth is placed before the consumer. In turn, the workers in shop and factory depend upon the toilers on the land for food and the raw materials from which the myriad conveniences of modern life are fashioned.

We live each by the other, serv- and being served, and no man can avoid being obligated to his fellow man, but there are too many, unfortunately, who pursue a parasitical policy, taking all and giving naught in return. To such the word "reciprocity" is not without honour save when applied to their our country.

In the beginning of this year of grace, nineteen hundred and twenty-three, while we are busy wishing each other health, wealth and prosperity, to what extent are we endeavouring to translate our kindly wishes for our neighbours into action?

These neighbours of ours, during the past year, have slaved in the shops and factories and toiled in the fields and forests of our Dominion. Did we support them by purchasing the fruits of their labours, did we give the home man a chance or did we contribute to swell the list of "imports?" Oh, yes! I can already hear you start to explain that you have tried such-and-such of the home productions but they are not what you considered up to standard, but let me ask, will you do one thing for your country this year, bearing in mind I am **not** asking you to support our Canadian industries simply because they are Canadian industries? Considered as such, we hold no brief for them, but as good Canadian industries, turning out good products, we are out to champion their cause to the limit.

And the thing I would earnestly ask you to do in the New Year we are entering upon is to abandon the old attitude of complaining to your neighbour over the fence and broadcasting the faults and failings of such-and-such a brand or product. What woman is there among you who would not thank a neighbour for informing you that your house was on fire, and what manufacturer, think you, is there who would not be grateful if shown wherein his goods were not meeting with public approval. Manufacturers would rise up and bless the woman who, having just cause to complain, would send a courteous letter calling attention to some flaw or failing, the remedying of which would make that particular manufacturer's product a success.

In these days of strenuous competition the manufacturer must strain every effort to please the buying public. Failure means a waste of time, money and brains,

(Continued on page 25)

Gossard Type Corsetry is the very foundation of that lovely picture every real woman wants to make of herself—and can, if she knows the secret

PERHAPS you have been buying your corsets by waist measure and leaving the rest to chance. That's fatal! Gossard artists haven't thought of you in such a vague way. You have been thought of as belonging to one of the nine figure groups and special models have been created with just the support *you* need at *your* age and weight to give you the proper proportions of the type to which you belong.

A Gossard Corset designed for your very own self is going to feel more comfortable than you thought a corset could. It's going to meet you everywhere, with a steady, uniform muscular support, but it isn't going to constrict or pinch you anywhere. The gracefully curved skirt of it, the slim front and back lines, the beautifully cut Gossard Brassieres you'll buy with it—these things are going to give your figure a delicate, moulded roundness.

The whole idea of Gossard Type Corsetry is to bring you to graceful proportions, one curve growing out of another with no part unduly emphasized. When this is done you will have an appearance of slimness that the woman with a four-inch smaller waist and your own hip measurements can never have. A faithful following of this simple rule alone will take pounds and pounds away from a woman's apparent silhouette and years away from her apparent age.

Gossard Corsets, with their front-lacing comfort, their light scientific boning, their graceful, natural lines, are worth more to the woman who really cares about her health and appearance than can be put into dollars and cents. And yet, they are among the most reasonably priced articles of clothing to be had today.

Go to the best store you know; there you will be correctly fitted to a Gossard by a trained corsetiere who will know just how to idealize your figure. Or if you feel you have a very special corset problem and you'd like a bit of personal advice, write to Miss Jane Hill, the Gossard corset specialist and authority on becoming dress, whose years of experience and proven ability are at your service. Miss Hill has just completed a tiny gem of a book, "YOU." It talks of personalities and becoming clothes in a way that any woman who would make the most of her natural beauty, will treasure. A copy is yours for the asking, if you will write your request to

The CANADIAN
H. W. GOSSARD CO., *Limited*
378 W. Adelaide St. Toronto, Canada
Chicago New York London Toronto Sydney Buenos Aires

Gossard Brassieres

GOSSARD Brassieres, like Gossard Corsets, are unerringly designed for types and are moderately priced within the reach of every woman. Be sure you see the new Longerlyne models; they are differently shaped to meet the need of those many women who require special support at the diaphragm as well as added length to prevent their brassieres from slipping up over the low tops of the modern corsets.

Use This Coupon No. 3

MISS JANE HILL, c/o *The* Canadian H. W. Gossard Co., *Limited*
378 West Adelaide St., Toronto, Canada.

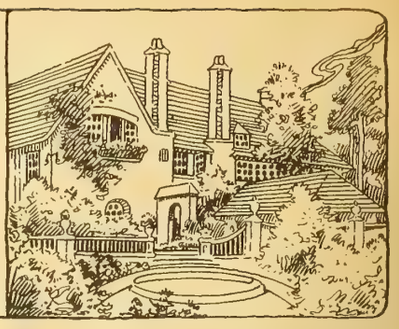
Please send me your free book, "You," and tell me what style corset to buy. I am _____ in height, weigh _____ pounds, waist _____ inches, bust _____ inches, hips _____ inches.

Name _____

Address _____

Town _____ *Province* _____

The Home



Delia's Dietetics

By Kathleen K. Bowker

ISN'T it funny," murmured Delia, on Tuesday, January 2nd, "the way we stock up, and fuss up and clear up—that seems to be the sum total of life."

"I'd like some total, Billy," said the Mascot, who was treading on her heels as usual, when she went wading through the kitchen cupboards. "W'ats totals, anyway? Can I beat 'em with a 'negg-beater?"

"Perhaps," said Delia, laughing; "get your apron and we'll see."

The turkey—once a nice, plump eleven-pounder — was a mere wreck of its former self; "but there's meals on the old bird yet," said Delia, who thought turkey at 55 cents per pound less of an extravagance than most people do who consider it good hot—and cold—and then consider it no more. Delia thought turkey a good buy for "the Woman of Vision" as the Realtors say.

One whole leg was left untouched in solitary glory. She severed it deftly and set it aside. Later it would be gashed with deep criss-gashes, well rubbed with a mixture of: 1 level tabsp. dry mustard, 1 dessertspoon of Worcestershire sauce, ½ tsp. salt, ¼ tsp. pepper, 1 tsp. of mushroom ketchup, 1 dessertsp. tomato ketchup, 1 tsp. Chutney. (Some people, of course, prefer it with the last three omitted, but Delia herself liked "a mixed medley of miscellonions flavors" carefully blended. The whole would be stirred to a paste with a spoonful or two of stock. This would be applied to the noble limb half an hour or so before using—fifteen minutes before lunch, it could be put on a very hot pan, in a little melted butter, and when hot through, basted with a little more butter and set under the gas flame long enough to turn it a golden brown, without drying it up. Then it would be served very hot, with a border of chopped potatoes, fried in bacon fat, and well flavored with salt, pepper and minced parsley—and an excellent dish it would make!

Then, very carefully, that no precious scrap might be lost, Delia denuded the bird of every lastliest strip of his succulent personality. When this was done, there was a good plateful of meat, as well as a couple of spoonfuls of dressing.

"Better than I had hoped," said Delia; "and half the liver as well." She cut the latter into small pieces and gave the Mascot the congenial task of mashing it in a bowl with a small silver fork, while she picked out all the sizeable pieces of turkey, setting aside the smaller and broken bits. There were about 1½ cups of the latter, which Delia set the delighted Mascot to run through the mincer, while she mixed the thrashed liver thoroughly with the remainder of the dressing, moistened it with a little milk, and rolled it into balls the size of large marbles.

"Some totals, I'll tell a' wo'ld," said the Mascot gleefully, surveying the heap of turkey he had reduced to decimal fractions; "W'ats' those?"

"S'prises!" returned his mother. "Now, here's something more for you to grind."

With that she trickled a cupful of cold cooked macaroni—the last left-over from a dish of itself with cheese—into the top of the machine. It was practically guiltless of cheese (though a little white sauce still clung like wreckage to its spars). She mixed it with the minced turkey, floured the whole with one heaping tablespoonful of flour, stirred in a cupful of milk, flavored the whole with salt, pepper, a dash of paprika, celery and onion salt, and a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce. She would have added chopped green peppers and parsley if she had had any! Then she beat in two eggs, one at a time; poured the mixture into a buttered ring mould, covered it with a piece of waxed paper, and set it in the larder. Three-quarters of an hour before it was needed, it would be set to steam very gently; when done, it would be turned out in a hot dish and served with tomato or some other savory sauce.

It might be used as a luncheon dish. In that case a can of peas would be made hot and piled in the centre, or Delia might serve it for the main dish in a dinner that boasted a good meat soup and a filling pudding.

There was a little bit more of the mixture than would go in the ring mold. Delia reserved the remainder for sandwiches for the children's tea.

The slices of cold turkey she wrapped in waxed paper, set away in a tightly covered dish to prevent their drying. Later, she would heat these (in a double boiler) in a good white sauce—just before serving, the mixture would be enriched by the addition of two egg yolks, lightly beaten, with a spoonful of milk, and well stirred in. But if this had to wait over hot water, the sauce would certainly curdle. Crisp rolls of bacon about the edge would complete a delicious concoction.

And then the "Soup of the Evening, beautiful Soup," carolled Delia, as she tucked the turkey bones into the biggest of the fireless-cooker pots. "No soup to beat it"—and, indeed, it had a wonderful flavor, for Delia's soups were not only made with a couple of carrots and onions and a slice of turnip, but for a sweet savor, the water with which they were made was not mere aqua pura. It was—most of it—the water in which the potatoes, the turnips, etc., of the just-previous meals had been boiled.

"Why buy vegetables and mineral salts, when you can get them for nothing?" Delia would say, as she drained the vegetables over the soup kettle.

"An' now cut the Pudding, and let me dwedge it with the new dwedger," cried the Mascot, brandishing in the air the Christmas gift that he had bought for Delia with his OWN money.

"Yuh do like it, Billy?" he asked, holding it poised; "I choosed it from your list. You do like it?"

"I'm simply CRAZY about it," said his mother; "I wanted it dreadfully. I don't know what I did without it! Now, we'll do the pudding just like clever Mrs. King Alfred used to."

ROYAL YEAST CAKES
MAKE PERFECT BREAD
AN IMPORTANT PRODUCT OF CANADA
HEALTHFUL BREAD
MAKES THE WHITEST
ROYAL YEAST CAKES
MAKE PERFECT BREAD
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Bread is the finest food on earth- the one food that everybody eats-that everybody likes, and that agrees with everybody.
Bread made in the home with Royal Yeast Cakes tastes better, keeps fresh longer, and is more nourishing than any other-

"How'd she do it?"

"Oh, she made a perfectly galoptious pudding for her children's Daddy and they ate and ate and ate—just like we did—and

'What they could not eat that night,
The Queen next morning fried.'"

As Delia talked she had cut nice thick slices from the cold Christmas pudding, trimming them like half slices of toast.

"Now, you dredge a little flour on them—ever so little—and then they'll be all ready to fry in plenty of the best butter, and eat with foamy sauce. I think they are twice as nice that way as when fresh boiled."

The Mascot had his tongue firmly between his teeth, and with infinite pains was sprinkling the slices with a slight show of flour. Delia preferred them unfloured—but he did so love to do it.

"Oh, Billy," he cried, flushed and ecstatic, "who dwedged Mrs. King Alfred's?"

"One of the Princelings, I don't doubt, and I expect his Mummie thought him the cleverest gosthoon!"

"Like me?"

"Like you—"

The "Dwedger" was flung to the table, and clasping each other with one of the embraces that so often flavored their culinary experiences, they pranced about the kitchen in the latest expression of the Terpsichorean Art, known as "A Dancing Hug."

A TEA YOU'LL ENJOY
In ½ and 1 pound cartons
21

SERVICE DEPARTMENT.

(Continued from page 23)

and our genuine home industries are not foolish enough to try and gull the public.

As an observant woman, who is a home-maker and purchaser, I can honestly vouch for Canadian manufacturers who have made good, and very good, in the following lines:

> Boots and shoes, woollen goods, lingerie, blouses and waists, suits, dress goods and fabrics, household linens, cottons, various designs and hand weaves, beautifully dyed fabrics and materials, the product of cottage craft industry, kitchen utensils in steel, enamelware and tin, stoves and electrical appliances, canned goods and foodstuffs, furniture.

Many high-grade and artistic pieces of the last named are turned out in some of our Canadian factories. I would also like to mention that in numerous Canadian factories I have personally gone over, inspecting the woods, leather and various raw materials in the rough and following them to the finished product, that they are everything they claim to be and can be relied upon in every respect.

Therefore, I would earnestly ask you, whenever possible, to **support the Home Industries.**

"Yes," says the average woman, "this is all very well but why should I be asked to pay more for goods made in Canada?" To this I would answer, "are you out purely for bargains or are you out for values? Are you seeking something that is cheap, merely cheap, without looking to the service it will give?" Then the imported article, whether from Germany, Austria, United States or any other country will satisfy your desires. If, however, you are looking for values I would advise looking at our Canadian products, as here you can be assured of values. Many people do not mind paying a fancy or high price for an imported article, but expect to get a similar article of home production at a bargain price. Is this fair? The astute foreign labourer, who sets up his little shop or factory in our large cities, plays upon this delusion of the Canadian housewife and produces exactly what is asked for—the cheap and shoddy article made by cheap labour, from cheap material, in what might fittingly be called a sweatshop.

You can buy the cheap and shoddy goods made at home just as easily as you can buy the cheap and shoddy goods made abroad, but you can also buy the best in appearance, workmanship and durability, goods that will give lasting service, goods that you will be proud to handle, exhibit and use—goods that are made in Canada. They are the product of the labour of your fellow men, your brothers, your neighbours, made in ideal factories, under ideal conditions that are fair to the workers, and in purchasing these goods you will not only be helping to add to the prosperity and gain of your fellow citizens but you will also be helping to add to your personal gain and prosperity.

We live each by the other, serving and being served.

Then, having found a good thing, let us, like Andrew of old, go out and tell others, let us boost the good things of our own country. This, of course, should apply not only to the manufactured article but to all good things produced in Canada. There is a false modesty abroad to-day that bodes ill for the success of our rising generation. We have lost our sense of values and are prone to hide our light under a bushel, forgetting or ignoring the fact that both industrially and agriculturally, Canada has arrived.

Ask, this year, on all your shopping tours, to be shown something that is produced by your own countrymen. Try out consistently for one month the plan of asking, every time you wish to purchase an article, for something made in Canada. If you consistently and persistently follow out this plan you will be astonished to discover how many really worth-while things are made in our own country.

Let us look at this matter nationally in all its aspects, especially from the viewpoint of building up the prosperity of our country, and let us resolve, this year, to give the other fellow a chance, irrespective of his name, position, or creed. Let us resolve first of all, to ask for the goods made at home, and by so doing, turn the pious wish of a Happy and Prosperous New Year into a pulsating, glowing reality.

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and the quality of the goods they advertise. If you desire further information regarding any product or commodity advertised in these pages, we shall be happy to supply it. Write to us concerning anything you wish to know in regard to them. Questions are welcomed. We will do our best to satisfy you, will undertake investigations and send you reports.

NEW YEAR'S CANDLES.

Those other years, our candles' gleam
Shone forth on New Year's eve;
Their radiance a torch would seem
To guide us to that happy dream,
Our land of make-believe.

Alone, again I watch the light
Dart upward. You have gone
Ahead; but gleaming through the night,
Ever unflick'ring, clear, and bright,
Your candle beckons on.

—R. V. G. C.

WHERE EVERYWOMAN GOES.

WHEN the Barber was burdened with the secret that "King Midas has asses ears," he ran out into the Forest and unbosomed himself to a tree.

Later, the tree—transformed into a harp—blazoned it brutally abroad.

O! the whispering pines and the hemlocks!

But a Woman is wiser.

Of the hardness of iron, the resiliancy of steel, the strength of seasoned wood (no sapling full of growing pains!), the softness of curled hair, the sweetness of fine flax, the warmth of lamb's wool, and the down from the breast of a bird, she makes a composite confidante, who is her stay from infancy to age.

It welcomes her into the world; it sooths her infant hurts, and cures her childish sicknesses; she seeks it naturally when fancy free, nor ever blushes to lay her soft cheek on a friend, whose gentle touch never disturbs her dreams. It knows the secret of her first love; the bitterness of her jealousy; the tears of her despair. It soothes her fears, and enhances her bliss. It warms her wakening womanhood. It witnesses the Dawn of Passion; of womanly wisdom; of conjugal compatibility. It holds the unpublished pages of her matrimonial memoirs. It is her nearest friend in illness; her support through the valley of the shadow of childbirth; it receives her first-born. It is a place of comfort and consolation to her, and to her children; and they love it best, because it is HERS. It is her refuge and her rest; it never fails her; it is ALWAYS "THERE." And at the end, too weak and weary to make another like it, she breathes her last upon ITS faithful form—HER BED.

Joan of Arc

By Guy de Lestard

JOAN of Arc stands before the history of the world as the most beautiful and noble figure of mankind. Her life is a subject of wonder to the historian and to the thinker; her death for the sake of her Faith, unwilling to repudiate what she thought to be her divine mission, will be the everlasting subject of veneration of any religious mind. To die grandly and nobly as this little shepherdess did is to die as a goddess would die if goddesses were mortal. Her death is an indelible stain on the memory of Bishop Cauchon who conducted her mock trial; of the King of France who did not intervene for her, of the English who burned her as a witch and sorceress.

Joan was born in the small village of Domremy in 1412 from very poor peasant farmers, and she never learned to read or write. When she was a little girl, France was invaded by the English and the King of England called himself King of France. By the time Joan was 14 she first became conscious of what she called" her voices" telling her to go to the King and explain to him her mission to take the command of the French army. The poor girl considered the task an impossibility. After months of hesitation and when her "voices" became urgent, she went to the Sir Robert de Baudricourt who commanded the Regiment of Vancouleurs, and who treated Joan and her divine mission with scant respect, saying to the cousin who accompanied her, "Take her home and give her a good whipping; she is crazy." But the "voices" became more urgent and the poor little shepherdess resisted in vain saying to them "I am only a poor girl, I do not know how to ride or fight." Then the voices would tell her "go and be without fear as it is the will of God."

Joan left her village in 1429 to again see Baudricourt who was still sceptical, but her persistence, the simplicity of her demeanour, and the calm assurance that she would succeed made an impression on him and an interview with the King was decided upon. Charles VII., fearing the mockery of the Court, was hesitating when Joan announced the 17th of February, a great defeat which had befallen the French. As this statement was officially confirmed a few days later, the King somewhat half-heartedly believing in her mission, gave her an interview in which she persuaded him by discovering him though disguised in the crowd of his Courtiers, and by telling him by a secret sign of his doubts as to his legitimacy.

The 8th of May the English forts had been captured, the 18th of June Joan defeated the enemy at Patay, the 17th of July Charles VII. was solemnly crowned at Rheims, the maid of Orleans standing by him. She wanted to take Paris, but the King would not allow her.

At this time her "voices" made known to her that she would be taken prisoner.

At Compiegne she was pulled down from her horse and became a prisoner, sold to the English for 22,000 pounds, kept in an iron cage chained by neck, hands, and feet, and after the most monstrous trial, without being allowed an advocate, the Virgin of Domremy, the heroine of France was burned in 1431 and her ashes thrown into the river.

The life of Joan of Arc not only deserves our pious admiration, but also gives us a subject for serious reflection. The life of Joan is an historic proof of what can be accomplished by a noble mind who has faith in his destiny. That the voices were really the voices of St. Michel and St. Catherine as she thought, we shall not admit, as there is no proof that the spirits of the dead communicate with the living. But a fact is certain—that Joan was absolutely convinced that she had been chosen by God to deliver France. She was actuated throughout by a fatalistic persuasion that victory was inevitable if she persevered unflinchingly in her effort to obtain it, and scientifically her whole wonderful career can be explained by what we know of the law of suggestion. In the country of this pious and mystic child the tradition was current that a virgin would come out of the forest where Joan was accustomed to tend her father's sheep, and would save France. It was the fulfilment of the ancient prophecy of the enchanter Merlin that a chaste Virgin of France would save her country after its downfall on account of another woman. The strange conduct of Isabella, the Dauphin's mother who disinherited him in favor of Henry V. of England, the husband of her daughter, was the cause of the invasion of France by the King of England. How it became fixed in the mind of Joan that she was to be the Chaste Virgin predicted by the legend can easily be explained by her religious and mystic turn of mind, and what we know nowadays of the wonderful power of auto-suggestion.

Think of this country girl of 14 going before the King asking him to give her the command of his army, and then think of a King acceding to such a strange prayer. Think of the ignorant girl of 18 at the head of a regiment and taking it from victory to victory. Think of the pure and chaste girl living amongst soldiers unmolested, unharmed. Think of her faith and absolute confidence in her divine mission, and remember the words of Christ, "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth," and also "Whosoever shall have no doubt in his heart, but shall believe that those things which he saith shall come to pass, he shall have whatsoever he saith."

The life of Joan is also a proof to the most sceptical that predictions and prophecies are not a myth.

Instead of the sword the King offered her, Joan begged that search might be made for an ancient sword buried behind the altar in the Chapel of St. Catherine de Fierbois. It was found in the very spot her "voices" indicated.

The letter written by Joan the 22nd of April, 1429, to one Sir de Rotoclar, which was delivered and duly registered before any of the events referred to, received its fulfilment. Joan in this letter says, "I will save Orleans, compel the English to leave the siege and though I shall be wounded by a shaft I shall not die, but will take the King to Rheims to be crowned."

She announced the defeat of the French at the battle of Herrings six days before it was known at the Court.

We may not be able, in the actual progress of Science to give a very satisfactory explanation of this power of clairvoyance, but we can not deny them. History and our every day life abound in proofs of the phenomena.

Right here we must positively assert that so far there is not a single fact which allows us to believe in spiritism. If spirits of the dead want to and can communicate with the living, it is more than we can say, as no spirit tests have ever brought forth any convincing proof of it.

The power of prediction is given to each of us, but it is the privilege of a few noble minded men and women to develop fully this power which stays anxiety in so many of us—Christ, Moses, Jeremiah, Joan of Arc have given us undeniable proof of prophecies.

Some of us can hear sounds not audible to others, some can see colors not visible to others, some can feel what cannot be felt by others; there is no limit to man power of response to vibrations, but some among us have this power to a wider and finer extent than others and it is perfectly admissible that a man who develops this power will learn to see much that is not visible to other men and hear much that is not audible to them, and feel much that is not felt by the great number of us.

The beatification of Jeanne d'Arc of France was decided by the Church of Rome, the 11th April, 1909. It is doubtful if any church has the power to decide who "will sit at the right of the Father in Heaven," but nobody will feel inclined to dispute the sincerity and holiness of the little Shepherdess of Domremy, and if we may not all agree about the origin and cause of her "voices," we must all admit that the life of Joan is the best example, the demonstrative proof of the power that God has put in each one of us and of the "wonders" and "mighty works" that can be accomplished by a noble minded individual who believes in his mission on this earth.

Prevents that "shivery feeling"—
Hot Bovril

ONCE.

Once in the basement of an old castle a strong-room was discovered with a heavy iron door, which it was found impossible to open. The lock was picked and the strength of many men employed to make the iron door yield; but even crowbars and battering rams failed to force an entrance.

One came along and, to everybody's amazement, opened the door with ease by just pulling instead of pushing.

A woman, of course.

WHILE THERE'S LIFE.

By E. A. Johnson

"COULDN'T we help one another?" inquired the distressed young bee of the equally distressed fly.

They had both had the misfortune to land in tanglefoot.

"I can't move a step," replied the fly, "my wings are stuck and I have been several hours like this. It's no good; you might as well quit at once."

For answer the young bee wrought furiously in every limb of him and succeeded in dragging his body one-sixteenth of an inch nearer the border. Fatigue obliged him to rest.

"It's very vexing," said he, "I was on my way home with this bag of pollen and we're awfully busy. I can't think why I put in here."

"Better give up," counselled the fly dismally, "I struggled like you when I first came and that is how I got my wings caught. Once you get your wings caught there's absolutely no hope; you can't even struggle."

"Give up!" exclaimed the bee—"Never!" And he began to work more vigorously than ever. Soon he had dragged himself fully one-eighth of an inch nearer the edge, but had to rest from sheer exhaustion. He heard the fly whose wings were useless, moan out—

"Oh, dear, this is hell, and we can never get out!!"

"I'll fight for it to the very end," replied the young bee, buzzing and tugging with all his little might.

An hour's struggling brought him to the edge of the paper, but by now he was faint with fatigue, and only by the most spirited effort was he able to place his two forelegs on the unsticky portion of the tanglefoot. Then, as he was about to put forth all his remaining strength to free the hind legs, along came the housewife who, noticing how full the paper was, took the kettle off the fire and placed the tanglefoot on the coals. Called to fuller life by the heat, the flies buzzed in unison for one brief moment, and then..

But the little pollen-laden bee, whose wings were uncaught, was served by the brief moment that melted the wax on his hind legs, and even while the housewife sought more coal, he flew up to freedom.

That afternoon, while in the hive "the singing masons" were building their "roofs of gold," they listened to a wonderful tale of a wonderful escape.

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Toronto, March, 1922.

"Daddy, why do you call it the mother tongue?"

"You know who uses it most, dear." —London Mail.

"Went down into my cellar on arriving home last evening, and I don't know when I have seen such a pleasing sight."

"What kind of sight?"

"Anthracite, my boy."

Mrs. Bert was visiting some friends and left the following note for her nearest neighbor:

Dear Mrs. Beat: Would you please put out a little food for the cat I have been feeding this winter? It will eat almost anything, but do not put yourself out.

A lady advertised for a man to work in her garden, and two men applied for the job. While she was interviewing them on the lawn she noticed that her mother on the piazza was making signs to her to choose the shorter of the two men, which she finally did. When the ladies were alone the daughter said:

"Why did you signal me to choose the shorter man, mother? The other one had a much better face."

"Face!" returned the old lady. "When you are picking out a man to work in your garden you want to go by his overalls. If they're patched on the knees, you want him; but if they're patched on the seat, you don't."

Who's Who in Forestland?

Proving There is Rivalry Among Fur-Bearers as Well as Fur-Wearers

By Marion Hertha Clarke

THE forest glade glittered with frost and finely-powdered snow. A stately young fir tree, bent beneath its white burden as into a sheltered and fir-fringed space, trailed a silver fox, slowly waving a bored tail. He closed an insulting eye at the waggish goat who stood leaning against a tree cynically stroking his goatee. Two civet cats were busily practising the newest cat-step in the open space among the trees.

"Do you know, my dear sir," said the Goat, addressing the majestic Fox, "my family are quite popular with the best people this winter?"

"I have heard that the goat was unrivalled for climbing powers," coolly replied the Silver Fox.

"If I cared to boast about my family," said a quiet little mole who had approached unobserved, "I could inform you that the traders cannot secure us fast enough, and the forest is so full of traps it is hardly safe for us to be abroad. They say in London the price of a moleskin is —"

The soft voice of the mole was abruptly silenced by a tawny animal with tartar in its bearing.

"The woman who knows how to be beautiful," it snapped, "always wears kolinsky. For pianists, poets and pelts, you cannot rival kolinsky."

"And yet the family name was originally 'fitch,'" remarked the Goat, who was still smarting from his recent rebuff.

A movement among the trees attracted attention to a pale animal, who waved an aristocratic white paw for silence.

"Have you ever considered what an ermine coat would mean to a woman? It is royalty's favorite fur. Republics have been taxed to their ruin just to furnish ermine for the monarchs of history—"

"You are not the only one who is acquainted with royalty," said the little chinchilla in a sobbing voice. "I used to be friendly with them all, and now I never go anywhere except as the edge of a gown or a neck-piece or trimming of some kind."

"There, there," said the muskrat, sympathetically stroking the silky shoulders, "never mind. Think of the places you see that the rest of us never get a peep at. Boudoirs, for instance. And as for popularity—how about my family? We are indeed the popular favourite."

A kingly creature approached with stately tread, bringing with him the beauty and mystery of black night.

"Alas, we cannot all be kings," murmured the Goat, sotto voice.

With a lordly bow to the forest assembly, the noble sable passed on and out of sight of the admiring glances of his humbler brethren.

The silence of departure was broken by the excited entrance of a panting little figure, all in white.

"And who are you?" demanded the Goat severely.

"Oh, my paws! Oh, my whiskers! Who am I?" delightedly replied the little animal. "That is rich. I am an impersonator of many talents, much beloved by the trade and the populace. I am Hudson seal, mink, or fox, as the case may be."

"So it is you who threaten my career," snarled the Silver Fox furiously.

"You have nearly ruined my reputation," cried the Beaver.

"And mine," shrieked the Chinchilla.

The Goat looked on in cynical amusement, still pensively stroking his beard.

"Let us be going," said the Ermine to the Silver Fox. "I never care to associate with imposters."

"Nor I, nor I!" swelled the chorus of outraged animals.

The silver moon looked down upon a disconsolate little white rabbit sitting forlornly in a forest glade that glittered with frost and finely-powdered snow.

"After all," soliloquized the Rabbit philosophically, "they are only a pack of pelts," and he hopped away, drawing on a pair of spotless white gloves.

"I just stopped to tell you about that flour you sent me the other day," said Mrs. Newlywed.

"Why, madam," answered the grocer, "that was the best flour I carry in stock. What was the matter with it?"

"Matter, indeed! Why it was so tough my husband couldn't eat the biscuits I made with it."

The bachelor said at a wedding breakfast: "The single man is worse off than the married man."

The women fairly beamed.

"But how is it that you think this?" pointedly asked one woman.

"Well," he explained, "you see the married man fears only one woman, while the single man fears them all."

"Dinah," inquired the mistress suspiciously, "did you wash this fish carefully before you baked it?"

"Law, ma'am," said Dinah, "wots' de use ob washin' er fish dat's lived all his life in de watah?"

A negro employee of a large company was killed in an accident. The claim agent went to the widow to make a settlement out of court.

"You see, madam," said the agent, "we make you a fair offer. If you refuse and take the matter into court, you may not receive anything. Will you be satisfied if we give you fifteen hundred dollars?"

"No, suh, white folks. Ise won't be satisfied with no fifteen hundred. Ise not gwine ter settle 'less I gets a thousand dollars!"

A servant came to her mistress one day and informed her that she wished to leave as she was about to be married. "Well, Mary," said the mistress, "I don't want to put any obstacles in the way of your getting married, but I should be so glad if you could postpone it until I get another maid." "Well, mum," answered the girl, "I 'ardly think I know 'im well enough to arsk 'im to put it off."

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Martha's Daughters

Introduction to the first of a series of twelve sketches dealing with the most prominent women among the pioneers in the various provinces, whose work forms some of the most interesting reading in Canadian history

The Legend of St. Martha and the Dragon

By E. A. Taylor

"And a woman named Martha received Him into her house."—St. Luke, c. 10v.38.

"The Sons of Mary seldom bother,
For they have inherited that good part,
But the sons of Martha favour their Mother
Of the careful soul and troubled heart.
As in the thronged and lighted ways,
So in the desert and dark they stand,
Wary and watchful all their days
That their brothers' days may be long in the land.
The Sons of Mary smile and are blest;
They know the angels are on their side,
They know that to them is the Grace confest,
To them are the mercies multiplied.
They sit at the Feet, they know the Word;
They see how truly the message runs,
They cast their burden upon the Lord,
And the Lord He lays it on Martha's sons."

Kipling.

IN the verses from which the above is taken, the poet very sympathetically voices the status of the sons of Martha, whose lot is to toil and sweat in the service of their fellow-creatures, but it is not alone the sons of Martha who uncomplainingly shoulder the burdens of civilization. Innumerable hosts of Martha's daughters also surge through the thronged and lighted ways and stand watchful and waiting in the desert and the dark, and it is the Mother of these toiling legions who forms the subject of the following pretty legend.

At the time of the great persecution of the members of the early Christian church, which occurred in and around Jerusalem about the year 34 A.D., the persecuted believers were forced to flee from their country. The hardships of exile, however, could never quench their sublime faith, so that wheresoever the fugitives fled they commenced to preach and practise the gospel of their beliefs.

Among those who were thus driven from their native land at this time was one, Martha of Bethany, the same who once received Christ into her house, and later became one of His most devoted followers. Together with Lazarus, her brother, Mary, her sister, and a small band of their persecuted fellow - Christians, Martha escaped to the country of Gaul, passing thence by way of ship to Joppa and landing in the city of Massilia (now Marseilles). Following the usual custom of those who at that time suffered the wrongs of persecution, the little band sought out the shelter of the forest and started to erect crude habitations and settle down.

The barbarian Gauls, however, objected to these attempts at settlement, more especially as they were under the impression that the exiled Christians were Romans, whom the Gauls hated with all the fierce hate of their fiery natures, so with many dire threats they told the unhappy little band that unless they immediately left the country they would be exterminated.

In this wretched state of affairs, the unfortunate Christians were naturally very troubled and at their wits' end as to how to escape this fresh calamity, but the gentle Martha encouraged them to be of good cheer. "It has come to my knowledge," said she, "that this land is plagued with a great dragon, who lives in the midst of this forest and keeps the inhabitants of the land in constant terror through his ravages. Now, I will seek this dragon out and prevent him from doing further harm, and surely in return for such service the people of this country will show us kindness."

But her brother was very skeptical about Martha's ability to accomplish this wonder. Said he, "It is impossible. You are only a woman, untrained in warfare and the use of arms. Moreover, you have no horse to seek out this terror and give him battle, nor have you any weapons wherewith to slay him." Martha answered, "These things you speak of are merely man's devices. Too long have mankind placed their trust in horses and spears to control and destroy the sources of evil. True, as you say, I am only a woman, but I will show you a better way to war on evil."

Nevertheless, in spite of the hope which Martha's brave words aroused in their breasts, the little company whom she had led in their flight from Jerusalem were much alarmed at her resolution, and earnestly prayed to God for her safety in the daring venture. Even the barbarian Gauls, who discovered her intentions, were amazed at her designs, and begged her to abandon the scheme, inviting her to stay with them, and as an inducement, promising her (for she was a very fair woman to look upon) that if she would cast in her lot with them their king would take her for his wife. In spite of the importunities of friend and enemy, however, Martha adhered to her purpose and set out to seek the monster, her sole weapon of defence, if such it can be called, being the long silken girdle which it was customary for the women of those days to wear, and as she went forth alone into the forest her friends and the barbarians stood at the edge and wept.

Now, it is written in the Gospel according to St. John the Beloved, that Jesus loved Martha. No doubt when on earth the gentle Christ was often grieved to see His people wasting their time in idleness and wrongdoing, so that when He met Martha and found her to be a woman who accomplished the tasks she found to do, He loved her greatly.

Be that as it may, however, when Martha set forth on her dangerous quest the love which God had for this noble woman was manifested by His sending an angel before her to close the mouth of the dragon. So it happened that when Martha discovered the monster's den and fearlessly entered in, the terrible inhabitant crouched in fear and trembling at her feet.

Not understanding the power which had closed his formidable mouth, the beast fawned in defenceless submission, expecting to be slain every moment, but Martha spoke kindly to him and stroked his grisly head, then, tying her girdle about his neck, she led him forth, and he followed like a dog.

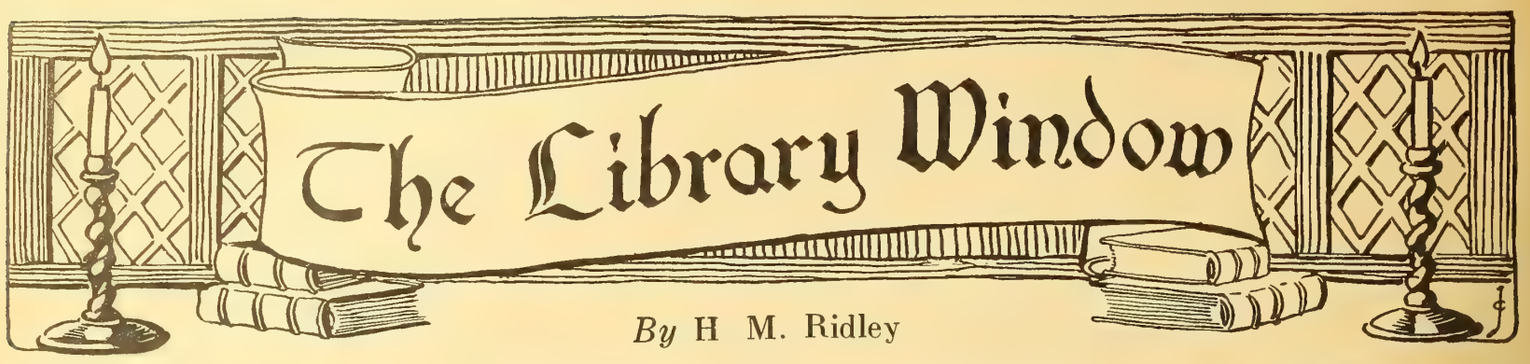
The astonishment of the barbarian people, who waited at the forest's edge for Martha's return, can well be imagined when she emerged from the gloomy shade leading her terrible captive, and it is small wonder that the heathen priests and the people believed her to be a goddess, fell on their faces and worshipped her with offerings and prayers.

But Martha sternly reproved them for their idolatry, and with the dragon meekly following, went to join her own people, who were overjoyed at the success of her mission. As soon as the excitement of the little band had abated, Martha sent her brother and sister to preach the gospel of the true God to the barbarians, and so successful were they in their mission that all the barbarians believed and were baptized that same day, so thereafter the little company of refugees lived in peace and good-fellowship among their late enemies.

At the earnest solicitation of the Gauls and her own people, Martha now ruled the land, and one of her first commands to them was that beside the stalls which they were erecting for their oxen and beasts of burden they should erect a commodious one for the accommodation of the dragon. Here, under Martha's instructions, he learned to eat the food of oxen and to guard the flocks when they were sent out to pasture. As the wolves and other predatory beasts were exceedingly scared of his forbidding appearance, the dragon's work in this direction was eminently successful.

So Martha lived for many years, ruling with love and wisdom, and in the fullness of time she died and was buried. The dragon's grief over her death was such that his mighty heart was broken, and it was not long after that he, too, died, and in accordance with Martha's wishes, was buried at her feet. To this day their graves may be seen in the land of their adoption.

Unfortunately, there are still many dragons who keep the world in fear, dragons of ignorance, disease, sickness and poverty, but, thank God, scattered throughout earth's civilization, still stand watchful and waiting the brave daughters of Martha, strong in love and wisdom, and ever ready to battle with the world's wrongs.



By H M. Ridley

THE DUST FLOWER: By Basil King. Harper Brothers.

This is the story of a neurotic young New Yorker, whose peculiar inhibition is that he cannot decide which of two women—both of whom are in love with him—he should marry. The reader is soon able to discern the one he really loves and who will make him the best wife, but only a severe accident to the young man is the means of disclosing which woman is his choice. Hans Anderson's story of "The Little Mermaid" is rather delightfully interwoven in the plot of the book, and this, together with the remarkable character of old Steptoe, the butler, lend interest to an otherwise rather too long drawn out, though entertaining, story. L. A. R.

ROLAND WHATELY: By Alec Waugh. MacMillan.

It is evidently the intention of the writer of this novel to suggest that his hero, Roland Whately, is the victim of a chain of circumstances beyond his control. If he had not caught on a certain day an earlier train than he intended to catch, he would not have met a certain individual through whom he came into contact with certain other inlividuals who were the cause of his being removed from a certain public school —a result which deflected all his life's plans. But one cannot help feeling that it was the bias of mind of the young man that was responsible for the changes that came to him rather than the "instability of human schemes." In the first place, he wanted very badly to break "the eternal cycle of disillusion" in which "the child grew up, only to meet and be broken by the conspiracy of the world's widom, and, in its turn, to focus its thwarted ambition on its children, and then its children's children." He took the opportunities that came to him to break, as he thought, that cycle—his weakness of will succumbing to those opportunities because the bias of his mind made him welcome them. It was this bias of mind that made him, after four years of understanding with a charming girl, whom he was supposed to be going to marry, turn from her, upon an excuse, to another girl, marriage with whom meant a final break with his past life—the life of his parents in the suburb where the people were "all jammed together" in "funny little houses—all furnished just the same," and where the men went "to the office at the same time, coming back at the same time."

Roland Whately believed that he had broken the vicious circle, or "cycle," represented by this dreary suburban existence, but, judging from the character of the woman he married, one can readily conjecture that his real enemy was that old Proteus, Life itself, who had but changed his form.

SUPPORT: By Margaret Ashmun. MacMillan.

This is the story of a family living in a Middle-Western town—a family out of which had gone a young girl, to take up, as she thought, a married life of love and happiness. The years pass, and the same woman, no longer a girl, returns, disillusioned, to her home to face the problems that arise out of her peculiar position. One of the problems is that of the ethical right to accept support from the man she had divorced. She decides eventually that it is not right to receive money for which she can offer no collateral, and which places her in a position of dependence upon one whom she can no longer respect or love. Having realized this, she at once cuts off the source of a comfortable income, and courageously proceeds to think about ways and means of earning a living. Eventually, she opens a little gift shop in her native town, makes a great success of it, and is able to support not only herself, but an adopted child. The story of her love for this child—a love that is not merely a manifestation of the "maternal instinct," but is rooted in an affinity that draws the child to her, as she is drawn to the child—is one of the most appealing in a book that is essentially human, and deals with human affairs in a very realistic way.

THE LOVE STORY OF ALIETTE BRUNTON: By Gilbert Frankau. Goodchild.

The vexed question of divorce is dealt with in this powerful novel. The theme is hackneyed enough—that of the "eternal triangle," formed in this case by two men and a woman—but the treatment of the theme is fresh and vigorous. The writer's sympathy is clearly with the action of the man and woman, who, defying custom and social ostracism, follow the dictates of their hearts and dwell together in a unity that is based on perfect intellectual and spiritual accord. The vindication of their action lies in their refusal to enter into the clandestine relations that are often the resort of those less honest than themselves, despite the fact that, while the "others" are condoned by the world, they are condemned. The touching portrait of Julia Cavendish, the famous novelist, and the mother of the man who has braved the opinion of the "herd," is one of the finest things in the book. Between her prejudices—Victorian in hue—and her love for her son, a struggle ensues, which results in the victory of mother love and a pathetic attempt on her part, in the face of death, to vindicate the position of her son by the writing of a novel that is to set forth his case in terms that cannot be controverted. A murder trial, in which is symbolized the different attitudes of the husband and lover towards the woman they both desire, adds another dramatic note to a novel that is full of drama.

PAGAN LOVE: By John Murray Gibbon. McClelland & Stewart.

Realistic, in one sense, might be called the new novel by the President of the Canadian Authors' Association, John Murray Gibbon; in fact, as one reads the opening chapters, one is convinced that one holds in one's hands a book rather of the propaganda type that is concerned with facts and statistics and theories in relation to the immigration problem as it affects Canada and the United States. But as one dips further into the novel, one realizes that one is in the grip of a romance so unusual that it certainly does much to remove the work from the ranks of the realistic. The hero makes his appearance in London as a penniless and starving young literary aspirant, who saves the life of another man. The man, in gratitude for the service rendered him, offers the penniless youth a splendid position in New York. In the new country the youth is brought up against a host of problems, one of which is the extraordinary attitude of his benefactor towards him. What makes his employer take such an almost passionate interest in his personal life? Why does he seek to discourage the love affair into which he enters with such innocence? The reader will find the answer to these questions in a startling and dramatic climax.

THE BITTERMEADS MYSTERY: By E. R. Punshon. MacMillan.

A good detective story is always in demand, and in this new book by Mr. Punshon the reader will find one. Charley White's mysterious disappearance exercises the wits of one of his attached friends, who resolves to probe the mystery to the bottom. As an initial step in his journey of investigation, he makes the ghastly discovery of his friend's dead body in the garret of the gloomy house known as "Bittermeads." The events that follow are so intense, so dramatic, and so full of complications, that they hold the reader spell-bound until the close of the tale.

THE MIRACLE MAN OF MONTREAL: By Geo. H. Ham. Hodder & Stoughton.

"Miracles don't happen!" What a superficial judgment, after all, was that of the Victorian writers, such as Matthew Arnold et al, who so blandly pronounced the above dictum! Matthew Arnold, we know, prided himself upon possessing an impartial spirit, and he was ready to make excuses for people's foibles and delusions—but miracles just "did not happen," you know! Today it is quite impossible to overlook the mass of evidence that is being accumulated to show that the things that were once regarded as miracles do happen. Especially is this true in regard to "miracles" of healing. In Roman Catholicism and Protestantism alike we have wonderful records of cures effected through the laying on of hands and through faith in the efficacy of certain methods prescribed by physicians of the soul. Mr. Ham's new book, "The Miracle Man of Montreal," is another testimony to the working of the spirit in this direction. The Miracle Man is a certain Brother Andre, a French-Canadian of humble origin, who, after joining the Order of the Holy Cross, served as a porter, and occupied his spare moments in washing dishes and other menial duties. Modest to a degree, with the habits of a recluse, he was so austere in his life that he slept on a hard pallet, and made his meals of bread and butter and a little fruit. But his piety and good works soon drew the attention of the outside world, and people sought the humble porter to pour into his ears their troubles, and to seek his counsel. Presently he discovered his power of healing physical ill, as well as mental —a power which he attributed solely to the influence of his patron saint, St. Joseph. Cases of blindness, epilepsy, tuberculosis, smallpox and cancer have been cured through him, and physicians have attested to the permanence of such cures in signed certificates. Today, at the Oratory of St. Joseph in Montreal this humble old man, unspoiled by notoriety, receives thousands of pilgrims, Protestants and Catholics, who come from far and near to have his healing touch upon them.

THE RED HOUSE MYSTERY: By A. A. Milne. Goodchild.

Anthony Gillingham arrives at the Red House, a manor house of a quiet, uneventful English village, just as a fatal shot is fired, and finds himself entangled in a mystery that requires all of his ingenuity to unravel. This is a clever and unusual detective story, by the author of "The Dover Road," and it has a denouement that will surprise the most experienced reader of mystery tales.

The Poets' Corner

Conducted by Norah Holland

Author of "Spunyarn and Spindrift."

With this month's issue a New Year begins, and the first poem offered is Theodosia Garrison's wish for the coming season:

IN THE NEW YEAR.

In the New Year what wondrous joy may lie,
Of hope fulfilled, unconscious prophecy!
In the New Year what sadder grief may rest,
What keener sorrow come to be our guest!
What finished task, what possibility!
Ah, far we gaze who nothing may espy.
E'en Time the swift turns laggard for a jest.
What shall he bring to us, or bad, or best,
In the New Year?

What shall he bring?—to cherish or defy?
What lamp of love to light our darkness by?
What cross of pain to carry on our breast?
What grief concealed? What happiness confessed?
Let us hope much, O brothers, you and I,
In the New Year.

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How many of my readers know, I wonder, this quaint old English poem? I must confess to utter ignorance of its author and even of its source. I picked it up—a scrap of paper, cut from some old newspaper, and pass it on to you:

THE OPENING OF THE YEAR.

Two sorrie thynges there be,
Ay, three;
A nest from which ye fledglings
Have been taken;
A lamb forsaken;
A redde leaf from a wilde rose
Rudely shaken.

Of gladde thynges there be more,
Ay, four;
A lark above ye olde nest
Blythely singing;
A wilde rose clinging
In safety to a rock;
A shepherd, bringing
A lamb, found, in his arms;
And Christmasse bells a-ringing.

Here follows a poem from Punch, one of his "Field and Farmstead Series."

THE WOODMOUSE.

Where dock and ivy curtain round
The nooks and crannies of the mound,
I pause, and, stooping low, descry
The lively challenge of an eye.

Nor shell-pink ear, nor fluttery nose,
Nor dainty fan of milk-white toes,
Nor taper tail, betrays where she,
The little woodmouse, watches me.

She needs no stouter barricade
Then ebb and flow of light and shade,
To veil her form; but how disguise
The diamonds prisoned in her eyes?

❖ ❖ ❖

Punch also must be credited with my next selection:

THE CHILD.

On fat unsteady legs he ran,
A podgy woolly-coated man,
Humming a happy little song
Most Endlessly content and long.

One seemed he with the grass and trees,
The flowers and horses, cows and bees,
The scuttling rabbits, birds on wings,
And all earth's jolly growing things.

❖ ❖ ❖

My next choice is Dora Sigerson Shorter's well-known poem:

THE THREE FATES.

Up in the cave of the wind,
Bent and crabbed with their years,
In endless chatter they sit,
Old Distaff, Spindle and Shears.

And they heard a mother's son
Go by them on the breeze,
As she hushed her pretty babe
To slumber on her knees.

"Oh, you shall be great and proud,
You shall be strong and fleet,
And fame for your call will come
And captive love to your feet.

"And life for you shall be long,
Full of your heart's desire"—
She sang as she rocked her babe
Beside the golden fire.

Up in the cave of the wind,
Bent and crabbed with their years,
In mocking laughter they sit,
Old Distaff, Spindle and Shears.

Here is a cheerful little hearth poem by Katharine Tynan.

THE HEARTH GOD.

A god, a god sits on my hearth,
Laughs and plays with sober mirth,
Sings a small song, merry and wild,
As a bird might, or a child.

Strayed here from some Olympian hill,
This god in rose and daffodill
Yet boils my kettle, cooks my dish,
Gives savour to the meat and fish.

I stretch my chilly hands above,
And like my dog he fawns in love;
Licks at me with a playful tongue,
And frisks, a bright thing, merry and young.

This holy one stays with me still,
Singing his small songs, merry and shrill,
And hath so many things to do,
He hath no time to grieve or rue,

For the great state he hath foregone,
The Lord Sun's dear companion,
Who toils and plays about my hearth,
Nor yet forgets his starry birth.

❖ ❖ ❖

Here is a very beautiful little song from Austin Dobson:

Once at the Angelus
(Ere I was dead)
Angels all glorious
Came to my bed:
Angels in blue and white,
Crowned on the head.

One was the Friend I left
Stark in the snow,
One was the Wife that died
Long, long ago;
One was the Love I lost,
How could she know?

One had my Mother's eyes,
Wistful and mild;
One had my Father's face;
One was a Child;
All of them bent to me,
Bent down and smiled.

❖ ❖ ❖

Here is a fancy of Nancy Byrd Turner's:

CLICK O' THE LATCH.

The silence holds for it, taut and true;
The young moon stays for it, wistful white;
Winds that whimpered the sunset through,
Sigh for it, low and light.

Click o' the latch, and he'll come home—
A stir in the dusk at the little gate.
Hush, my heart, and be still, my heart—
Surely, it's sweet to wait.

The tall skies lean for it, listening—
Never a star but lends an ear;
The passionate porch flowers stop and cling,
Parting their leaves to hear.

Click o' the latch, and him come home,
A step on the flags, a snatch of song.
Hurry, my heart; be swift, my heart—
How did we wait so long!

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And we will end with Alfred Noyes' poem, "Unity," taken from his collection "The Enchanted Island, and Other Poems."

UNITY.

Heart of my heart, the world is young;
Love lies hidden in every rose!
Every song that the skylark sung
Once, we thought, must come to a close;
Now we know the spirit of song,
Song that is merged in the chant of the whole,
Hand in hand as we wander along,
What should we doubt of the years that roll.

Heart of my heart, we cannot die!
Love triumphant in flower and tree,
Every life that laughs at the sky,
Tells us nothing can cease to be;
One, we are one with a song to-day,
One with the clover that scents the wold,
One with the Unknown, far away,
One with the stars, when earth grows old.

Heart of my heart, we are one with the wind,
One with the clouds that are whirled o'er the lea,
One in many, O broken and blind,
One, as the waves are at one with the sea!
Ay! when life seems scattered apart,
Darkens, ends as a tale that is told,
One, we are one. O heart of my heart,
One, still one, while the world grows old.

The Man Without

By Madge McBeth

Author of "Kleath," etc.

CHAPTER 5.

AFTER this confidential outburst, Mrs. Hicks wrapped herself in an impenetrable silence. She avoided Bragge's further questions by a desperate concentration upon the business of scrubbing, and her broad handling of mop and pail discouraged intimate disclosures.

Bragge went back to his office. He was not at all deceived by Mrs. Hicks' subterfuge, but he was more mystified than ever.

What had the woman to conceal?

It was natural, he told himself, that young Hicks should drop in to see his mother, and that he should feel some interest in seeing the man who employed her. But Bragge could not bring himself to think that mere curiosity had prompted the fellow's cautious peering from behind the window curtains. He could not view the circumstance from that comfortable standpoint. There was something about him that flatly contradicted such an explanation. Hicks was there to spy upon him; he was convinced of it —unless he had come to keep an eye on The Oyster!

Why should Hicks want to keep an eye on The Oyster?

Bragge's mind reverted to the idea of foul play. Could it be possible, he asked himself, that instead of wandering to the office door, as the polic suggested, the Oyster had been brought there, unconscious, in the expectation of enlisting sympathy and securing a temporary home? Could it be possible that the men who were responsible for his condition dared not come forward and claim him, but that, for reasons of their own, they wished to be advised of his progress and his movements? Did they wish to kidnap him—and was Hicks one of the "gang"?

Anything was possible, he realized, and this explanation, though fantastic, commanded some attention. It would account, in a measure, for much, even for Mrs. Hicks' attitude toward the Ink-hog. All along, Bragge had been convinced that she knew more than she disclosed about him.

He flung himself in a chair, exhausted by the trials that beset his days. Each hour seemed to add a new knot to the skein of his existence. Whichever way he turned, he floundered in a fast-tied tangle, a web of mystery.

He hesitated about consulting the police. To be sure, he might give them a clue that would lead to the identification of The Oyster, but on the other hand, he might supply them some link that would lead to his own conviction. Although his child-like faith in the force had weakened, Bragge felt no sense of security. He realized that the earth might crumble at any moment beneath his feet, that the most innocent-looking circumstance might transform itself into irrefutable evidence against him. Yet, he must discharge his duty towards The Oyster!

"Any news?" he asked the sergeant who answered the telephone.

"Divul a bit! Nothing up at your end of the line? Isn't Baby talking yet?" he enquired. "Golly, doctor, but that child is backward, isn't he?"

Bragge laughed politely at the joke he had grown to expect, and twisted his conversation around until he could speak without abruptness of Sir Allenby Armstrong.

"By the way," he said, "I don't suppose you happen to know the fellow who is driving his car?"

"Name of Hicks?" came the prompt response. "Sure, we know the guy!"

"He was here today to see his mother, who is my housekeeper," Bragge went on, in a gossipy way, "and it occurred to me that Sir Allenby might have done better in his choice of a chauffeur. Is he a God-fearing, law-abiding citizen?"

"Well, we haven't got anything on him yet," returned the sergeant, "but if he don't look lively, we will have!"

From the manner in which the man spoke, Bragge surmised—and shrewdly—that the police had grown sensitive. They were touchy over their failure to uncover the Jamieson mystery. The Press had not spared them, and, as is customary under similar circumstances, they sought to justify themselves in public esteem by intense activity in other directions. It was a foregone conclusion that the offenses of petty sinners would be magnified, and that the more serious delinquents need expect no clemency from the minions of the law.

"What is his particular form of indiscretion — if I'm not too young to know?" asked Bragge flippantly.

"This Bolshevik monkey-doodle," was the sour retort. "Secret meetings, and such. If you ask me, I'm not strong for too much free speech. Ends in bomb-throwing, like as not . . . With so many men out of work, and factories closing every half-hour, I think the fewer meetings the better, I'll tell the world!"

Bragge observed that some credit should be given to Hicks for consenting to work. "I admit," he went on, "that I didn't like his looks, but I should not consider him a dangerous character—a leader of men!"

The sergeant sent an oath explosively over the wire. "Men," he cried, "why, Bolsheviki aren't men! They're a cross between skunks and hyenas! Anybody that raves loud enough can lead them! God, doctor, you ought to hear 'em howl, when Comrade Hicks gets up on the table! Why don't you come down to a meeting?"

Bragge protested that Comrade Hicks, expounding the principles of Socialism, could command neither his presence nor his sympathy, then with a few inconsequental remarks, he rang off.

The Oyster sat near, oblivious, and placidly enjoying his failure to assemble the various parts of a jig-saw puzzle. Bragge watched him speculatively. Could it be that he was one of those disreputable hybrids the sergeant had described? Could he be an associate of Comrade Hicks? Or was it not more likely that he had met with an "accident" at the hands of the Bolsheviki while trying to discourage some ignoble flight of oratory?

Bragge squeezed his aching head between his hands, and asked suddenly:

"Oyster, old fellow; I say, Oyster, listen to me. Do you know Comrade Hicks?"

The Oyster looked up, blankly courteous, and smiled.

Following hard upon that question, Bragge would have been interested had he been able to project his vision about three and a half miles distant, to the Hicks' home.

Three rooms comprised their domestic sanctuary. They were gained by a stairway so dark that the tufts of dust fraternizing there might easily have been mistaken for portions of a ragged carpet.

The landlord's intention to keep the stairway lighted had been sincere, but he could not carry magnanimity too far. He could not carry it so far as to provide a new electric globe every two or three days. This was to encourage petty pilfering amongst his tenants, as well as reduce the amount of his annual increment. To do him justice, he had refilled the denuded socket several times, but, at last, when one morning the entire bracket disappeared, he consigned the whole place to darkness, not only temporary, but eternal.

The apartment occupied by the Hicks presented a dazzling contrast to the gloom of the stairs. Its gilt furniture, gilt frames surrounding superlatively fervid sunsets, and its gilt ornaments, accomplished, in the opinion of its tenants, an effect of Oriental opulence and splendour.

Happily for them, they were not jarred by the discordant note of the piebald wood-work and dingy wallpaper, so torn in places as to produce the illusion of streamers hanging from the ceiling. Nor were they affected by the unwashed curtains shrinking unsympathetically from the grimy windows; nor by the unswept litter on the floors; nor by the effluvia, animal and vegetable, that never lifted from the area. They saw only the gaudy elegance of their apartment and aspired to acquisitions even more magnificent.

Comrade Hicks had just finished a somewhat hasty mastication of four slices of cold lamb, unconsciously contributed to his evening meal by Doctor Bragge. His ease of posture was aided by a negligence of dress, especially in the matter of boots, which, separated from his feet, were less apt to stain the violent satin covering of the chairs. The coat of his chauffeur's uniform had been discarded, as well as his collar and tie, but the strange perversity that all men express in one way or another, impelled him to keep on his cap.

"Naw, naw!" he exclaimed, impatiently. "I tell yer I carnt be mistyken! The tyble w'ere 'e and H-Edward was sittin' were no farther awye than that there wot-not. I seen 'im plyne . . . and I would 'a joined 'em, only that H-Edward gives me the 'ands-orf sign, so I kep' me plyce, 'avin' no mind to spoil 'is little gyme—wotever it weree! About two o'clock they went out together, a little squiffy, if yer like, but that there Ink-hog weren't no more barmy than you are!"

Mrs. Hicks, accustomed to her son's manner of comparison, saw in this statement no reflection upon her own mentality. She gazed in dumb misery at the rat-faced creature, for whom, in her limited imagination, she believed that the universe revolved.

"Yus," repeated Comrade Hicks, reminiscently, "they goes out together, just as pally as a couple o' turtle doves."

"An' then wot 'appened?"

"'Ow do I know?" The young man shifted uneasily. "'H-Edward, 'e always were a deep 'un."

There was a short pause, dur-

ing which Mrs. Hicks' thin lips and narrowed eyes expressed no flattering defense of her step-son's character.

"'Owie," she whispered presently, "wot do yer think—w'ere did they let—IT GO?"

"Sh-h-h!" commanded Howard. "Fer Gawd's syke, shut yer trap, damn yer!"

The confident Socialist, who preached voluntary martyrdom for the establishment of universal justice, shrunk until he became lost in the body of a terrified boy. He clutched the arms of his chair and peered round the room, a literal disciple, for the moment, of the belief that walls have ears.

"Don't yer even think about that?" he went on. "W'en a think gets on yer mind, yer never know 'ow yer may get caught with it. Wot I mean ter sye, is —is—a person mostly talks about wot they're thinkin' on, and one cheep—" Words failed the orator.

"I ayn't the one ter cheep," protested his mother.

"Not h-intentional, but—don't yer even think about it, 'ear? It's like this—thanks to H-Edward, we got somethink new—somethink better'n a bomb! So far's we know, nobody ayn't ever 'eard of it, and so long's we can keep it secrut, we can pop'em orf just like beetles, and be blowed ter the perlice. But one 'int—and it's orf fer us, damn 'em!"

All the starved emotion of a lifetime concentrated in Mrs. Hicks' prayer.

"I 'opes ter Gawd, you won't 'ave ter do it!"

Howard's contempt of fear was expressed at the precise moment he expelled the end of a cigar—one of Sir Allenby's cigars.

"Somebody's got ter do it," he said, with a swagger that came naturally when he was removed from danger, "and if I dror the pyper, it's up ter me!"

"Oh, Gawd," groaned Mrs. Hicks.

"Like as not, I'll volunteer," he continued, thrilled with a sense of his nobility and heedless of his mother's anguish. "I'd oughta, yer know, livin' 'andy, as yer might sye, and knowin' 'ow! Tykes a man of brians, yer know —couldn't afford to 'ave a big job bungled! "Yus," he cried, rising and reaching for his collar, "I'll volunteer!"

"Oh, my Gawd," groaned Mr. Hicks, again. "If y'd get caught, 'Owie . . . I'd rather give the whole think up, so I would."

Comrade Hicks frankly cursed such heresy. In unequivocal terms he expressed his opinion of back-sliders, his hatred of 'uman worms that were content to crawl under the feet of in'uman monsters. . "Ayn't yer got no guts atall?" he enquired, violently. "Don't yer want ter see the Reignuvjustice before yer croak? Don't yer bullieve in the Cause?"

Stirred by that unmelodious, husky voice as by no other sound on earth, Mrs. Hicks responded to Howard's demand for a confession of her faith. She nodded her head.

"Don't yer know there's only one wye ter 'ave e-quality, and that's ter get riduv the kepetalists?"

"Yus," whispered Mrs. Hicks, gazing at him, hypnotized.

"And will yer tell me," he raved on, "'ow we're goin' ter get riduvum if we don't do somethink? Would yer think, now, that a flock-uvum would come up ter us and sye, 'If yer please, gentlemen, we're 'opin' to die by yer 'ands, so's our sin-begotten wealth can be distributed amongst yer!' Can yer see that 'appenin'?"

"Gorblimy, 'Owie," murmured Mrs. Hicks, stunned by the idea of such a possibility.

"Well, then," he triumphed, "we carnt get ridivum unless we extemminate 'em. Don't yer bullieve in the extemmination of the kepetulists?"

"Yus," obediently agreed Mrs. Hicks.

"Awright! Then somebody with brains 'as got ter do it! Ayn't I got brains? Awright, again . . . Now, don't yer want ter see me with my fleet of motor cars, and a 'ome as big as the University, and 'arf a 'undred blarsted furriners dolled up like monkeys wytin' on me?"

"Yus, 'Owie, yus!"

"Awright, I tell yez! And 'ow do yer think I'm goin' ter get-um? By drivin' 'is bloody car, and touchin' my cap all dye?"

A gust of profanity recorded his own opinion on the matter, and he pounded the coat of his uniform as though it might have been the head of a vanquished financier.

"Do yer want ter see me degryded in this 'ere livury all me life, or do yer want to see me swankin' it all over the plyce in a topper?"

Struck speechless by the glory of her son's future, Mrs. Hicks could only wag her head.

"Don't yer want sulks and sattings and jools?" he demanded, his egotism expanding into the only form of generosity he knew —imaginary! "Don't yer want yer own limmysine and yer 'ome in the mountings?"

Mrs. Hicks' brain reeled at the idea. A scalding tear welled up in her eyes, and burned its way down her sallow cheek.

"Oh, 'Owie," she gasped, "fer me?"

Comrade Hicks proved no niggard in distributing the city's wealth. Time alone checked his munificence. Sir Allenby expected to be driven to a certain institution, where he was scheduled to deliver an address on Preferential Tariff, a subject upon which he was well qualified to speak. And Sir Allenby was a man whose temper was apt to be unpleasantly hot if he were kept waiting. His chauffeur paused long enough, however, for a final exhortation.

"Shut yer trap, and open yer eyes, and don't let that there Inkhog suspect nothink! Looks ter me as if 'ee were deeper than H-Edward—and there ayn't no deeper than that! Watch 'im! And no matter wot 'appens, don't yer let on . . . Yer don't know 'oo yer may be lettin' in! Fer the present, I'm goin' ter lie low and wyte me charnce. I got the stuff right 'ere"—he tapped his chest—"an the 'ousekeeper is goin' ter give me the tip, w'en! Oh, she's a shrewd 'un, is Pennick!"

"Shee—Pennick?" asked the mother, jealously.

"Sure, I've told yer! It's 'er that'll do it," explained Comrade Hicks, winking evilly and forgetting that he was about to offer himself as a volunteer. "I'd better plye safe in this 'ere deal. Somebody's got ter tyke the lead and arrange the campyne! This 'ere Pennick, she's around the 'ouse all the time, and can put it w'ere 'e'll get it—see? That lets me out, for there ayn't no more connection between me and Sir H-Allenby's med'cine chust, than between Sir H-Allenby — damn 'im—and yer Sunday 'at!"

To be continued.

LOVE'S REPLICA.

Sing to me, little one!—(Let me not hear
The desolate dripping of rain thro' the trees,
The moaning of wind like a spirit in fear!)—
Sing to me, little one, here at my knees!

Sing to me softly!—(Out in the gloom
Wither'd leaves drift from the maple-trees blown.
Seek now his spirit the asters in bloom?)—
Tears? 'Tis your fancy: sing on, mother's own!

Sing me a lullaby!—(Strange, he is dead—
Dead! yet the small hands I hold he caress'd;
Just so he look'd, even so turn'd his head—
Memory incarnate has lain at my breast!)

—Constance I Davies.

CANCER

The $100,000 Prize

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Terms and Conditions as Set Out by the Royal Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons

1. All applications must in the first place satisfy a recognized Medical Faculty or a leading Medical Society in his or her own country (a) that there is some scientific basis to justify experimental investigation of the professed cure, (b) that any cases said to be successfully treated were, in fact, cases of cancer.

2. Applicants must disclose to the Medical Faculty or Medical Society investigating the professed cure, its nature and ingredients and the method of its preparation.

3. Applicants who have satisfied the above conditions should request the Medical Faculty or Medical Society to report to the Imperial Cancer Research Fund.

4. The Imperial Cancer Research Fund will then determine the means to be adopted to investigate the claims of the applicant, if the Committee are of opinion that a case for investigation has been made out.

Imperial Cancer Research Fund

Office of the Fund,
London, 18th Oct., 1922

The Lord Atholstan,
Montreal.

My Lord,

Within a few days of the receipt of your letter (offering the prize of $100,000) your cable offering another $100,000 for Cancer Research was received, with the result that a special investigation is now being carried on with the funds you have so liberally placed at the disposal of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund. We are, My Lord,

Yours faithfully,

HUMPHRY ROLLESTON,
President,
Royal College of Physicians.

ANTHONY A. BOWLBY,
President,
Royal College of Surgeons.

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Correspondence in French

By Guy de Lestard, Principal of Toronto School of Languages

Lesson VI.

1. How to form the Imperfect Indicative.

Add ais, ais, ait, ions, iez., aient, to the stem of the 1st person plural indic. present.

As Verb aller—Stem all j'allais il allait, nous allions, vous alliez, ils allaient.

Verb connaitre—connaiss-ais, connaiss-ait, ions, iez, aient.

Exception—Etre.

J'étais il était, étions, étiez, étaient.

2. How to form the Conditional.

Add "s" to 1st person future and same endings as the Imperfect Indicative.

Aller—Future—J'irai.

Conditional—J'irais, irait, irions, iriez, iraient.

Connaitre—Future—Je connaitrai.

Conditional—Connaitrais, ais, ait, ions, iez, aient.

No exceptions.

3. How to form the Past Conditional (conditional perfect).

Write the conditional of the verb "avoir," followed by the perfect participle.

Connaitre—J'aurais connu, il aurait connu, vous auriez connu, etc.

The fourteen verbs mentioned in preceding lessons are conjugated with auxiliary verb "être" (to be).

Je serais allé, il serait allé elle serait allée, nous serions allés, etc.

4. How to form the Pluperfect.

Add the perfect participle to the imperfect indicative of "avoir."

J'avais connu, il avait connu, nous avions connu, vous aviez connu, etc.

The fourteen verbs require the auxiliary "être."

J'sétais allé, il était allé, elle était allée, nous étions allés, etc.

No exceptions.

Note: The fourteen verbs conjugated with "être" in the perfect, and all compound tenses, agree with the subject, while the other verbs agree with the direct object when it precedes the verb.

In a Conditional sentence (with "if")

The present indicative is used with the Future indicative; the imperfect indicative with the conditional; the pluperfect is used with the past conditional.

This construction is the same as that which we have in English:

If I have money next year I shall buy a house.

Si j'ai de l'argent l'année prochaine j'achèterai une maison.

If I had money I would buy a house.

Si j'avais de l'argent j'achèterai une maison.

If I had had money I would have bought a house.

Si j'avais eu de l'argent j'aurais acheté une maison.

When you use "can," change it to "to be able" in translating.

If I can (am able), I shall go with you.

Si je peux j'irai avec vous.

If I could (was able), I would go with you.

Si je pouvais j'irais avec vous.

If I had been able I would have gone with you.

Si j'avais pu je serais allé avec vous.

Note: In French, the verb following if (si) is either in the present, imperfect or pluperfect tense, never in the future, conditional or conditional perfect, as in English.

As:

Should he come, I shall go with him.

S'il vient, j'irai avec lui.

Should she come, I would go with her.

Si elle venait, j'irais avec elle.

If he will come, I shall go with him.

S'il vient, j'irai avec lui.

Note 2: To translate "must" or "have to," use verb **"DEVOIR."**

De dois sortir. I must go out.

Je devrai aller le voir. I will have to go to see him, or, I must call on him.

Il a dû sortir. He had to go out.

To translate "ought to," expressing a moral obligation or duty, use the conditional or conditional perfect of the same verb "devoir."

Je devrais sortir. I ought to go out.

Il devrait aller le voir. He ought to go to see him, or, call on him.

Il aurait dû aller vous voir. He ought to have gone to see you.

Aurait-il pu venir hier? Could he have come yesterday?

Translate into French:

If my brother can, he will come tomorrow.

I know that he will come.

Where is he? He ought to have written. I expected (imperfect of attendre) him yesterday. I must speak to him. She had to go home.

If my friends could (were able) they would come.

If they could (had been able) they would have come. (Why did they not come?)

They ought to have come. They ought to have written if they could not come.

Should they come today, I would go with them (avec eux).

Can they not come? We would have been happy (heureux) to see them. If my sister had been able she would have called on them, but she was busy. (occupié.)

Translate Into French.

Toronto, Jan. 24th, 1923.

Messrs. T. Eaton & Co.,
120 Yonge St., Toronto.

Dear Sirs,—In answer to your letter of the 21st of December, asking us to quote (coter) our price on our silk dresses, we have the pleasure of sending (translate to send) our price-list. If you had written sooner (plus tôt) we would have asked our traveller to call on you with his samples. It is rather late (un peu tard pour) to send our samples, and you ought to have written before.

Enclosed you will find, with our latest (dernier) price-list, some circulars for your customers.

Be kind enough to send us, at your earliest convenience (as soon as possible) the goods that we ordered last month. We expected them before the end of the month.

If you do not send them at once we shall have to cancel (retirer) the order.

Yours truly,

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MARIE MADELEINE DE BEAUREGARD (suite).

Le capitaine Morris, l'auteur involontaire de l'accident survenu à Madeleine, se présenta tous les matins à l'hôpital pour prendre des nouvelles de la jeune fille. Il avait écrit au docteur l'assurant de son chagrin et promettant de payer les frais encourus par la famille. "Je serais heureux, ajoutait-il dans sa lettre, de présenter mes respects à Mademoiselle votre fille et de lui dire combien je regrette d'être la cause de ce malheureux accident."

Monsieur de Beauregard lui avait répondu qu'il ne lui gardait aucune rancune et reconnaissait que le brouillard épais qu'il faisait ce jour là empêchait de voir l'automobile qui venait de tourner le coin de la rue Bloor. "Ma fille sera complètement rétablie dans quelques jours; allez la voir et faites-vous pardonner."

Le capitaine fit de suite une bonne impression sur la jeune fille, malgrè une grande timidité que ni la vie de caserne ni quatre années de campagnes en France n'avaient pu guérir.

Grand, mince, de tournure distinguée, Morris avait une expression de douceur et de bonté qui faisait encore plus ressortir sa timidité. Il semblait de ceux qui sont facilement en but aux railleries des jeunes filles. Sa voix était extraordinairement mélodieuse pour un homme et avait ce ton chanteur que l'on trouve souvent chez les Italiens du midi. Ses compagnons d'armes l'avaient baptisé "le chantre divin" faisant ainsi allusion à sa voix douce et trainante et aussi à sa devotion. Neveu d'un évêque du Canada, il était lui-même croyant et avouait ses convictions religieuses.

Ce grand garcon, doux comme une petite fille et religieux comme une femme pieuse, avait gagné ses galons sur le champ de bataille. Décoré de la légion d'honneur et de la croix de guerre, il ne portait pas ses decorations et ne parlait jamais de ses exploits militaires. Après la bataille de Vimy il fut cité à l'ordre du jour pour avoir sauvé sa compagnie par son courage et son sang-froid. Le général Simon qui commandait l'armée canadienne disait de lui "Morris, est un lion déguisé en agneau."

Madeleine écoutait le capitaine avec plaisir; elle semblait sous le charme de cette voix douce et melodieuse. La grande simplicité de ce beau garcon et sa nobless de caractère la surprennaient délicieusement, mais habituée, dès sa plus tendre enfance, à se dominer et à se moquer de ceux qu'elle aimait le plus, elle paraissait froide et indifferente; elle se rejouissait de l'embarras de Morris. Elle aimait à paraitre cruelle. A sa soeur qui lui demanda le lendemain, comment elle trouvait le capitaine, elle répondit avec une moue de mépris "C'est un chérubin d'officier qui a manqué sa carrière; il était fait pour être enfant de choeur toute sa vie."

Madame de Beauregard avait élevé ses enfants dans la foi protestante la plus rigide; elle avait inculqué à sa fille une aversion pour tout ce qui était catholique, "N'oublie jamais, lui disait-elle souvent, que tu es une Beauregard; épouse qui tu voudras, qui tu aimeras, ma chèrie, et pourvu que ton mari soit honnête et protestant il sera toujours le bienvenu parmi nous." "Un calotin, ajoutait le docteur, ne peut faire un bon mari. Un homme assez stupide pour adorer des statues de plâtre, s'agenouiller devant un autel de bois, se confesser à un autre homme parce qu'il porte une jupe, ne peut être qu'un hypocrite ou un crètin."

Madame de Beauregard n'avait jamais permis à ses filles de jouer avec des petites filles catholiques, de sorte que, arrivée à l'âge de dix-huit ans Madeleine n'était pas loin de croire que tous les catholiques étaient des êtres sans valeur, un peu dangereux, jamais sincères et d'une mentalité plus ou moine faible.

Le capitaine Morris lui parut une proie facile.

Elle se promettait de s'amuser à ses dépens.

"Mon beau capitaine a un certain charme, je ne le cache pas, dit-elle un jour à son père, mais il a dû être allaité à l'eau bénite."

Madeleina la volontaire, l'enfant gâtée de la famille; Madeleine la cruelle allait avoir beau jeu. La jeune tigresse se réjouissait d'avance du plaisir qu'elle aurait à taquiner cet enfant de choeur et à faire souffrir cet agneau bêlant.

(à continuer au prochain numero.)

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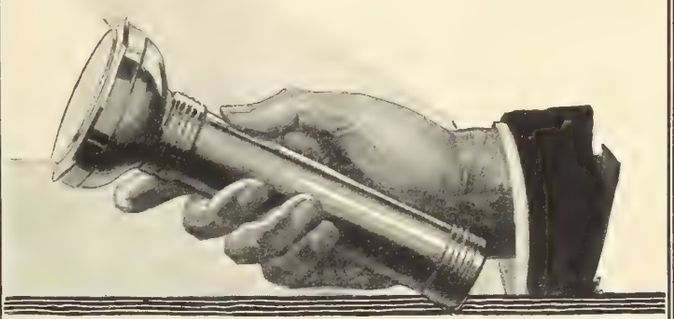

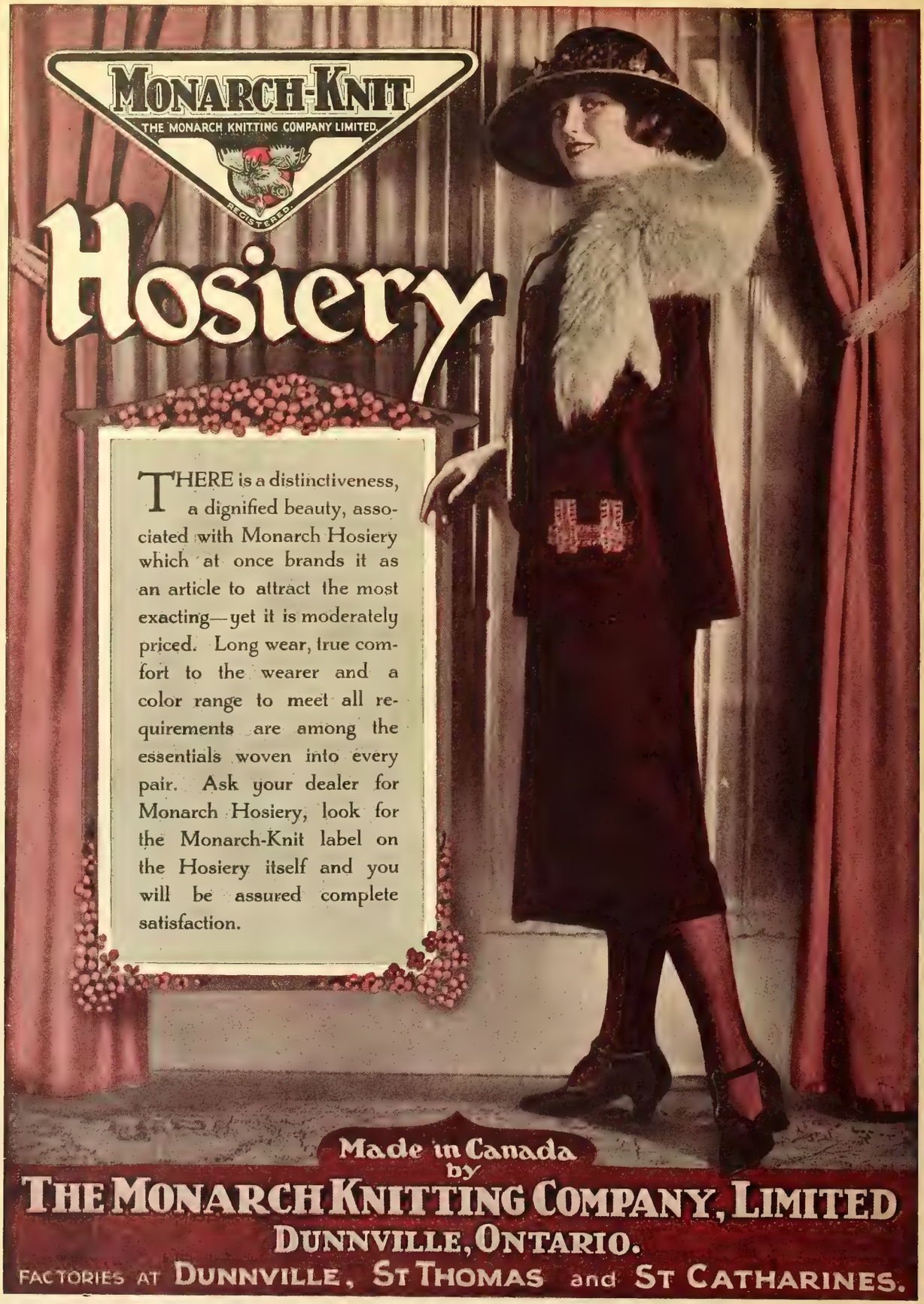
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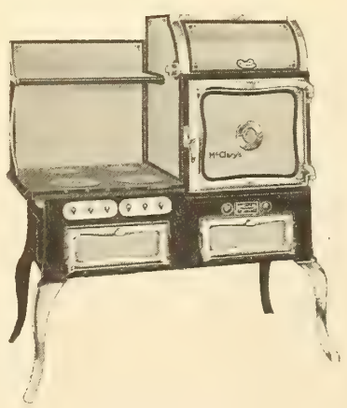

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FEBRUARY, 1923

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Published Monthly By

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GRACE E. KENNEDY
Managing Editor

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Editorial

THE GOAT

WE have been daily receiving communications—written, we are thankful to say, more in sorrow than in anger—pointing out that this issue of the magazine was "not yet."

In these distressing circumstances we naturally looked around for the goat whereon to load the sin and lo! we found the beast right here in our midst.

The "flu," good friends! the villainous, malevolent flu is the goat who must carry the blame.

During the past month over two-thirds of the printing and office staff have crawled home to bed, and half of them are there yet, so perhaps we need not go further into explanation. We can only say we are sorry and we really mean it.

A BUSINESS COUE NEEDED

JUDGING by the news in the daily press, this old world is still very sick from the late orgy of war and while no sensible person would dream of treating the situation lightly, at the same time we think a little more optimism would do no harm.

Canada in comparison with the rest of the combatants has come out of the broil in fairly good shape but to travel round and listen to "business" talk is to gain the impression that the Dominion is staggering on the edge of the abyss.

This gloomy chatter one hears on every hand is doing serious injury all round inasmuch as it tends to create an atmosphere of uncertainty on the part of the buyer who hangs back on purchasing and thereby slows down the machinery of trade.

The buyer—or the consumer—is the one who keeps us all busy no matter what our line of business, but we are scaring him out of the shop.

Get everyone worked up on the idea that we are going to the "bow-bows" and we'll go there alright.

Medical men are just now warning the public against feeling nervous in regard to the "flu," as this predisposes to an attack, and the same psychological fact is true in regard to business.

We all know business is not as robust as it should be, but it would get infinitely better if there were a little more cheerful talk going on round the bedside.

How does it run? "Every day in every way"—yes! that's it.

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CANADA'S LOVELIEST CHILD

OUR cover picture this month shows Doris Elizabeth Hyde, of Toronto, who, in a competition recently conducted by that enterprising newspaper, "The Toronto Star," to discover Canada's Loveliest Child, was adjudged the winner.

Mistress Doris, who is barely four years old, is fortunately too young to have her head turned by the flood of flattery now pouring in upon her.

The eminent judges whom the Star appointed to adjudicate upon the merits of the contestants inspected over 8,000 photographs of Canadian children in search of the loveliest.

So many beautiful children were entered that the task was by no means easy. Many of the competitors were given handsome consolation prizes and otherwise royally entertained through the good offices of the Star.

The picture of Doris has been painted in miniature by Mr. Joshua Smith, R.B.A., and will go to adorn an elaborate doll's house which is being presented to Queen Mary by a group of her subjects prominent in the fine arts.

Credit for the fine reproduction is due to The Canadian Engravers, Limited, of Toronto, whose skill in this class of work is highly commendable.

In the Power of the Dog

"Not for all the riches of Golconda would I spend another night in this accursed house"

By Norah Holland

I COULD not sleep. For hours I had lain turning and tossing upon my pillow, endeavoring, by every means I had formerly found efficacious, to woo the much-desired rest to my eyelids. I had emptied my mind completely of all disturbing thoughts, had counted thousands of dreamland sheep, had crooned to myself the strains of old slumber-songs that never before had failed to lull me to utter forgetfulness, but it was all in vain. And the aggravating part of it was that, until I had ascended to my room, the desire for sleep had been so overpowering that at last my hostess had noticed it.

"You are tired to-night," she had said, after an attempt on my part to strangle a yawn at birth. "I prescribe a good night's rest. No, no excuse is needed," as I stammered forth a shamefaced apology, "this is Liberty Hall, you know. You will find your candlestick on the hall table and your room is the end one in the passage to the left of the main staircase. Good-night."

I took my candlestick from the table—a quaint affair of twisted iron, in form a winged and coiled dragon holding the candle-socket between his jaws—and passed up the broad stairway and along the passage to my room. The house was an old one, dating back to the time of Queen Elizabeth—a long, rambling building, with a round turret at either end of its plastered front; and large, comfortable rooms. A fire was burning in the grate and the flames threw leaping shadows on the curtains of the great four-poster bed, with their stiff, old-fashioned broideries of crinolined shepherdesses and bewinged shepherds dancing to the sound of a flute amid fields of red and white poppies. In the flickering light of fire and candle the tiny figures seemed actually to move through the maze of coranto and minuet, but I was too weary for their antics to disturb me. Hastily I undressed, blew out the candle and insinuated myself between the cool, lavender-scented sheets.

And then sleep forsook me, though my eyeballs ached with the desire for it. It was nine o'clock when I passed up the stairs and sought my room; and now, far away in some distant apartment, I heard a clock striking twelve long strokes. I gave up the struggle with sleeplessness and lay listening while clock after clock took up the refrain, beginning with the majestic beat of the great grandfather clock in the hall below and ending with a fussy little cuckoo clock that stood upon the mantel in my own room. A full minute after the others had ceased it waited, then the doors flew open and the noisy wooden bird tumbled out, clucked his intimation of the lateness of the hour and retired with a sudden jerk and a slam of the portal of his house, as if indignant at finding someone still awake. Then all was silent again.

For a few minutes more I lay quietly, trying in vain to sleep, then, pushing back the curtains of the bed I sat up, intending to light the candle, get a book and read for a time, in the hope that this might break the spell of wakefulness that held me in its bonds. But even as I struck a match, there came from somewhere in the room behind me a long, shivering sigh.

"Who's there?" I asked sharply, the match still flaming in my fingers, but there was no reply, and remembering that on entering the room that evening I had turned the key in the great iron lock, thus securing myself from intrusion, I laughed a little at my own folly. Some stir of wind through a cranny in the old walls, I thought, or it might be a rat in the wainscotting. Sounds like these had a faculty of seeming strange o' nights. The match had burnt down until it scorched my fingers, and blowing it out I lay down. But, even as I did so the sigh was repeated, followed by a low murmuring sound as of someone speaking to herself.

"Who is there?" I called again, my heart beating faster as I spoke, but again there was no answer. Only I heard the sound of a soft footfall crossing the floor, and suddenly the candle upon the table at my bedside burst into a long, yellow tongue of flame.

I cowered back upon my pillow, watching with fascinated eyes that tiny blotch of light upon the thick darkness. What had kindled it? In the name of all that was sacred, what presence was in the room? I knew that the door was locked—that I, myself, was the only human being whose foot had crossed the threshold that evening. What then was it that brought that flame to life, suddenly, menacingly in the blackness of the night? Could this be the sober, work-a-day England that I knew, or was I adventuring in some strange nightmare land of dreams and shadows far from the scenes of waking life? But no, I was not dreaming. There was the burnt match still lying on the table to prove my wakefulness—my fingers still smarted with the scorch of it.

And then I saw her; first of all, the white hand—such a small, soft hand, with rosy nails and slender, jewelled fingers—that lifted the candlestick gently from its place upon the table; then the delicate, oval face in its cloud of gold-brown hair, with great, wistful grey eyes and elfish, pointed chin—a mutinous young face, half mocking, half mournful. She was gowned in some green stuff that folded about her like the calyx of a lily—a quaint, old-fashioned gown, yet somehow a fit setting for her flowerlike beauty—and her tiny feet were shod with high-heeled slippers of green brocade with buckles of tarnished silver. For the space of a second she stood there, her head poised slightly sidewise, with a birdlike air of listening for some sound without, then, still carrying the candle, she stole softly across the room toward the big mahogany chest of drawers standing in the further corner.

I lay back in the shadow of the curtains watching her with some curiosity. All fear had left me. Who could fear that dainty, elfin creature, even though she were a visitant from the unknown region that lies beyond the gates of the grave? And this I did not for a moment believe. Who my visitor was or how she had entered the room I knew not, but her errand there was evident to the feeblest intelligence. With swift, silent movements she was opening the heavy drawers of the chest one by one, selecting from their contents articles which she proceeded to make up into a small bundle tied around with a wide strip of linen that she produced from somewhere in the folds of her gown. I caught the gleam of gold, the shimmer of jewels and old laces as her fingers deftly gathered them together, and I laughed a little to myself as I thought of her surprise when I called out to apprise her that she was discovered. How it was that she had not noticed my presence I did not know, but it might be that she thought me sleeping so soundly as to hear nothing.

I sat up in bed and was about to speak when a slight sound at the door caught my ears. Glancing in that direction, I saw the handle turn slowly and chuckled a little at the disappointment of whoever might be without when he found it securely locked. But to my amazement, the door yielded. Inch by inch it was pushed open, and presently a man's face appeared in the chink. For a moment only it was visible—a dark, evil face, with thin lips and narrow eyes set close together above a great ridge of nose, with a white scar riding the bridge of it—then it was gone and the door closed as soundlessly as it had opened.

But in that moment something had entered the room and now lay crouched in the shadow of the doorway, itself a vast bulk of darker shade. For a second it rested there, then slowly—ah, how slowly—it moved, edging forward inch by inch, its giant head held low, its belly dragging the floor, and the small, baleful, green eyes aglow with the fires of an unholy hatred. Stealthily it crossed the room toward the corner where stood the slender, green-gowned figure, still bending over the great chest of drawers. She did not hear its approach, it seemed, for she never glanced round, but went on gathering her bundle together, now stopping to hold a shimmering string of pearls against her cheek, now shaking her head with a little sigh and laying some article back in its place, all unmindful of the creeping terror behind her.

Gradually—so gradually that my horror-strained eyes could scarce see the movement—the great hound neared her, while I, my tongue cleaving to my palate, strove in vain to give warning of that fell approach. It seemed as though I were paralyzed as I watched those slavering jaws and hate-filled eyes drawing nearer and nearer to their goal. I could not stir hand or foot, but lay there with the cold sweat breaking out upon my forehead and gazed in silence while they still edged their way across the room.

Then, suddenly, I saw the brute crouch still lower, gathering itself together as if in the act to spring. At that moment, something seemed to snap in my brain. Speech returned to me, and with a great cry of horror and warning I leaped from the bed and ran frantically forward calling to her to take care, take care, while I reached to clutch at the beast's throat with my naked hands.

But I was too late. Even as she turned, it sprang. I saw the grey eyes widen with terror, the color ebb from the flowerlike face, the small hands flung out to meet the rushing fury. And then it had her by the throat. I saw her reel and fall; heard the sucking snarl of the brute as he lay over her; caught the evil gleam in the small eye turned sidewise upon me as I came. Then darkness and horror and a rushing of wind and I knew no more.

When I came to myself again it was broad daylight. The

morning sun was streaming through the panes of my window, flooding the room with golden light. Outside, in the garden, a robin chirped cheerfully. I could hear muffled clucks and flutterings from the poultry-yard in the rear. Thank God the night was over! I glanced around half fearfully. On the chest of drawers stood the candlestick, its candle burned to the socket, yet still showing a flickering tongue of flame, pale against the bright sunshine. I myself was lying on the floor at the foot of the chest—but of those other occupants of the room there was no trace.

I picked myself up and glanced at my watch. Eight o'clock! Breakfast would be served almost immediately and a train for London left at 10.30. Not for all the riches of Golconda would I spend another night in this accursed house.

I dressed hastily. My glass showed me dishevelled hair and a haggard face, with deep shadows under the eyes and a bruise upon one cheek, where I had struck the corner of a chair in falling. Once more I surveyed the room. The curtains of the bed hung awry, as if dragged asunder by a hasty hand. But save for a drawer still open in the big mahogany chest, and the candle standing upon it instead of upon the table by the bedside, the whole of last night's occurrences might have been some ghastly dream. Even the door was locked fast, as I remembered having left it the night before.

My hostess met me in the breakfast room with the stereotyped enquiry:

"Had I slept well?" she asked, and then, glancing at my face, her own changed.

"You don't mean to say you have seen her?" she gasped. "Oh, I am so sorry! I thought she only came when the moon was at the full."

"Seen whom? — what?" I stammered confusedly. "You know about it, then?"

"Oh, yes. She has been seen quite often. But I never dreamed—"

"Who is she?' I interrupted.

"She was my great-great-grandfather's only sister—Evelyn Pierrepoint. She was very beautiful, they say, and as good as she was lovely."

"Then you, yourself, have never seen her?"

"No, thank Heaven! And if I had thought there was any danger of her appearing—"

"Tell me about her," I said.

"Well, her father died when she was quite young, leaving her to the guardianship of her brother, my ancestor. He was—not a pleasant person to talk about. From his boyhood he had been a villain. They tell stories of his early life that would make you shiver, but none quite so bad as his last act."

"What was he like to look at?" I asked curiously.

"His portrait hangs in the gallery—a dark man with eyes close together and a great scar upon his face."

I shivered. I had seen those sinister eyes—that scarred face—and the memory was not a pleasant one.

"Well, before long my ancestor had managed to run through his own portion of the estate and, it was whispered, had cut deep into his sister's fortune also. She loved a certain Oliver Kingswood, a young lieutenant in the navy, but her brother refused his consent to the marriage, and she being three years under age was forced to bow to his authority. It was rumored at the time that he did not dare let her marry for fear his peculations would be found out. However that might be, young Kingswood was in no mind to wait three years for his promised bride. He succeeded, after much persuasion, in gaining Evelyn's consent to an elopement. The night was fixed and all preparations made, but somehow the news came to her brother's ears. He had recently become the owner of a large and savage hound of some foreign breed, of whom he was inordinately proud and whom he kept always with him. Evelyn feared and hated this animal, which returned her hatred to such an extent that she was in terror of her life when in its presence. She remonstrated with her brother in vain; he only laughed and declared that no harm could come to her; that the dog was kept chained except when with him, and that her terrors were merely fanciful.

"On the night fixed for the elopement, while the unhappy girl was gathering her possessions together in readiness for flight, it is supposed that her brother loosed this brute, which was always chained at night in the lower hall, and introduced him into his sister's room. At any-rate, the next morning the dog was found crouching upon her dead and mangled body and was immediately shot.

"Young Kingswood was frantic with grief and indignation. He accused my ancestor in public of being the murderer of his sister. A duel followed, in which Kingswood was seriously wounded, his opponent coming off unscathed. Dark rumors circulated, but nothing could be proved. The villain's own story was that the dog had been chained in the hall as usual, but, must in some way have slipped his collar and chain and finding Evelyn's door ajar entered and slain her. In support of his story he showed the empty collar and chain still in their usual place, while one of the servants bore witness that he had seen his master chaining the brute up that night at the accustomed hour, and that to his knowledge his master had never left his room that night.

"But though no proof of the crime could be adduced public feeling ran strongly against Pierrepoint. It was whispered about the country that night after night cries and the snarling of a hound might be heard in the victim's room, and at last sentiment became so strong that my ancestor was compelled to leave the country. He remained abroad for several years, married and finally died there. The old house was left empty for some years, but my great-grandfather on attaining his majority reopened it.

"And now if you will forgive me for having unwittingly entailed upon you such a startling experience, I will have another room prepared for you at once and you shall finish your visit in comfort, undisturbed by any ghostly visitors."

But this offer I declined. My nerves have been too shaken. I could not face the prospect of another night in that house of horrors. With many apologies I excused myself from a continuance of my stay, and within a few hours was seated comfortably in the London train, leaving behind me a regretful and sympathetic hostess.

And from that day to this I have never set eyes upon Pierrepoint Hall again.

WINTER DUSK.

Olive Macken.

WINTER—and the closing of the day. The sun has plunged into the mysterious and ever alluring West, scattering in the last stage of his journey, the masses of low-lying grey, revealing faint streaks of pale rose, and paler gold.

The tiny snowbirds flit from one bare branch to another, chirping out their little good-night vespers, before they seek the friendly shelter of the fir forest, looming so black and staunch against the thickly covered wastes of snow. Huge trees of cedar hang low and heavy, every twig and branch glistening in the pale evening glow—masterpieces of delicate handiwork, wonderfully wrought by Elves of Winter, who, busy throughout the hours of day and night, work out in marvellous splendor the patterns of their artistic souls.

Shadows lying on hill and vale disappear in the great stretch of whiteness, for, as far as eye can reach, vast plains of snow scintillate like unto a sea of precious jewels, and fade away into one long, straight drift of purity.

The North Wind howls his warning of stinging blasts to be feared, and his cruel screech almost drowns the soft, sweet melody of the Twilight Fairies, who, winging to and fro, unfold and drop gently, silently, the sombre shroud of Dark.

It is WINTER—and NIGHT.

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Mount Edith Cavell

Jasper Park---Canadian Rockies

By Irene Todd

IN Jasper Park, Alberta, where the great majestic mountains with their snowy summits keep peaceful watch over the Athabasca Valley, and the lonely pines and bending willows sing to the mountain breezes, stands a lone majestic shrine—Canada's memorial to that brave English nurse, Edith Cavell, who was executed by the Germans in Brussels, Belgium, on October 5th, 1915.

Chiselled by nature's master hand from out of the everlasting mountains, it is more impressive and beautiful than any monument which has been cast in bronze or marble, and the people of Canada could have commemorated the noble spirit of self-sacrifice exhibited by this heroine of "The Great Fight" in no more fitting and inspiring manner than by dedicating to her as a monumental shrine one of the loftiest and grandest peaks in all the Canadian Rockies.

From Jasper, the chief town in the Park, and which is located on the main line of Canadian National Railways, this outstanding peak, towering skyward like a great pyramid, 11,033 feet above the sea level, is clearly visible and is still in view for 12 or 14 miles along the railway, the whole panorama is one of untold grandeur and sublimity, awakening the loftiest inspiration of the soul. Yet the scene is never the same for two minutes of the day, for there are ever to be found new tints and colours, new wonders, mystery and enchantment in the scene according to the light, the movement of the clouds, and your own particular mood. There is the broad smiling valley with its green flowering meadows through which the mighty Athabasca winds and twists and turns, rushing with wild laughter on its northward journey. A little higher up the tall pines and the whispering aspens bend to and fro in the wind, while here and there a clear sparkling lake gleams like a great diamond amid its dark green surroundings. Above timber line, the purple heather, yellow saxifrage and wild roses run riot over the craggy base of the mountain in vivid contrast to the granite walls above with the pure glistening glaciers flanking their sides, while on either side of the valley as far as the eye can see, stretch the jagged, snowy peaks, sometimes shimmering like opals in the clear sunlight and sometimes lost to view amid fleecy low-hanging white clouds. The most dominating of these peaks is that of Mount Edith Cavell, due south about 14½ miles from Jasper.

To obtain a closer view of this lofty shrine one may procure a camping outfit, pack-horse and pony at Jasper and ride to Lake Cavell, a little green lake nestled among the green pine in the cirque at the base of the Glacier of the Ghost, where you are 800 feet above the valley and as high as you can go unless you are an experienced mountain climber. Here you may pitch camp and sleep beneath the shadow of the great mountain, or, if you are going to dwell amid the castle crags and mountain cathedrals for a week or two you can find accommodation in the tented city on the shore of Lake Bouvert.

From Jasper to Mount Edith Cavell, the trail after crossing the Mietta River, leads over the flats along the right bank of the Athabasca, affording a splendid view of the pastoral beauty of the valley and continues on crossing Whistlers and Bolders Creeks, and the Astoria River, after which it takes a sharp turn to the right, zig-zagging up a rocky, steep, close to the ledge which forms the left bank of the Astoria roaring through its gorgelike channel far below. Then at the first little glacial stream which crosses its path it turns again to the right leading directly to the lake.

If you have started early in the morning you will probably have time to do much exploring before night creeps over the mountains and you lie down to sleep, the stars bending so low you almost feel you might reach up and touch them.

Although the whole mountain presents an impressive and inspiring sight as you stand at the lake at its base and look upward, it is probably the pure white glistening tongue glacier known as the Glacier of the Ghost which will give your fancy most play. For seen at certain angles the upper part resembles a great white dove perched on the side of the mountain. Truly symbolic of the peace which has been purchased by the spirit of self-sacrifice exhibited by Edith Cavell, and that throng of youths who laid down their lives on the altar of their country. Others see in the glacier the figure of a woman with outstretched arms, and fancy that perhaps the spirit of the brave English nurse hovers near—who knows? For it is ever this figure in white on which attention is fixed. Even when the snowy summit is suffused with palest rose and gold the eye travels downward to the figure which is now bathed in a rich halo of light. Again, when the whole upper part of the mountain is dripping with liquid amethyst of twilight, she ap-

A Typical Beauty Spot in the heart of Jasper National Park.

Jasper National Park

A New Canadian Alpine Playground.

Mount Edith Cavell is the highest peak in Jasper National Park, Canada's vast new Alpine playground. This park is 4,400 square miles in extent or about the size of forty Switzerlands rolled into one. It lies up in the Province of Alberta in the heart of the Northern Canadian Rockies, on the transcontinental line of Canadian National Railways, and it is all in its pristine majesty, unspoiled by man.

Here all the thrills of the real explorer and adventurer are experienced, for among the hundreds of snow-capped, glacier-clad peaks challenging the climber, a number have not even been named, and there are as many canyons and valleys that wait to be explored. Trout are found in the swift-floating mountain streams and the gleaming lakes, and while no game may be taken within the precincts of the park, there are guides to conduct parties to the big game country just beyond its confines.

Visitors in the park sojourn in a rustic Alpine Chalet, known as Jasper Park Lodge, which stands among the pines and poplars on the shore of Lac Beauvert, a beautiful translucent green lake, lying in the broad valley of the Athabasca, about two miles from Jasper Station. This attractive hostelry consists of large lounge building with open stone-fireplace, a dining hall, dance pavilion and a number of sleeping cabins, each containing four cosy bedrooms and a sitting-room. All are built of logs, both their rustic architecture and their interior decoration blending in with the rugged mountain scenery, while they have all modern conveniences, including electric light, running water in each room, baths, etc..

Guides and ponies may be procured at the Lodge and dozens of enchanting trips made to various outstanding peaks, one of the most famous being to Mount Edith Cavell, towering to an altitude of 11,033 feet. You may rent a canoe and drift and dream on Lac Beauvert, or procure a pony and ride for miles over the winding trails, drinking deep of the clean mountain air. You may walk half a mile through the poplars and enjoy a swim in the cool limpid waters of Lake Edith, but, always, wherever you look, are the sublime awe-inspiring mountains, luring, calling and challenging.

Another Monarch of Jasper-National Park, on whose bosom the eternal snows forever sleep and at whose base the wild mountain torrent forever sings.

pears even more prominent than before, and as we stand by the purple lake in the purple night bejewelled with stars and watch the moonlight play upon this figure, those noble lines of Swinburne come with a newer and deeper meaning:

"To each man his handiwork,
Unto each his crown,
The just fate given;
Who takes the world's life
On his, and his own lays down,
He dying yet lives."

The Athabasca Valley, with Mount Erebus keeping guard in the background.

Mount Edith Cavell, towering to a height of 11,033 feet. Canada's sublime monument to a brave English Nurse, who fell in the "Great Fight."

A Week in the Wilderness

RICHARD GORDON woke from a troubled sleep, and, sitting up on his couch of pine-tips, groped for the matches that should be close at hand. But his fingers failed to encounter the little water-tight box, and presently, with a groan, he lay back in his blankets, straining his eyes in the endeavor to penetrate the thick darkness of the tent, and listening to the howl of wind in the tree tops outside.

When he had painfully dragged himself into the tent last night and had closed the canvas flap that formed the door, the air was almost summer-like in warmth. For days the woodlands of the north had revelled in the smoky sunshine of Indian summer. A soft purple haze hung over the uplands, bathing them in mystic, dreamy light. The bush—for six months of the year monotonously green, for four of the remaining months bare and desolate beneath winter snow—had blazed into its short-lived autumn glory of vermillion and gold, crimson, russet and scarlet. Under foot the short, thick grass was carpeted in vivid hues by the fallen leaves; brown milkweed pods scattered their snowy silken down on every little breeze that blew; golden sunflower and smoky-tinted wild aster bloomed on every side. The land was a riot of color and sunlight.

But to-night winter was sitting upon the lap of autumn. The light west wind of the evening had veered to the north and risen into a gale. Richard could feel the walls of the tent rock and strain with its force. He heard the guy-ropes creak as the blast caught them, and the sharp rap of frozen sleet against the taut canvas.

"Damn the wind!" he muttered, as he groped again for the matches. "Ah, here they are."

His fingers had closed upon the box, and the next moment there was the blue spurt of a lighted match as he glanced at the face of his watch.

"Only four o'clock yet," he said to himself. "Two hours more of this everlasting night to be lived through. And in the morning—oh, damn the luck!"

The match burned down to his fingers and he blew it out, threw it aside, and lay down again, waiting with furrowed brow for the twinge of pain caused by his hasty movement to pass away.

Three years ago, he thought, he would have looked on an experience such as this as an impossible nightmare. Born and brought up in the city, he had held a position as clerk in a bank ever since he had been old enough to support himself. But the call of the wild had come to him, and, against the advice of all his friends, he had thrown up his situation, gathered together a small outfit, and gone forth into the northern wilderness to enter upon a new and more stirring phase of existence. He had passed through many hardships since then, but he had never regretted his choice. Twenty-five years old, tall, strong and athletic, he had adapted himself readily to the ways of the wild. Prospecting, hunting, trapping, he had drifted down the years, never making a fortune from his ventures, but always a living, until last night he had camped upon the shores of a little stream, only

twelve miles away from the civilization he had left, and for the first time for many a long month was about to revisit. In his pack were several nuggets that he believed might prove a foundation for the fortune that had been several times in his grasp, always hitherto to elude him, and in the pocket of his hunting suit was a sketch of the locality from which they had come. By to-morrow night he would have registered his claim. Never had he felt better or more sure of himself. And then disaster had come.

He had pitched his tent and made all preparations for the night. All that remained was to kindle a fire and cook supper before settling down to the enjoyment of the evening rest and pipe. And then, in the morning, a canoe journey of some nine miles, a tramp through the bush for three more, and he would reach the little mining settlement of Otisse Landing and make arrangements for the financing of his new discovery.

There was plenty of light wood lying about the small clearing where his tent stood, but this would only burn for a time, and he wanted his fire to last well into the night. He had a fancy that he would sit long before the flames, dreaming of the future and of the blue eyes of a certain girl at home in the city that he had so nearly forgotten. Somehow those eyes came back to him to-night with a sudden thrill at the heart of him. Well, at any rate, he must find a log for the fire before he began to dream about them. So, taking his axe, he went in search of a suitable one. Nor did he have far to go. Buried in the long grass a few paces from the clearing was just such a piece of timber as he needed. He set to work to split it into lengths that he could handle, whistling blithely as he did so. And then it happened! Suddenly and without warning his stroke fell upon a knot in the wood, glanced aside, and the keen blade buried itself deep in his ankle. A gush of blood followed, and, dropping the axe, he bound a handkerchief about the wound and, in spite of an ever-increasing faintness, limped back to the clearing.

By the time he had reached it, all things were whirling before his eyes. The handkerchief that he had bound about his leg was soaked and dripping with the blood that still pulsed from the wound; nor, for some time, could he stop the flow. One of the small arteries had been severed, and only when he succeeded in improvising a tourniquet with a string and a stout stick did the bleeding cease, leaving him weak and utterly exhausted. Fireless and supperless he had crawled into the tent, closed the flap, and, throwing himself on his couch of pine needles, had relapsed into a semi-stupor, from which he had only now awakened.

The wind was growing higher. It tore and dragged at the tent like some great monster seeking to overthrow it. The air was filled with a ceaseless roar, through which might be heard at intervals the crashing of boughs torn from their parent trunks in the woods surrounding the clearing. The tap of sleet upon the canvas had ceased, but the snow was falling heavily. A small drift lay inside the tent, blown beneath the canvas on the windward side. The air was bitterly cold. Richard shivered a little and buried himself deeper in his blankets, waiting for the day to come. His leg was throbbing agonizingly, and his whole body felt stiff and strained.

Grey dawn at last! Slowly and painfully he crawled from the bed and unwound the bandage from his injured ankle. The blood still oozed slowly from the cut, and the flesh around it was swollen and discolored. He tried to stand, but the leg gave under him, and the momentary effort brought an increase in the bleeding. He sank down again.

Well, he must wait till the storm blew itself out. It could not last many more hours, and he had shelter and food in plenty. Once this blizzard was past, it would not take him long to make the canoe journey of nine miles. But the three that would remain to be traversed—oh, once more, damn the luck!

With a howl of fury the storm was at him again. Under its frenzied assault the straining guy-ropes broke like pack-thread; the tent pole sagged, cracked and fell. There was a moment's smother of wreckage about him, then the clawing wind forced itself underneath the wreck, and the tent rose into the air, a white cloud of canvas, edged with fluttering rope-ends and frayed rags of ventilator flaps, and sailed down the storm, flapping and trailing like a broken-winged bird. Richard sat and looked after it a moment, dazed with the magnitude of the disaster; then the beat of snow on his uncovered head and the sharp bite of frost brought him once more to his senses.

Well, that finished it! There was no waiting now until the hurricane had blown itself out. He must start at once upon his twelve-mile journey. Already the wind was moderating a little, but the river, under the lash of it, was swirling down in billows among which he doubted that any canoe could live. Yet to stay here meant certain death. Already the cold was benumbing his limbs. He picked up his rifle, gathered together the few possessions the storm had spared, and staggered slowly down the bank to where the canoe lay. But the pain of his wounded foot was agonizing. He sank to his hands and knees, and crawled the remaining distance, placed his load in the canoe and thrust it into the stream, tumbling painfully aboard as he did so. Before he could sit up and seize the paddle the waves caught the frail craft and whirled it into mid-stream, dancing and gyrating like a cork upon the troubled waters. With a mighty effort he succeeded in getting its head straight, but the next instant, overbalanced by the attempt, his paddle missed its stroke, the canoe turned broadside on to the waves, shipped a sea, filled and sank, leaving him struggling in the river.

How he reached the shore Richard never knew. Luckily for him, the stream was a narrow one, and after what seemed an endless struggle with the icy water he stumbled to shore about a mile further down the river, shivering and exhausted. Almost he gave up the struggle for life, but, at the thought of death there alone in the wilderness, some faint instinctive spirit within him rebelled.

"I'll be damned if you kill me," he said aloud, through chattering teeth. "I'll win through in spite of you."

He dragged himself up the bank, catching at the tree-trunks that grew thickly down to the water's edge. The wind was dying away—here among the trees he was in comparative shelter—the snow had ceased, but the cold was intense. His wet garments were stiffening upon his limbs as he stood. First of all, he must have fire.

There was plenty of fallen brushwood lying about, but the process of collecting any quantity of it sufficiently dry to kindle was a slow and difficult one, and when at last he succeeded in getting together a small pile he was faint and exhausted with the effort. The matches in his pocket were luckily in a waterproof box and the damp had not touched them. In a few minutes a cheerful blaze sprang up and he crouched as closely as possible to the heat, resting and gaining strength. At last he proceeded to strip off his soaking garments, wrung them as dry as he could and donned them once more. His foot had ceased bleeding, but was much swollen and very painful. He rebandaged it again, sitting close to the fire and waited until the grateful warmth had thoroughly permeated all his limbs. Then for the first time he was conscious of the pangs of hunger and remembered that he had not eaten since noon on the previous day.

Here was another puzzle. Under present conditions it would be at least three days' journey to Otisse Landing. He was not certain of his direction, having only a vague knowledge of the lie of the land, and while he knew the distance to be about twelve miles, he knew also that the country was so rough and untrodden that in normal circumstances it would have taken him a full day to traverse on foot the miles between. Now, with his wounded leg and in his weakened condition, it would take much longer. Gingerly he tested his foot. With great pain, and leaning on a stout branch, he could limp a few steps, dragging it after him and resting betweenwhiles. But this was not all his difficulty. His rifle and provisions had disappeared with the sinking of the canoe; only the clothes he wore remained to him.

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The fire was dying down, and he felt the chill of the air upon his damp clothing. He must start at once. To linger meant death. He set his teeth and, struggling to his feet began the desperate journey. Each step caused him unutterable agony but he persisted. Doggedly he pushed on through the long hours of the day, now limping a few steps with the aid of a stick, now crawling on hands and knees through the rough underbrush. Willow saplings switched at him viciously as he passed; thorns caught at his clothing and tore his hands and face; body and limbs grew numb with cold. Yet still he fought on, despite the overmastering desire that was growing upon him to lie down and sleep. That he knew meant certain death.

Well into the night he struggled on his way, crawling, stumbling and falling, until at last he could do no more. He gathered together some wood, lighted a fire and slept till dawn. But his sleep was broken by dreams of feasting upon sumptuous viands and he woke, chill, aching and unrefreshed, to resume his hopeless journey. The cold had moderated and a bright sun was shining. His wounded leg was scratched, torn, discolored and almost entirely useless. He dragged it behind him as he moved, but the pangs of hunger overcame all other feelings and a dreadful weakness was stealing over him. As the day went on he grew apathetic. The hunger pains died into a dull, gnawing ache, and he crept on his way with a curious, indifferent persistence. It was almost as if he stood aside from himself, watching the efforts of this crippled thing that once had been

Richard Gordon and that was struggling for existence so insistently.

"Poor devil!" he thought to himself, "I wonder if he will win through?"

Late that afternoon he found a few shrivelled berries still hanging upon a bush and ate them ravenously, but there was little or no nourishment in them. As he struggled through a dense growth of underbrush, there was a whirring sound and a partridge got up almost beneath his feet. He flung the stick he carried and brought her down with a broken wing. Then followed a long and weary chase. For over an hour he limped, crawled and dragged himself after the fluttering, frightened bird, until in the darkness she finally eluded him, leaving him whimpering and utterly exhausted.

He built no fire that night, but lay where he fell, too weary to move. The days that followed were one long nightmare of effort and anguish. Once he managed to capture a couple of field mice and ate them with avidity. He chewed at the tough stems of the grass and the bark of the willows and hazel saplings. Once he found himself looking at the ashes of one of his old fires, and wept, knowing that he had been travelling in a circle and was lost indeed. But ever the indomitable will of the man drove his failing body onward, although he was now almost unconscious of the effort.

On the fifth day after the hurricane two men from Otisse Landing, walking along a path through the woods outside the village, saw something in the underbrush —something that writhed and twisted itself slowly along the ground, with strange, half-human sounds. A moment later they were standing by its side to discover that it was the half-naked, frost-bitten and almost unconscious body of a young and once active man. He was emaciated to the last degree and a light burden for their strong hands to bear. Hurriedly they carried him back to the village, where, under the eager care of many helpers, he quickly began to revive. A naturally strong constitution aided him in the process of recovery, and within a few weeks Richard Gordon was himself again.

It's The Farm For Me

By Wesley Howard

AUNT CYNTHIA smiled as she laid the letter down. It was just like Maud to write in that free, frank, open-hearted fashion, and she admired her for it. The letter ran thus:

Dear Aunt,—I have been thinking of you a lot lately and wish I could see you, but you are not the only person out there I have been thinking about. Ever since that glorious holiday we spent last summer, camping out under those lovely maples at the back of your house, my thoughts will persist in wandering back over the same old scenes, and it is with difficulty I can concentrate on the humdrum monotony of school routine. Mr. Smith laughingly told me the other day I had left my heart behind me. Maybe it is true, for I promised Lionel I would go back, as Uncle John suggested, and finish out the sequel of those holidays with a wedding ring.

But that was last summer, Aunt, the sun was shining and the skies were blue, and your sweet face looked so happy and contented, it seemed as if the farm was the happiest, sweetest spot on earth. But now it is winter and cold and stormy. The people where I board were farmers before they moved to this place, and Mrs. Smith tells me I would just be throwing away my life to marry a farmer. She says that farmers' wives are just drudges and slaves, never have any holidays, no money of their own to spend, little of comforts or conveniences, and oh, a whole lot of things; then I began to wonder, "Ought I to marry a farmer?" Lionel seems a good, honest, manly man, and I think a lot of him, but if one is obliged to spend their days in an unsuitable environment it will eventually tell upon the nervous system, no matter how much love is at the bottom of it, and it would wreck not only my life, but his. Tell me, Aunt, just as you would tell your own daughter, would you advise me to marry a farmer?

It was here that Aunt Cynthia laid the letter down and smiled as she thought to herself, "how like Maud."

All day long as she went through her daily tasks of cooking, baking, and churning, she pondered on what her answer should be. She remembered her own girlhood days on the farm, and did not need to query, "Were they happy days?" for looking back through the long vista of years they seemed to be the happiest time of her life, although she did not realize it at the time.

She saw now that while her parents were not educated in the sense of book learning, they were both refined and educated in the deeper and important things of life. They understood character building and the qualities that make for true manhood and womanhood, valued truth and honesty as of more real value than worldly wealth, and knew the influence of a good example counted more than all the sermons ever preached.

She saw now that the hardships of the early pioneer life had bred a priceless spirit of self-reliance and independence of thought, and a determination and strength of character which the phlegmatic life of the city could never produce.

Then her thoughts turned to her early married life and the delightful winter's evenings spent at the homes of neighbors. She remembered how Mrs. Brown used to worry and weep because John could not go on with his education as Charlie Jones was doing, but was kept at home at the age of fourteen to help his father on the farm. It seemed such a shame his chances had to be cut short just as he had passed his entrance examinations, but now after twenty years she saw that leaving school at that age had not been all loss for John.

True, it had cut off a big field of research in Latin and Greek, but on the other hand he had gained practical knowledge of the art of turning ten dollars into twenty. It had closed the doors of academic philosophy, but in its place he had learned the philosophy of life, the science of the soils and the use of agricultural machinery. By renting a vacant farm nearby he had managed to raise the necessary funds to attend the Agricultural College for a term where a field of study had been opened up to him larger and more important that he had thought possible on the farm. It taught him how to grow two ears of grain where his father had grown but one. By the practical study of live stock breeding and management and care, and keen attention to the markets his success had become a byword in the district. From a simple start with a small garden plot of his own he soon became known as a clever producer of various seed grain, and ere long John found himself looked upon as the big man of the neighborhood. His judgment of live stock was everywhere sought for Exhibitions and Fairs, his system of cultivation was advocated and advertised by leading agricultural papers, while his fame as a producer of seed grain was known far and near. John was the man of the time.

Here Aunt Cynthia's thoughts reverted to Charlie Jones. What of him? Yes, he was smart, too, very smart. He passed every exam with honors and carried off half the diplomas. He was so smart his parents thought he must have the very best education, so they mortgaged the farm to send him abroad to finish. She remembered how on his return home his mother had decorated the parlor with his prizes and took a special delight in showing them to admiring friends. Charlie loved to sit and tell his mother about Plato, Aristotle and Socrates and a hundred other celebrities she had never heard tell of in her life, but he could not milk a cow or relieve her of any of the work of the farm. He had not been accustomed to getting his hands soiled with the labor from whence the dollars had come to provide his education. He loved to sit in the evening with dressing gown and slippers and enjoy a pipe of his favorite brand of tobacco with his father as he told of things he had seen abroad, but he saw no fun in getting up at 5 a.m. to harness the horses and let his father's weary bones rest in bed. He had always been waited on and looked up to and still expected it, besides there did not seem to be anything in the community such an elegant education seemed adapted for, so he decided to try his fortunes in the city.

But even there he was all at sea, there seemed to be no starting point, for with all his education he had not learned how to earn a dollar. He had no money to start in business for himself, and no experience to carry on if he had. He tried to obtain a situation as professor in colleges and universities only to find that these places were swamped with applications from ministers of the Gospel who could no longer stand the stress and strain of preaching God's Word to erring humanity, and Charlie soon found the jobs available to him so belittling to his splendid education that he felt ashamed to apply himself to them. So he tried place after place, learning with bitter experience at the age of twenty-eight what John had learned at sixteen—the value of a dollar and how to earn one.

When the war broke out John was among the first to enlist, but the Government said, "Oh, no, we can't spare you. You are too valuable a man at home. There will be a shortage of foodstuffs and you understand too much about bringing the greatest yield with the least possible outlay of time and money to be spared for the firing line." So John was given charge of an internment camp, where he kept the prisoners busy producing food for the front.

Aunt Cynthia could not help but remember that it was only last week John visited his parents on the old homestead. He drove a fine McLaughlin Six and was

accompanied by his wife and two sturdy boys of school age. She realized as never before that education was not all bound up in books and colleges, that God's great big out-of-doors and His wonderful kingdoms of plant and animal life were studies not to be compared with the dead languages, and brought returns which made healthy, wealthy citizens, and a prosperous God-fearing nation.

All day long Aunt Cynthia's thoughts had roved through the various scenes of life, and her last thought as she closed her eyes in sleep was, "I will write to Maud to-morrow." Her mind was made up, her answer to Maud's letter was clear.

Aunt Cynthia began her letter in a bold free hand.

Dear Maud,—I like the frank, straightforward way you have of coming at things. You want to know my opinion of marrying a farmer. Well, it all depends on what kind of a woman you are yourself. There are plenty of women I would never advise to go near the farm, because their minds are so absorbed with the froth and foam of society life that they would never be contented on a farm, and they would only prove a disappointment to their helpmate, and a disappointment to themselves.

Happiness is dependent upon the attainment of our desires, so it depends upon your desires whether you would be happy as a farmer's wife. If a girl delights in knowing her bread is good and her butter sweet, that her house is kept in perfect order, that there is good in everything, and that life is more or less what we choose to make of it, then she will be happy on the farm, or any other place, for after all, there is no calling in life, whether in the city or on the farm, married or single, that does not depend upon our own attitude for its success or failure.

Yes. There is plenty of hard work on the farm, but there are worse things in the world than hard work. As Henry Giles truly observed, "We may work grudgingly or we may work gratefully; we may work as men or as machines. There is no work so rude that we may not exalt it, no work so impassive that we may not breathe a soul into it, no work so dull that we may not enliven it."

I visited Jen last winter in the city, and I was astonished to see the crowds of people who thronged the street cars at six and seven in the morning going to work. I realized then that the farm was not the only place where people worked. If I had been at home I would have been in my bed at that hour, while these men and women, yes, and children newsboys, too, had to turn out, cold or storm, to earn their daily bread.

Then again, we dined at a restaurant down town and I was amazed at the great trays of dishes the waitresses carried, trays piled so high that I, a husky farmer's wife, could not begin to handle.

Jen lives quite a distance out in the suburbs and the street cars run only once in twenty minutes. She had a young woman rooming with her who works in a mail order department of one of the big stores, and has to leave home at 7.30 in order to punch the clock at 8.15. She was out late one evening with her beau and overslept the next morning and was in such a hurry to catch the car that there was no time for breakfast. Her slippers were unbuttoned and her hair uncombed as she ran four blocks, only to see the car disappear round the corner ahead of her. She waited twenty minutes in that biting cold, dressed in nothing heavier than a suit coat, and with silk stockings and slippers. True, she had a big fur dangling over her shoulders, but it was not the 'style' to have it fastened round her throat, so she took quinsey and was taken to the hospital. So you see, Maud, everything is not all sunshine when one has to earn their living in the city.

I could not help thinking of my girlhood days, when, warmly clad—minus style to be sure—I leisurely walked to a warm, comfortable stable at 8 a.m. to milk four cows who were standing knee deep in nice clean straw, and I wondered if the young man who brought her roses the evening before would not have been wiser to have saved his dollars and bought a farm where he could have made her happy in a home of her own.

Of course, there is a lot of housework dependent upon the farmer's wife. Unfortunately so many nowadays consider housework consists in simply dusting the parlor and arranging the flowers, and that sewing is merely knowing the latest stitches in embroidery, but these things do not go very far toward housework on the farm. However, your mother is a sensible woman and has taught you how to wash and bake and put on a patch, as you so often did for me last summer when helping with the weekly wash, so you would find these things no hardship in a home of your own.

On thinking the matter over, I consider the farmer's wife who has six children does not have to work a bit harder, or a bit longer than the mechanic's wife who resides in the city and is supported by the weekly wage of her husband. For nine times out of ten the mechanic's wife will struggle to take in boarders or roomers, and will live crowded up in a few rooms in the basement or the attic in order to be on "Broadway" so that her children may "keep up with the Jones'" at school.

As to having an income of your own. You remember Mrs. Black, that bright, smart little woman with the dark eyes. Well, last fall she gave a paper at the Homemakers' Club on "Household Accounts, and How to Keep Them," and I noticed as she spoke that over the back of her chair hung a very fine sealskin coat, costing hundreds of dollars, and which she told us was the result of her own earnings.

The prize money which she gained with her embroidered linen she invested in a heifer calf, so now she has a fine beast to sell every year from the offspring, besides which she generally manages to raise about four hundred fowls to swell her bank account, so you see, Maud, no woman on the farm need be without an income of her own, provided, of course, the man she marries is the type of man she would want to marry in any other occupation in life.

It isn't true that there are no amusements in the country. Of course, if a girl has allowed her happiness to be dependent upon seeing all the latest movies or tramping all day over the golf links she is likely to find the farm dull; but for a sensible girl like yourself, who can enjoy getting up a community concert in the schoolhouse, or can take part with the boys in a game of "catch" over the old machine shed, then I think she'll do. Don't you remember the fun we had when Uncle John lost the ball, and it took you and Lionel all the evening to find it?

But the biggest drawing card in favor of the farmer's wife is the privilege of rearing her children in God's great big out-of-doors, near to the heart of the Creator. If you were my daughter the thing I would desire most would be that when your hair had grown gray and your steps feeble you might be crowned with the honor of which the prophet speaks when he said: "Her children shall rise up and call her blessed." Nowhere in the city can be found such favorable conditions for the upbuilding of those qualities and virtues which comprise true manhood and womanhood, as exist on the farm. Look over the lives of the great men of to-day, and nine times out of ten you will find they were raised on the farm. If you are prepared to put into life what you desire to get out of it, there is no place where you will reap more abundant returns than on the farm. Besides, if one man or woman does not do their share of the world's work then someone else must do double duty to make up for it, and neither you nor I want to feel that we laid our share of the world's work upon the shoulders of another, nor would we like to act as a parasite upon the public life.

In her city boarding room Maud read her aunt's letter with keen interest. "Yes, that's just it," she said as she folded the letter. "Aunt did not say it in so many words, but she has led me to realize that it takes pluck and backbone to make a success of any occupation in life that is worth having, and that is just what Mrs. Smith downstairs does not possess. Sitting in an easy chair supping afternoon tea, or playing bridge, is a prodigal waste of the precious hours of life. "It's the farm for you and me, Lionel," said Maud. And so it was.

"THE HOUSEWIFE'S PRAYER."

Dear Lord, give us patience to dust, once more,
Things dusted a hundred times before.
Give us the calm that naught can shake—
Not broken china, nor fallen cake.
Give us the patience that won't "see red"
When Johnny puts eels in the guest-room bed.
When the cook elopes with the chauffeur's brother,
Then give us the patience to hunt for another.
Not for riches or power do housewives pray,
But for grace—the manna—fresh each day;
For the greatest gift since time began—
Patience enough to manage a man.

—Mrs. Riddle, Silver Creek

A VALENTINE.

My true love sent a valentine to me,
A quaint, old-fashioned nosegay, stiff and sweet;
Sprays of perfumed mignonette, blue violets wet with dew,
One red rose, which brings to me a message ever new.
What need can be of rosemary? What lack can be of rue?
Fragrant, dewy, the cluster is complete.

Within an old-world garden, years ago,
Another maid dreamed o'er a valentine;
Wandering where the snowdrop hides under ivied walls,
Lingering in the sunshine where the dial's shadow falls,
The stately English lady the old-time gift recalls.
Was her heart alive with hopes like mine?

My true love sent a valentine to me,
A quaint, old-fashioned nosegay, stiff and sweet—
Mignonette, with memories of gardens long ago;
Roses, sweet with girlhood's dreams as long as roses blow,
Violets whispering youth and mirth wherever violets grow,
Fragrant, dewy, the cluster is complete.

R. G. V. C.

A Theatre on a Farm

A brief account of a wonderful and inspiring attempt to establish a Canadian drama

By William Arthur Deacon

A GREAT mistake is made by people who think that one environment is necessary, or even usual, for the development of art. Turner looked at the rather dirty shipping in the rather dirty Thames and became inspired to paint flamboyant and romantic pictures. John Masefield looked at the same ships in mid-channel and wrote "Cargoes." John Bunyan wrote "Pilgrim's Progress" in jail. Swinburne, whose verses drip with the heavy perfumes of the seraglio, composed almost exclusively during his brisk, daily walks across the English moors, or by the sea, where the fresh, bracing, salt breezes blew on him. A common actor called Shakespeare, who had a shrewd eye to business, got control of a theatre and wrote plays for his company as part of the day's work—and possibly as a matter of economy. In our own day W. B. Yeats met another Irishman, J. M. Synge, in Paris. Synge was then forty, and had spent his life in unsuccessful attempts to write. Yeats suggested that Synge go to the bleak west coast of Ireland, and there in five years Synge wrote six plays which marked their author as one of the foremost playwrights of his time. So no one should be surprised at learning that a British Columbia farm is the home of a great Canadian playwright, the site of a theatre and a very up-to-date school of dramatic art.

Situated on the slopes of the rugged, picturesque Okanagan Valley, and overlooking Lake Okanagan itself, the Home Theatre of the Canadian Players is the scene of one of the most interesting artistic experiments ever made in Canada. This enterprise is an outgrowth of the "little theatre" movement, rather than of the "community theatre" idea. Community players are to be found in three places in Canada. The lead is taken by Toronto, where distinctively modern plays, such as those of Lord Dunsany, Sir James Barrie and Mr. A. A. Milne, are presented with all the aids of the perfect appointments of Hart House. The group in Montreal is said to be suffering from inadequate quarters, nor has the one recently formed in Winnipeg a play-house of its own.

The Home Theatre makes a strong appeal to the imagination. Even if it represented only the usual effort by amateur actors to produce good plays there would be something alluring in the idea of such an organization working in a rural district miles away from city conveniences, and without a large population from which to draw its audiences. How much more amazing to learn that these pioneers have entered upon the most ambitious program of any theatrical organization in the Dominion! The scheme of the Canadian players is to develop distinctively Canadian dramatic art; to place it upon a self-supporting, commercial basis; and to build up a thoroughly professional company, which will tour Canada in open competition with the English and American companies to which we have been accustomed. That is the ambitious program.

The underlying nationalistic impulse behind the movement is comprehensive. The widest possible interpretation is to be given to the avowed primary object of fostering Canadian drama. The plays are to be produced by Canadian actors, trained on the spot under competent directors. Here, too, the Canadian playwright has his chance to experiment with a real stage, and real actors. Here he may learn the mechanics of his art—the most important part of his education. We have seen how the virile, clever work of Merrill Denison was tried out at Hart House, and found suited to the limitations of the stage; and now his plays have been published in book form and are available to other companies. In the same way other authors will be tried out at the Home Theatre, and will undoubtedly learn there to make use of modern stage equipment with all its possibilities.

The whole plan emanated from the brain of Carroll Aikins—one of the younger Canadian literary figures, a man of marked ability and arresting personality. I first saw him, some twenty years ago, at the old swimming hole at Stanstead, Quebec, where formal introductions were as infra dig as bathing suits. Our talk was not noticeably highbrow, being chiefly limited to boasts of our respective aquatic prowess. If I kept my head under water longer that day (and I hope the memory is not wholly apocryphal) Mr. Aikins may take comfort from the knowledge that it has been almost more than I could do to keep it above water ever since.

On the occasion referred to ,the young playwright-manager-to-be was the guest of his distinguished relative, the late Honorable C. C. Colby. I did not see Mr. Aikins again till 1911, when he returned to his native city of Winnipeg after having lived for some time in Paris. Shortly after this meeting I heard that he had moved to Naramata, and had started out as a fruit rancher. About the same time Mr. Aikins married Miss Katherine Foster, whose father was, for many years, the American Consul-General at Ottawa. Besides cultivating his garden and his orchard, he seems to have cultivated the Muses, for in 1918 I came across his volume of "Poems," which opens with the characteristic "Credo"—"I believe in God and fairies." A little later news reached Canada that an Indian play of his, "The God of Gods," had been produced successfully in England at the Birmingham Repertory Theatre. This has since been performed at Hart House. Last came the tale of the formation of the Canadian Players, the building of the Home Theatre, and its formal opening by Premier Meighen in November, 1920.

This theatre is built over the fruit-packing house of the ranch, and seats one hundred persons; and here are regularly gathered people living anywhere from twenty to fifty and even a hundred miles away to see and hear the wonderful plays that are presented periodically by the talented players under the able direction of Mr. Aikins in one of the most beautiful play-houses in Canada. Its design and mechanical appointments inspired a long article in the "Theatre Arts Magazine," New York, for January, 1922. The drama plays, as yet, such a small part in Canadian life, and its technique is so little known to us, that I am going to refer the curious reader to that article for details about "flats," "flies," "spots," "grips," "borders" and such things used in the Home Theatre.

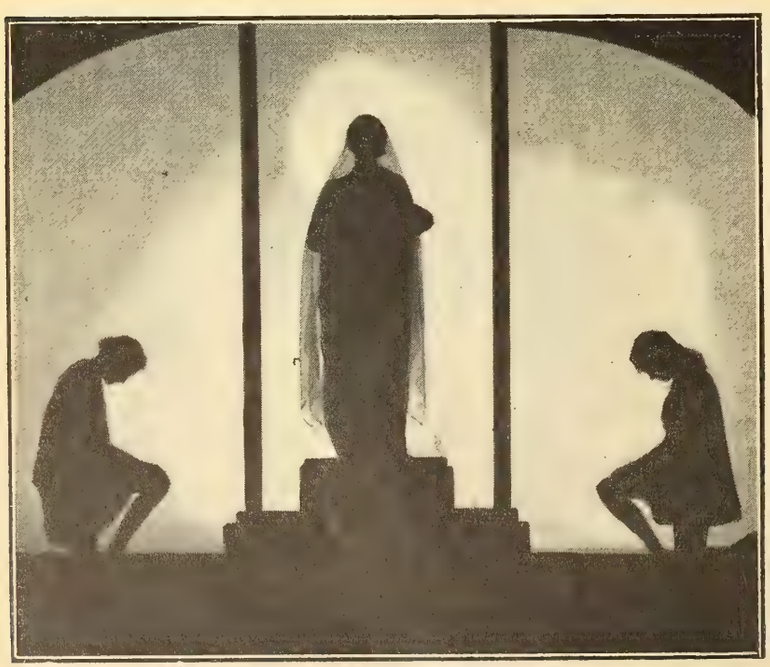
Some of these properties have been ingeniously manufactured on the premises out of hay wire, iron pipe and other materials usually found on a British Columbia farm. The power for the lighting system comes from a dynamo purchased from the owners of an abandoned mine. This is "hitched" to one of the farm tractors, which is run on kerosene. What could not be made satisfactorily at home was imported, and no expense was spared. The lighting system is the best on the continent west of Chicago. The equipment for it came from New York, and was planned by Lee Simonson of the Theatre Guild. It includes a specially built dimmer-box with very flexible reostats for twenty four-light circuits. The plaster two-sky dome is the only one in Canada. But—to avoid multiplicity of details—the theatre is equipped with the best modern appliances, and it is interesting to note the tribute of Miss Ruth H. Kerr, to whose article I have already called your attention:

"The progress of the art of stage decoration since 1912 could

not be more vividly exemplified than by the satisfying stage pictures for the two plays presented in June (1921). The picture-frame stage, of beautiful proportions with cream-tint flats glowing and lambent in rays of diffused light—integrally pulsing parts of the play—was a worthy example of the dignified beauty and spontaneity of the new theatre."

In connection with the theatre is a dramatic school, under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. Aikins, which opened with six pupils from different parts of Canada. The students were provided with free tents, board at cost, and those who wished might work on the farm as fruit-pickers to defray their expenses. Conditions are ideal for those seriously inclined towards the stage. Dilettantes are apt to be discouraged by the daily routine which is strenuous, for between the early morning and the evening rehearsals there is a long day of manual labor in the open air. The experiment was so successful during its first two seasons that special instructors in dancing and voice production were added to the staff. Tuition in these courses is charged for at reasonable rates.

Last July the Canadian Players won a unique triumph with their "Victory in Defeat," an original Passion Play, and the only thing of its kind which has ever been attempted in Canada. This singularly beautiful creation was staged in pantomime of moving figures against a sky of changing light, with the aid of a reader and appropriate music. As the tragic and sublime story of the Nazarene was unfolded in a series of shifting tableaux, the audience realized that they were witnessing something of a nature so profound that its parallel has seldom, if ever, been seen on any stage. The conception and execution were so perfect that, at the fall of the curtain, the audience remained motionless for more than two minutes, and there was not even the sound of breathing to break the intense silence. This play, which was dedicated to the memory of Marjorie Pickthall, marks the highest point in the histrionic arts to which the Canadian players have yet attained, though the present season has been a notable one also on account of the production of Synge's "Riders to the Sea," and a Dance Drama given under the direction of Florence Levin, of the Neighborhood Playhouse, New York.



Mr. Aikins is entitled to our gratitude. Content with small beginnings, ingenious in his use of the materials at hand, he is doing much to establish a Canadian drama. It is common knowledge that all our plays are imported, and are performed in our cities by English or American companies, generally the latter. Dr. Edgar has stated that out of 239 Canadian books published in 1921 there was not a single volume of plays, dramatic criticism, or anything of that kind, though I remember that Roy Mitchell, a Canadian, recently published a book to assist amateurs in presenting Shakespeare adequately, and Mr. Denison's plays, under the title "The Unheroic North," have not been brought out by a Canadian publisher.

With any kind of luck Mr. Aikins should succeed. The field is wide open. There are no competitors. If I judge correctly the public to whom he is going to appeal, he will be met everywhere by a kindly interest. And if I guage correctly Mr. Aikin's desire for faultless artistry, he will not put his company on the road until they are certain to arouse not merely interest, but enthusiasm. We hope the initial tour may take place in the near future.

In the meantime the school is open, and plays are in demand. If you know of any young literary man of ability, who is wearing himself out trying to break into some overcrowded field, whisper to him that the Canadian Players offer a unique opportunity for speedy recognition, and that in writing a good play he will be performing a service of national importance.

Nervous Old Soul (to paperhanger): "You're sure you don't think the house will fall down?" Paperhanger: "Oh, no, mum; not if I slaps this 'ere paper on quick enough."

Daddy (to daughter): "Has this young man given you any encouragement?" Daughter: "Yes, daddy, dear; only last night he asked me if you and mother were pleasant to live with."

LETTERS HOME

By Elizabeth

Canada is a wonderful country with a wonderful future, but the streets of her cities are not paved with gold, nor does the land flow with milk and honey. Canada is, however, a land of promise where opportunity is ever knocking at the door of those whose ears are attuned to the summons, and where the key may be found that opens the door to the rights of all men—Health, Wealth and Happiness. As "National Life" has an extensive circulation in Great Britain we are printing the letters (which by the way are quite authentic, being written by one who has recently taken up residence in this country) of Elizabeth, in which conditions in Canada, as seen through the eyes of the stranger within our gates, are set forth free of the distortion and exaggeration which generally characterizes "news from a far country."

Intending settlers in Canada and also those who have recently come to us are cordially invited to write to us for any information they may desire in regard to climate, clothes, housing, wages, education, schools or other information, when we shall be very happy to send a personal letter giving reliable information gathered from Governmental and other trustworthy sources. This service is absolutely free.—(Editor.)

Toronto, January, 1923.

Well, Dearest!

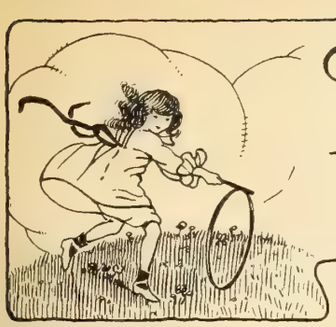
Here we are, arrived and settled in this welcoming place—and rather pleased with ourselves, in spite of some drawbacks.

I know you want to hear all about our getting a house. It would seem to be the easiest thing in the world to get a house of six to eight rooms anywhere from $40.00 to $80.00 per month (approximately £8 to £16) judging from the advertisements one sees in the papers. I suppose the difference in price is to be attributed to the size and finish of the rooms, or the district in which the house is placed. Smart people live on "the Hill" (within hailing distance of the seats of the mighty) or in Rosedale, where the streets run wherever the Ravines will let them. It was the district twenty years ago, and is still much beloved by many. But how it could have been popular in "wet" days, I can't conceive, except that if you could find your way home unaided, you might well be given the character of "sober, honest and quiet." All the streets are like the one in "Alice's" dream — every little while they give themselves a shake and are back at the point from which they started.

We, however, are not easily fitted with a house. Four children (Terrence is twelve now, you know, Jocelyn eight, and the Twins, five in March, bless their hearts!) three grown-ups, and two maids (if we can get them!) take some mitreing at the corners—eight into six won't go!

I hadn't too much time to put on house-hunting for I hate spending storage on our goods

(*Continued on page 22*)



The Children's Section

Boys and Girls Come Out to Play

Dimbie Dustman Tales

By M. O. Taylor

ISN'T it lovely to go for a picnic when the sky is just as blue as baby's eyes, and all the little blades of grass are crying "Roll on me, roll on me, and see how nice and soft I am." That's just what Dimbie had been doing, 'way in a lovely meadow where there were lots of fairy rings, and when she went to bed her little head was full of fairies and elves and all those dear, lovely little sprites that we see when we are asleep; and because she had been playing in the fairies' meadow, Mummy told her the story of

"Gray Goblin"

GRAY GOBLIN lived in Fairyland; such a lovely, lovely place, darling, where they are hardly ever cross or tired and no one says unkind things.

There were quite a lot of goblins in Fairyland, and they all had to be up very, very early in the morning, long, long before the sun is awake, when everything is quite quiet and still. Some of them had to paint the flowers, others had to fill their little cups with dew. Gray Goblin had the nicest work of all. He had to fly to each little, soft nest and wake the birdies up in time for them to sing "Good Morning" to the beautiful sun, and if you happen to wake up one morning quite, quite early, when it is just getting light, you will hear them giving little tiny chirps, first one little bird and then another, until they get the right note, and then they will keep very quiet, but all just waiting with their heads lifted up, ready to sing just as soon as the sun pops his head above the clouds, and when he does, they all burst out at once, such beautiful runs and trills and warbles. **You** never could make sounds like those in your little throat if you tried ever so hard.

Gray Goblin slept all night in a beautiful, soft pink rose-leaf, swinging from a cobweb, and I'm afraid his bed was too soft and comfy, because he found it so hard to get up in the morning, and instead of jumping right out at once, he used to lie and rub his sleepy little eyes such a long time that some days he had to just fly around in such a hurry that the poor little birdies had hardly time to "tune up," and one **dreadful** morning he **never** woke up until the sun was up—wasn't that terrible? And so, of course, the birdies all slept, too, and the first thing they knew the sun was shining right down into their eyes, and they were **so** frightened when they found him up before them that they all started singing at once, and all out of tune, and they made such a noise that he went behind a big cloud and stayed there all day.

Then the Fairy Queen sent for Gray Goblin, and they found him curled up in his rose-leaf bed **fast asleep,** and they took him just as he was; and when she saw him standing there blinking and winking and rubbing his eyes she was very, very cross, and said:—

"Gray Goblin, I feel very sad to think I have such a lazy little elf. I am afraid I have been too kind to you; you live in Fairyland where nothing ever frightens you and you have plenty to eat, a nice soft bed at night and very little work. How would you like to be some of the poor little things in the big world who have to be always running and hiding and getting their food just when they can? How would you like to be chased by dogs and cats and those big things on two legs? How would you like to be a little **frightened, hunted mouse?**

Oh! how quiet everything had grown, you could have heard a flower petal fall. Then the Queen spoke again and all the elves and fairies held their breath for fear.

"Gray Goblin, because you cannot obey and will not work I must send you away from Fairyland, out into the big World, where you will be hungry and tired and often have nowhere to hide your head. I want you to feel what it is to be driven and hunted and never left alone; to be made to work hard and think of others sometimes; to learn that big lesson of unselfishness, which I am afraid you never knew."

And then she slowly waved her wand and said:

"Run, Gray Goblin, run and hide yourself for you are nothing but a little, gray mouse."

Then the gates of Fairyland opened and closed again, but Gray Goblin was outside. Just a little grey mouse, with a long, long tail and two bright eyes, running, running as hard as he could from two pairs of legs and arms which seemed to wave all round him and two voices which shouted in his poor little frightened ear.

"There goes a little field mouse, catch him, catch him!"

Oh! how he ran, so fast, so fast, till he came to a hole in a tree and he would have run right in only a big, fat mouse stood in the doorway and gave him such a push that he rolled right over.

"What are you doing here?" said the big fat mouse, whose whiskers were so long that they stretched right across the opening, "this hole belongs to me."

"Oh, please, please let me in," said Gray Goblin, "I'm a Fairy."

"How dare you call yourself a Fairy," said the big mouse, and his whiskers stood out stiffer than ever with anger. "I'll just push you right out amongst the 'Booglioos' for telling such stories."

Gray Goblin did not know who the "Booglioos" were, but he thought they must be the things with legs and arms who ran after poor little mice, and he was just beginning again, "Oh, please," when another mouse appeared at the back of the hole, such a dear little thing with very bright eyes and the softest voice, which said:

"Oh, Whiskers, dear, do let him in, he looks so frightened."

"No, I won't," said Whiskers crossly, "he called himself a Fairy."

(To be continued)

Velvet Paws and Shiny Eyes

Adventures of a Little Canadian Boy in Nature's Wonderland—Among Furry Friends and Feathery

By Carol Cassidy Cole

CHAPTER VII.

Rice Lake.

SO it as settled. The little Elf-boy was given a seat between the wings of one of the younger geese. Tightly he clung to the goosie's neck, and he felt himself rising high into the air. He could have shouted with joy at the prospective journey.

Higher and higher rose the flock of geese. Their wings beat against the air with a loud hum and faster and faster they flew until they had left the familiar wood far behind. Eric clung tightly to the goosie's neck. He kept his eyes fast shut, for he dared not look down until he had become more accustomed to the giddy height. Now they passed over the home of the old farmer who had been the cause of their early flight—who had intended to capture them by cruelly clipping their wings. As they passed over the house they set up such a loud scolding and cackling that Farmer Green rushed out, and when he saw this fine flock of geese had escaped him, he was pretty angry, I can tell you.

Before long Eric gained courage to take a peep at what was going on about him. The old goose, Yota, travelled a little in advance. The others, of which there were about ten, formed two diverging lines behind her. Eric had his place upon the back of the third left-hand goose. At first he felt quite a little bit frightened, but soon he peeped at the earth beneath him. What a queer sight it was! It looked to Eric exactly like his mother's patch-work quilt. There were squares, and oblongs, and triangles edged with green zigzag stitches. There were light ones and dark ones, large ones and small ones. Whatever they were he could not make out, until the goose, hearing his exclamations of wonder, explained that it was fields and meadows they were passing over; the squares and oblongs and triangles being different farms, and the zigzag stitches the rail fences around them. The dark spots were the ploughed fields and the light ones the fresh green wheat and oat fields. Occasional bright yellow ones were fields dotted with dandelions.

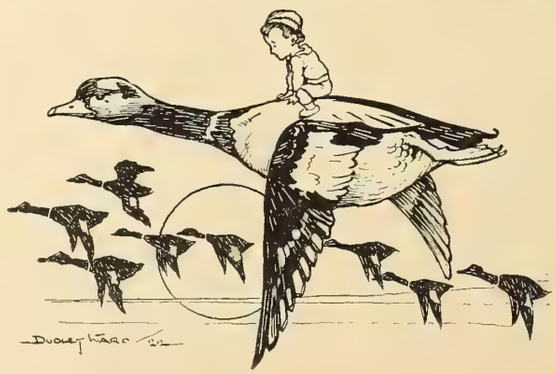
It was really incredible how fast these geese flew. It was not long before the landscape was changing in character. The fenced-in fields did not crowd so closely now one on the other. There were not so many brown patches, showing that the ground was not cultivated so extensively the farther north they went. There were great dark blots on the landscape, some almost of inky blackness. "Forests," explained the wild geese, "and the lighter green around, pasture land."

Now there seemed to Eric to be bits of broken glass dropped on the green spots. Bright shining little bits here and there—and occasionally a very good sized piece. Eric hated to be bothering the geese too much with his questions, but he did so want to know how this large mirror had become shattered and strewn over the country. When the geese heard this they laughed as though it was a huge joke that the little Elf should have taken the hundreds of little lakes that dot the northern country for pieces of broken glass.

The geese by this time were becoming tired, for they had travelled many, many miles that day, and besides it was almost sundown, and a goose after sundown is no use for anything except to tuck his head under his wing and go to sleep.

In the course of the day's travel, Eric had several times heard the geese mention the rice fields, and he now realized that this was the goal for which they were making. At the head of what is called Pigeon Lake in Northern Ontario, is a short river connecting this lake with another called Sturgeon. Now in this little stretch of water are growing great fields of wild rice, and here the wild geese gather from all parts of the country. At this particular time of year that our flock travelled, the game laws protected them. So if they could only gain this marsh before the sun set they were quite safe for the night. Each one of them exerted his strength to the utmost, and reached the Bird's Paradise just as the sun was sinking over the horizon.

No sooner had they alighted and gulped a few mouthfuls of wild rice and rotted sea weed than a great drowsiness came upon them. One by one they tucked their heads under their wings and settled themselves for the night.

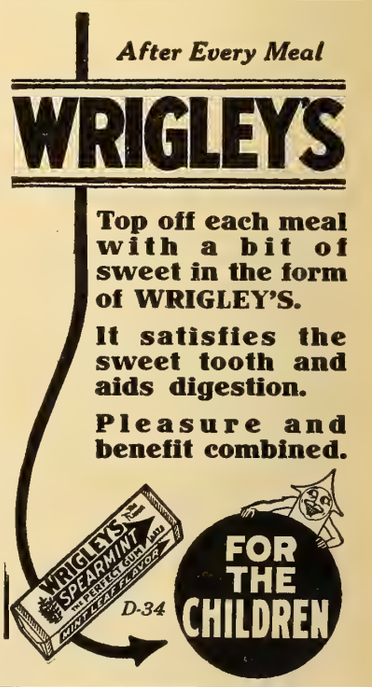


But not so our friend Eric. The excitement of the day's journey had left him wide awake, and he slid softly off the goosie's back and stretched his cramped little legs. "Now," he said to himself, "I will see what kind of a country this is."

CHAPTER VIII.

Mr. Mink a Cruel Father.

THE rice fields proved to be a very popular spot with the wild geese, and it was evident that they expected to spend some time here. And really one could not imagine a spot better adapted to birds and animals who loved a wild life.


After Every Meal
WRIGLEY'S
Top off each meal with a bit of sweet in the form of WRIGLEY'S.
It satisfies the sweet tooth and aids digestion.
Pleasure and benefit combined.
WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT
D-34
FOR THE CHILDREN

The lake itself was rather shallow, its marshy shores dotted with little mud islands. The rushes grew very high and among them fishes and insects hatched in great numbers. For years wild ducks and geese had gathered here from all over the country. Some coming from points at the extreme south of the continent. Among them our flock felt perfectly at home.

One day Eric was sitting on the bank of the little stream which emptied into the marsh. It was one of those warm days which come occasionally in the early spring, days which make human beings feel unaccountably lazy, but which on the contrary seem to put new life into birds and animals. The little Elf boy was thinking about nothing in particular, and was dreamily watching the flock of wild geese

(Continued on page 16)

Young Helpers' League of Service

Dedicated to Every Boy and Girl in Canada

Conducted by Aunt June

Pledge for Helpers.

"Do a little kindness to someone every day,
Scatter rays of sunshine all along the way."

I pledge myself in the service of my King and Country to DO MY BEST IN MY DAILY WORK wherever it may be, to help others wherever possible and to endeavor in every way to make myself A Good Citizen.

Date————.

Name .....

Age .....

Address .....

AUNT JUNE'S PAGE.

My Dear Boys and Girls:—

I have not heard much news about the kind of helpful deeds our members were doing during the past two months and I miss a number of letters, but, of course, the holiday season is to blame for this, I feel sure, as it is hard to settle down to write many letters at such a time, and you are all, no doubt, busy sending thanks.

I think, however, you will be interested to see a picture of one little Helper who did a very kind deed at Christmas time which gave much pleasure to a number of little boys and girls who live in one of our city hospitals. These little boys and girls cannot run about and play like most of you can. They have all something wrong with their bodies that compels them to keep indoors most of their days.

Hylton Spencer, who had saved up his pennies to give some other children a treat at Christmas time, thought he would like to take some pretty colored balloons to these boys and girls, and if you look at the photograph you will see what a lovely lot of balloons Hylton's pennies bought. They were all fine big ones, in many colors, and on Christmas Day he carried them to the hospital and gave them to the sick children. They brought a great deal of pleasure, I am sure, to every little boy and girl who received one.

Don't you think this was a nice, helpful thought of Hylton's?

I must tell you also that in addition to being so kind and thoughtful about other little boys and girls, Hylton is very fond indeed of animals, of the birds and the squirrels—in fact, one little squirrel runs up and looks into his pocket for nuts and things to eat every time the squirrel sees him in the street. He also has a pet kitten.

Hylton is six years of age and lives in Toronto. I think you will agree with me that he deserves a Helper's Badge.

You have now been back at school almost a month since the holidays. Many of you have gone into higher classes and have all kinds of interesting new work to do. When the lessons are hard and the clock seems a long time getting round to the hour for going home, do not forget that one part of the Heleper's creed is "to do my best in my daily work."

I am wishing all kinds of success and good things to all our Helpers who are at school. I hope every one of you will try to make this term the best and most successful you have ever had. You have all, I expect, read the words of William Penn, the English Quaker, "I expect to pass through life but once. If, therefore, there be any kindness I can show, or any good thing I can do to my fellow-being, let me do it now, and not defer or neglect it, as I shall not pass this way again."

I would like you to think of these words for a moment in regard to school life. I know how every term, there is generally something pleasant to look forward to in the term ahead. At midsummer you are looking forward to Christmas, and during the spring term you have thoughts of Easter time and summer with the long holidays, but without being too solemn about it, always remember that the term which has passed can never come again, it has passed forever. Therefore strive to do your work at school this term as if this were to be (as it will be for many who are now at school) the last chance to learn your lessons and attend school. I am sure at the end of the term you will have a better record in every way if you looked at your opportunities in this light and realized that once they have passed they are lost to you for all time to come.

I hope you will like the stories in your own special part of the magazine this month. There are all kinds of stories laid away for you,—adventure stories, school stories, fairy stories and animal stories, and I often wonder which kind you like best. When you write me a letter do not forget to say which you like best of all, because this is your own magazine and I want to have all the things in it that you like best.

Now, I am going to leave you to read and perhaps write me a letter telling me of the stories you like best.

Loving wishes, one and all.

Yours lovingly,

AUNT JUNE.

FIRST THE BOY
THEN THE MAN

YOUR boy—any boy—has the right to expect from his parents the best they can afford to give him to equip him to fight life's battles when he reaches man's estate.

Build up his future—$10 saved each month for his education will mean $1,399 in the Bank in ten years.

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

244

NEW BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

POLARIS was the dearest dog, all pure white fluffy fur, and every boy and girl would, I am sure, be delighted to read about this beautiful fellow, who was not only beautiful in appearance, but clever, gentle and famous.

He was an Eskimo dog, and the son of the famous dog, Acutah, who drew Captain Peary's sled in the race to discover the North Pole. So polite was Polaris that he never took a meal, not even a bowl of water without first, in his own special way, saying "thank you." In the story his master tells he says, "Polaris would never touch his food without first looking up, smiling to catch your eye, and wagging his tail. This little ceremony performed, he proceeded to eat or drink." His master goes on to explain that this well-bred habit of Polaris' was not confined to the people he knew. He would always give the same courteous thanks to a stranger who fed him as to any of his own family or friends.

Polaris had many dog friends. He was not always as angelic as his appearance would lead one to believe, and frequently did quite mischievous things as puppies will, but because he was so beautiful few people ever believed he had been naughty. On one occasion, when there was a big dinner given in Boston to Captain Robert Bartlett, the famous skipper of the Roosevelt discovery ship, Polaris' master took him there and played a trick on the guests by telling them that Polaris, on account of being the son of two famous Arctic dogs, was extraordinarily clever at telling good stories, and had learned from his parents many things of interest to explorers. Often he would sit under the stars on

VELVET PAWS AND SHINY EYES.

(*Continued from page 14*)

swimming up and down the stream. Every moment one of them would tip himself downward in the funniest manner until he seemed to be almost standing on his head in the water. Then up he would come the next second with his beak full of rotted seaweed or perhaps a small fish. Eric was feeling the languor of these first spring days, and was really half asleep, when something happened which caused him to become very wide awake indeed.

Now you remember the first days in the Little Wood at home, when Eric lived with Tawny Owl, also you remember the terrible fright he had that night when Willy Weasel came prowling around the owl's nest, and how he had frightened old Weasel away by throwing bones in the old villain's face. Remembering this, you will appreciate the terror which took posession of Eric when he saw what he thought was a weasel coming out from under an overhanging bank. There was the same pointed head and long, snake-like body, and the same bushy tail tapering at the end. It is very easy to understand how Eric might have thought it was old Weasel again, so very much like him was this creature swimming so easily through the water. Very swiftly he swam up where the wild geese were bathing. Now Eric, thinking that his good friends, the wild geese, were in danger, shouted a warning to them. But they only turned their heads slightly and looked at the creature and went calmly on swimming and diving.

After the intruder has passed one of the geese came to the bank on which Eric was sitting and while preening and drying her feathers, said: "That was Mr. Mink who passed just then. He could not do us geese any harm. He is a first cousin of Mr. Weasel, and looks so very much like him too. His fur is very valuable, and Mr. Mink has been so hunted the last few years that if it goes on it won't be long until the family will be extinct. Hunters set traps for them all along the streams, and they sometimes take whole families at once."

Eric began to feel very sorry for Mr. Mink on hearing what a hunted creature he was. But the goose continued. "You need not feel too sorry for Mr. Mink for he has one terrible habit. Papa Mink often kills his own babies! Poor Mamma Mink tries to protect her children, and often hides them away until they are big enough to protect themselves.

When Eric heard this he did not feel sorry for him at all, and the fact that he looked so much like Weasel made him dislike him all the more.

NEW BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

(*Continued*)

clear winter nights in the snow and sing to his master wild songs of the North, and then, said Harold Baynes, who is writing the story, "when he heard that I was coming to this dinner to be given to Captain Bartlett he sung to me of the discovery of the North Pole and the part that Captain Bartlett took in it, and he asked me to write down his song and tell you, so now, with your kind permission, I will read some Eskimo doggerel by a genuine Eskimo dog."

I have no room here to print this piece of poetry, but I hope you will get the book and read it all for yourselves, as it is very interesting.

When Polaris' master had finished reciting, all the guests in the room called for the author of the piece, and in walked Polaris, looking, as his master said, like a living snowdrift, his beautiful white coat making him stand out like a marble statue against the dark wood of the room.

The book is full of beautiful pictures of Polaris and his various dog friends. The stories of his adventures, told in every chapter, are full of interest, and I think this is a book that should be in every boy's bookcase.

"Shakespeare and the Heart of a Child" is the title of a book dedicated to boys and girls. Barbara and Peggy are two little American girls who grew up with a love for Shakespeare's stories. They have the great pleasure, which so seldom comes to most boys and girls, of visiting many of the places described in Shakespeare's plays, and children will enjoy their own reading of Shakespeare far more after travelling in imagination with Barbar and Peggy to the far-away countries described in this charming book.

To Barbara all the figures in Shakespeare's stories and plays were real ones, and many a game was founded on some merry chapter from "As You Like It," "Twelfth Night," or "A Midsummer's Night's Dream." Rouen, France, Venice, are only a few of the places visited by these fortunate little girls, until finally they went to England and visited Shakespeare's country, Stratford-on-Avon, where the great man wrote the plays they had come to love.

This is a book just packed full of stories of adventure, games out-of-doors and lovely games played indoors on wet days. In the end Peggy and Barbara, through their love of Shakespeare and learning so much about his plays, were able to give great delight to their grown-up friends by putting on real plays.

READERS' EXCHANGE.

For an Open Grate.

To make a really good fire and save coal, do not throw on too much fuel at once. Put each lump of coal on separately, leaving as little space between the lumps as possible. Back up with plenty of well-damped small coal and ashes, well beaten down and then leave the fire alone. This done, it will burn for hours and give out a good heat all the time. Poke your fire as little as possible. By following these directions a lot of unnecessary trouble and time may be saved.

Cutting New Bread or Fresh Cake.

A great deal of waste is often involved in cutting new bread or fresh baked cake. It crumbles and the slices, beside being tiresome to handle, look unappetizing when placed on the table. This is very annoying when a great deal of care has been taken to carry out the recipe of a favorite cake. To end the trouble place the blade of the knife, before cutting, in hot water.

Removing Ink Stains.

Take a slice of raw, ripe tomato and place it on the disfigured spot, until the ink disappears. It may be necessary to renew the treatment, but perseverance will give satisfaction. The color of the material is not affected if sponged with cold water afterward.

Care of the Piano.

An overheated, dry atmosphere is bad for the piano. The sounding board becomes too dry and is liable to crack. Too dry an atmosphere will also cause the felt cloth and leather used in the action to dry up and thus give the piano that "tinny" sound, not unfamiliar to many.

The remedy is to keep ferns and other moisture-loving plants in the room where the piano is, especially during the summer months. The plants give out the moisture the instrument needs.

To Remove Fruit Stains.

Saturate the stained material in ordinary glycerine, leave for several hours, then wash out in cold water. This process can be applied to the most delicate fabric without fear or damage. This treatment will remove salad stains.

The Unused Umbrella.

Often an umbrella which has been thrown aside for some time will not open and shut readily when needed for use. This is easily righted with very little trouble.

When the stick of the umbrella is made of wood, rub it well with soap. When the stick is of metal, use vaseline instead. Work well up and down until the stiffness is removed.

Opening Screw Tops.

Here is a way out of the difficulty. Cut a strip of new glass paper twice as wide as the screw top is deep and long enough to go all round. Then fold the paper over so that the rough surface is on the outside. Bind tightly round the screw top with a piece of string, thus a splendid grip is afforded which makes unscrewing an easy matter.

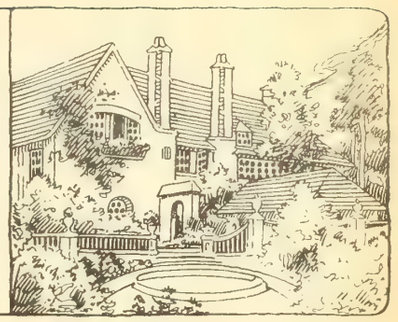
To Renew Smelling Salts.

Obtain a small quantity of rock ammonia, break it into small pieces and fill the bottle. Cover completely with lavender water or eau de cologne according to taste. Always keep the bottle tightly corked when not in use.

Care of Sponges.

Crochet a bag with fairly thick cotton. Place the sponges inside and draw up the strings. This allows them to dry after use and get thoroughly aired. Sponges will last twice as long if cared for in this manner.

The Home



Delia's vast fund of knowledge and experience is at your disposal simply for the asking. There is no question regarding home-making, cooking utensils, or the thousand and one perplexities of the housewife which Delia will not cheerfully and clearly answer. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope, and mark your enquiry "Delia."

TO the lonely—anniversaries often mean—fresh sadness. To the much married—regrettable omissions on the part of some husbands and determined, if tearful, dignity on the part of some wives, till the marriage has endured long enough for the anniversary to become that practical thing—a communal joke.

But in childhood, just as "a s'price" always means something delightful, so "anniversary" SHOULD mean "a festival," with a sure and certain joyousness, varying only in degree.

When Delia was little, family festivals had always been a source of pure rapture. She considered them as family heirlooms, bequeathed to her by her mother, and as such, to be handed on to her own little people.

There are parents, of course, who give their children a single pearl—eventually making a necklace—to mark each occasion.

Delia was not able to do this; but each time she gave them—as her mother had given her—an imperishable recollection of happiness—making a chain of enchanting memories.

"Valentine's Day! Is it going to be a party?" asked Peter and Polly as they danced round the table while their mother was putting up school lunches.

"Of course it is—each of you can ask a friend—and the friend can ask a friend," said their mother. "That makes three for Peterkin and three for Polly, and one for the Mascot here; twelve in all."

"But that's a teb'ble crowd round our table, isn't it?" asked Polly. "You had ten people to dinner one night, and Daddy said it was a SQUSSH!"

"Yes, I know," said Delia, smiling reminiscently. "But in the first place—it all depends who you are squshed with. And in the second place—you aren't going to sit at the table!"

"O Mummie—how exciting! Where WILL we sit?"

"I'm not sure yet—perhaps nobody will sit at all," remarked Delia darkly, while the children were visibly thrilled by the mystery.

Of course, when the day came, the excitement of the party (as is usual with children) centred round the meal. The invitations (delicately directed by Delia) included Peter's best boy friend, and the two damsels highest in his and Peterkin's regard. Polly had been "led" towards a similar visiting list. While the Mascot's Inseparable—who lived next door east—and the plump Twin Sisters—who lived next door west—completed the party.

Three little tables had been set in the dining room, the real dining table being jammed up against the wall, to make as much extra space as possible. The little tables had cloths of that "boon and blessing" to mothers—"Damasclean." And a heart-shaped doilie of scarlet crepe paper, had been placed under each plate. Each table was centred with a gilt heart-shaped dish—empty!

The children paired off for tea, each boy being given a small gilt bow; while a tiny red quiver, containing a gilt arrow, was slung by a crimson ribbon over his partner's shoulder.

"Now we'll just see how well you boys can shoot," said Delia. "Take it in turns—little ones first. If the boys miss, the girls are to have a try, turn about. Whatever you shoot, is to be carried to your table, opened there, and put in the empty dish."

The double doors into the living room had been closed, a red curtain had been strung across half way up. Above this, two cords had been stretched, the first, two feet above the half curtain, the next, two feet above that.

From each cord depended six fat crepe paper hearts.

The Mascot's Inseparable (with the arrow steadied by Delia) brought down the highest heart from the right hand corner, with a thud. The Mascot himself gallantly waived his right to shoot first, in favor of the Plumpest Twin, who broke her chosen heart right through the centre. Delia helped to disentangle it, and the four disgorged the contents of their packages into the bright dishes that centred their little table. One package held crisp soda biscuits, the other, sandwiches of home-made chicken paste. While they were unpacking them some Magic Hand (?) set before each of them a little bowl of tomato soup, with a puff of whipped cream (just a teaspoonful) on top, the melting white holding a golden heart of sieved (hard boiled) egg yolk. The other children (the separate tables and the excitement, prevented the little ones from noticing the difference) had first—each a cup of clear tomato bouillon. Then a fireproof plate, on which a border of piped mashed potato had been browned in the oven, and centred with a poached egg, on which was placed a generous spoonful of white sauce. A tiny red heart—BEET—on top of this!

By this time each marksman had brought down his requisite bag of sandwiches and sodas, and the four smaller children were ready for their second course.

Delia unpinned the half curtain—displaying six more fiery hearts, looking slightly less swollen than the first set. These, when relieved by the sportsmen and women, proved to contain cunning little heartshaped cakes and cookies, all simple, but varied by the coloring and decorations.

When the shooters returned to their places, they found the Magic Hand had been at work again—and they were confronted by "pink ice-creams," heart shaped, with sugar arrows stuck in them—delightful visions to the still hungry hunters.

Tea over, the four Wee ones were treated to a Jack Horner Pie — containing little heart-shaped boxes of kracley knut, gumdrops and home-made peanut brittle.

For the elder ones, there was an "arrowy" hunt, for sweets.

Delia had let Polly and Peterkin amuse themselves for a whole evening the previous week, cutting arrows from gilt paper that she had first securely glued to thin cardboard. Long before the party began, she had hidden their candy boxes (containing slightly more grown-up forms of confectionery) all over the house. While the ice-cream was being happily devoured, she and Aunt Emmeline (an indispensable adjunct of the children's parties) laid the trail.

While the Indispensable Aunt was superintending the Jack Horner Pie, Delia explained the ethics of Pathfinding to the eight older children.

"All the arrows are the same kind, but there are four paths, and the arrows for each are numbered. Polly and her partner have all the arrows numbered "3." The trails cross and recross. You must carefully follow your own arrows, picking them up as you go. One at a time. If you pick up the wrong trail go back and put them down again carefully and begin once more on your own, where you lost it. The winners of the game are those who find soonest, having "picked up" their own trail without a single mistake."

Whereon the fun began, the eight youngsters ransacking the house from attic to cellar.

But, as Delia said, the arrow trails always pointed AWAY from the places she particularly wished them to avoid, and prevented an undirected raiding of china shelves and medicine cupboards.

The party went with a whirl, and there was just time for the good game of the beloved and time-honored "Family Coach" before the father of the twins arrived to bear them bedward.

These Were the Recipes Delia Used.

Quick Potato Soup:

One pint of milk, put to heat in a double boiler, with half a small onion and a bay leaf. Boil three medium sized potatoes, in their skins, (for the sake of health) peel when done, and run through a ricer into a second double boiler, sprinkling lightly with a little flour (about a dessertspoonful) and some salt. The flour is not for thickening, but to prevent milk and potato from separating if the soup stands at all. Pour the hot milk (from which onion and bay leaf have been lifted) on to the potato, beating vigorously with a rotary beater. Flavor to taste. Add more milk if necessary. It should be the consistency of thin cream. A little nutmeg may be used as a change from the bay leaf. Cold potatoes may be used, but the hot ones make a soup which (if well beat-

Mother's Favorite—
CHASE & SANBORN'S
SEAL BRAND
TEA

Sold in ½ lb. and 1 lb. cartons.

25

CHASE & SANBORN, Montreal.

en) it will not be necessary to strain.

Tomato Bouillon.

Equal parts of "scrap soup' (stock made from the bone from the rolled toast, trimmings from the chops, the scrag end of beefsteak, vegetables and the water in which vegetables have been boiled, the tops of celery, a handful of oatmeal, a little left-over gravy, etc., etc.) and shop or home-canned tomatoes, that have been rubbed through a sieve sufficiently fine to remove all seeds and skin. Heat together, and flavor to taste.

Chicken Paste for Sandwiches.

Cold chicken minced very fine, mixed with a spoonful or two of thick white sauce. Well flavored, and spread between thin slices of lightly buttered bread. This may be varied by strewing the paste (after spreading) with some cold green peas—chopped mint—bacon fried crisp, and broken over the chicken in small pieces—rings of green peppers—pimentoes—olives—thinly sliced cucumber pickle—or walnuts. These, of course, for a grown-up party. When the Christmas Round of Spiced Beef came to a thin chippy end, Delia found that half chicken, and half minced beef, made an excellent combination for supper sandwiches.

Home-Made Peanut Brittle.

Have the peanuts ready—chopped or not, as your fancy leads you. Have a pan ready buttered, for cooling the candy. Pour one cupful of white sugar in a frying pan, and stir constantly over the fire, till melted, but not burned. Stir in the nuts, and pour to cool IMMEDIATELY. Chopped almonds (very finely chopped) used instead of the peanuts, transform this into a very delicate nougat.

Answers to Correspondents.

"Would-Be Artist" not "qualified" perhaps,—but "ready aye ready" to give advice on all kinds of subjects! Advice is so inexpensive—costing nothing but the stamps and a little time. I suppose that is why so many people prefer to donate it, instead of money! In regard to the water paint for the walls about which you inquire—it is the simplest one I know of for the Home Decorator—but as one who has covered over twelve thousand square feet of wall space with that brand, let me tell you—that you must use a SKIMPY MEASURE for the water. Allow it to stand at least eight hours before using—THEN strain through a fine sieve. I always make mine over night—and it is often improved for the second day's work. You can make it in your best cake bowl, it washes off perfectly clean. But if you splash your polished floor with it—wipe it up at once, and it won't bring so much of the polish off with it!

Personally, I always find it pays to use a sixty-cent rubber-set paint brush, instead of the kind the regular painters use. It puts the color on more evenly—isn't nearly so tiring to handle, and splashes hardly at all. So that in the end, it is really quicker to work with. This material, tho' more costly, is also more gritty (change of Government perhaps?) than before the War. I think the green the most satisfactory.

Anxious Mother.

I never saw a recipe for a Mustard Plaster given in a cookery book—or for a Linseed one either! But here goes.

Mix one part of mustard with six parts of flour. Place in a hot bowl, and mix to a batter with boiling water. Lay a piece of cheesecloth on a hot plate, spread the mixture on this, cover with cheesecloth, fold over on itself to keep hot, (while carrying upstairs) and put WARM on the patient. If you have time to warm (not brown) the flour first, you will find it less likely to lump. A plaster of these proportions will not burn the skin, though left on for quite a long time. Linseed poltices are horrid things, a fearful nuisance to the nurse, if they are to be any comfort to the patient! Take a pot you will never want for any other purpose (the flavor clings so!) put a half teacup of linseed meal in it, pour boiling water on very gradually till you have the right consistency (as soft as possible, without being wet enough to run. Boil and stir for two minutes. Spread thin on warm cheesecloth, and carry up rolled in a hot dry towel. **Change often.** I hope you will find these helpful.

A ST. VALENTINE'S PARTY.

By Fern Forster.

WHOSE heart has ceased to thrill at the thought of a "St. Valentine's Party," where Heart and Romance walk side by side and naughty Cupid lurks in unsuspected corners to shoot his little darts into the hearts of his innocent victims.

When such a delightful fete day as St. Valentine's approaches, brains need not be racked and nerves unstrung planning the evening entertainment, for many novel and inexpensive games present themselves at practically no expense, and only a little work. Very appropriate invitations may be made by cutting stiff red paper in shape of hearts and writing in black or white ink:—

St. Valentine bids me
make haste to invite you
to his party to be held
at .....
on February 14th, 1923.

Inexpensive and attractive decorations may also call in the services of Dr. Scissors and Nurse String, so that from corner to corner of the room may swing little ropes of hearts and tiny cupids.

Make a heart-shaped booklet for each guest, and on the inner leaves write the following directions, or ones to suit your surroundings:—

Two Minute Tete-Tete.

1. Meet in the alcove and discuss "How I would propose."
2. Go to the den and discuss the advantages of eloping.
3. Meet at the grate in the hall and talk on "Blondes and Brunettes."
4. At the cellar door you will hear a tale of burglars.
5. In the butler's pantry inquire of one another "the quickest way to a man's heart."
6. At the chesterfield in the living room "Is it better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all?"
7. At the bay window in the dining room find out "If distance makes the heart grow fonder?"

In making out these booklets care should be taken that no two persons meet more than once, and that they all are discussing the same subject at the same time. Every two minutes a bell is rung to change partners, and pass on to the next Rendezvous. This is an admirable way to become acquainted.

Good guessing contests always lend themselves to enjoyment, and for St. Valentine's Eve what is more fitting than "The Romance of a Shirtwaist," for Cupid proves that he controls the heart strings of even inanimate things. Partners may be secured by matching broken hearts (cut from pasteboard), and to each couple hand the following tale written with the bracketed word left blank.

"A Shirt Waist Romance."

The missing words to be filled in with parts of a shirtwaist or words connected with the making of one.

Her lover had been successful in his wooing, and had persuaded her to have the (knot) tied. But one day he reproached her for her coldness to him, and she replied "I can not wear my heart on my (sleeve) always." While her golden hair rested on his manly (bosom), he forgave her. Then he presented her with a lovely (belt) for her dainty (waist). Life is not what it (seams), for since he became a golfer he is on the (links) most of the time, and she began to fear for his devotion to her, and think she could not win him (back). Indeed she often felt that she would like to (cuff) him, but decided to (ruffle) him instead. She put on (front) and told him she would break the (tie). He began to (hem) and haw, and asked her to go to the (band) concert. She knew she could (buttonhole) him then, so she accepted the invitation. Although there is a good deal of red (tape) about such matters, and one is apt to get the cold (shoulder) at such times instead of two loving arms about one's (neck), they soon came to the conclusion that their promises were still (binding), as they had both been at times on the wrong (side). They are married now, (facing) life with its joys and sorrows to (gether), (gather) while the (band) plays on.

Progressive games may be played on the same principal as progressive cards, only have a different game at each table, viz.: Snakes and Ladders, Tiddly Winks, Snap, Picking up beans with chop sticks, Crockinole, etc. When bell rings the winning partners move up and change partners while losers remain at table.

The small tables make it very convenient to serve refreshments, and the following is an attractive and tasty menu:—

Sandwiches of chopped walnuts and celery mixed with salad dressing.

Pepper grass bread rolls, and tied with red baby ribbon.

Raspberry Vinegar to carry out the coloring of St. Valentine's.

Lady fingers split and filled with cooked chopped dates mixed with a teaspoonful of cream to moisten.

Small red frosted cakes.

Strawberry ice-cream.

Heart-shaped candies, and Salted Almonds.

The cunning serviettes now manufactured for every occasion add so much, and aid the hostess in making her tables most attractive for this fourteenth day of February.

Dress

Fancy Dresses

By Kathleen

This is the month of Fetes and Fanciful Frocks.

St. Valentine himself never seems to both much about clothes, the rogue—a peek-a-bow—a feather on the tip of his arrow, and a strand of ribbon, are enough for him, whatever the weather-man may threaten.

But even the more conventional folk are apt to turn their thoughts to Carnivals and Costumes and everybody is on the lookout for something that has never been worn before. Perhaps that is impossible to find. But—just as the stories have all been told, and yet someone makes a fortune of an old plot with a new "twist" to it—so even the old frocks may sometimes be made over with a touch of originality.

There is one advantage about a fancy frock—it can be made to suit any age from the cradle to the grave, and by running the gamut of materials, from silks, velvets and reol jewels, down to crepe paper and diamonds from the Five-cent Stores, almost anyone can turn themselves (or their children) into Magic Princesses for a night at least.

A Charming Carnival Frock.

for instance, is "Marguerite" with an underdress of soft green, the shade of the flowerstalk, that fits right down over the feet. Running up from the ankle to the calf, come quaint fringed leaflets (wired, of course), such as sprout from the stem of the Marguerite. A wide, deep circular yoke of yellow brushed wool (a circle, with a hole in the centre just big enough to admit the head of the wearer) forms the heart of the flower. The petals (of the stiffest muslin) hang from the edge—one at the exact top of each shoulder is fastened at the tip like a glove finger, so that one petal will come down each arm of the wearer. If desired, a tiny cap may be made on the same pattern.

While Among the Flowers

a Daffodil is one of the most effective of the Crepe Paper Costumes. Build it on a stout princess petticoat. Make a gathered skirt—double-decked, the top one four inches shorter than the lower one. Gather these skirts to the petty, as close under the wearer's arms as possible. Turn under a half-inch hem, all the way round each, then frill out the skirts over your thumb. Over these hang four long oval-shaped pieces of green shaped like the calyx. The waist is a bud above the flower—the short puffed sleeves being of yellow, the collar of the green and there may be a most becoming cap to match.

Tutti Fruitti—

(no, not the kind that sticks—the kind that slides down the throat as fruit salad!) is a most attractive brunette, who has some of the exotic charm of the South Seas in her personality. Her headdress simulates the crown of the pineapple, its green leaves, upspringing in a most effective crest. The silk frock—a apart. This gives the balloon **bouffant** skirts, is the colour of the grape fruit. Her silken shoes are the tint of the orange, her fan is bright green rhubarb leaf. Fat satin apples, in a setting of currants, are the buckles of her shoes, cherries form her earrings and the fringe over her shoulders, and the skirt is decorated with every fruit that grows in the "millinery department."

The Home Dressmaker

will probably bitterly regret starting on a Jack o' Lantern suit before she finishes it—but if she lives to complete it, she will be rewarded by a really original suit for her small boy. The garment itself is the simplest sleeper pattern possible made of lantern-red or green muslin. Gay birds, beasts or flowers are painted thereon, or if there is no artist in the family, these may be cut from chintz or wallpaper, and appliqued. Then sleeves, legs and bodice are insewn with rings of wire, inset about four inches apart. This gives the baloon effect desired. It is best to make the required number of rings, of the correct size, first. Then sew them in, from the inside, like cordings. The cuffs, collars and anklets should be narrow bands of black patent leather and a coquettish finish is given by a larger band of the same, with wire handle, worn crown-like to complete the effect.

Jack Horner.

The exhausted parent may then fall back on the Baker's Boy. Anybody's long sailor trousers a waiter's white coat, a flat cook's cap. And there is Jack Horner. Most people may not know that the original rhyme was a political skit, composed in the time of Henry VIII. For when the "bluff monarch" suppressed the monasteries, the title deeds of many of the priestly holdings were sent to London, and for safe-keeping sent in what was apparently an enormous pie. But monster pasties, full of coupons, were heavy to carry and Jack Horner, the Baker's Boy, chosen as messenger, had his curiosity aroused by the light weight of his dish. He peeped under the pastry lid (which must have been a firm crust!) and saw that the filling of the pie consisted of documents. Putting in his thumb (and possibly his finger!) he abstracted and pocketed one. It proved a plum, indeed! For it was the title to Glastonbury Abbey, which has descended to the family ever since. Beautiful Mells Park is built on part of the original site, and the present owner, the Sir John Horner of to-day, is a lineal descendant of the original Jack.

If the Fancy Jack wants to be popular, he also must carry a "pie" permissible to thumbs. It may be a light brass bowl, frilled with the blessed crepe paper of commerce, fashioned into a life-like semblance of a pastry—the undertop may be of cardboard, whose centre hole has an ornament of frilly paper, which may be removed, so that "Jack" can invite his lady friends to help themselves.

Krackley Knut, popcorn and small prizes are delightful and comparatively harmless for a small boy to carry, while an older one may have more elaborate tid-bits.

Fancy Costumes

FOR MASQUERADES AND THEATRICALS

HIRE OR PURCHASE

If you are not already acquainted, a visit to our showrooms will provide a delightful and interesting experience. Here will be found a variety of beautiful and artistic costumes to meet all needs and occasions. Dainty fancy dresses for women in abundance, costumes for both men and women representing all periods. Out of town customers are particularly catered for. Write your requirements and ask for prices.

Special orders undertaken for those requiring costumes made up.

The MacDonald-Dawn Company

460 Spadina Avenue - Toronto, Ont.

Sleeves.

"Thrice is She Armed" might well be applied to the present-day styles in sleeves.

These may be tight from shoulder to wrist—may flare from the elbow with a set-in undersleeve—may be inset with an armhole from shoulder to waist, sloping in to a tight wristband—may hang four-square to the winds of Heaven, with a small cuff of fur—the kind of arm-bag that Jananese ladies wear, and which hitherto we have kept chiefly for the garment that we wear in the seclusion that the Bathroom grants—or they may, in fact, be

(*Continued on page 22*)

Baby's Crocheted Shoes

By Elsie Galloway

THESE little shoes are very comfortable for babies and children, and wear well.

For a Number 3 sole, two ounces of double knitting wool is required for the shoe, and about one half ounce of finer wool—zephyr or saxony—for the ruching round the top. They may be finished with a simple shell border of the same wool as the shoe, if desired.

The shoes are made in tricot stitch as follows:

Make a chain of 9 stitches (sts.), insert hook in second stitch from hook and draw wool through, making two loops on hook. Draw wool through each stitch or chain and leave the loop on hook—9 loops in all. To work loops off, draw wool through first stich, pick up again and draw through two stitches, continuing in this way till all are worked off, leaving only one loop on hook, which is the first stitch of the next row. Picking up the loops and working them off is counted as one row.

To make the second row insert hook under upright loops and draw wool through, leaving loops on hook as in first row.

The work is begun at the toe and so must be widened to fit foot.

2nd row. Take up 4 sts. as directed, then widen by inserting hook in horizontal stitch between 4th and fifth loops of first row. Take up 5th loop and widen again, drawing wool through stitch between 5th and 6th loops of 1st row. Take up remaining 4 loops, making 11 sts. on hook and work off as before.

3rd and 4th rows are made same as 2nd row, widening each side of centre stitch, making 13 sts. on 3rd row and 15 sts. on 4th row.

5th row. Take up 15 sts. and work off without widening.

6th row. Widen 1st each side of centre stitch as before. (17 sts.).

7th row. Take up 17 sts. and work off without widening.

8th row. Widen as before, making 19 sts. on hook.

9th row. Take up 8 sts., widen 1st and take up next stitch, making 10 sts. on hook to begin side of shoe. Work off.

10th row. Take up 9 sts., widen 1st, and take up last st.—11 sts. in all.

11th row. Take up, widening 1st as before, making 12 sts. on hook; then cast on 4 sts. and work off as before. Then work 8 more rows of 16 sts. or enough to reach to centre of back of sole.

Take up stitches on other half and work the same except that the widening is done after first stitch instead of at end of row, and on the 11th row, instead of casting on 4 sts. at end, make a chain of 4 sts. at beginning of row and pick up 3 loops of chain and work remainder of row in the usual way.

When long enough to reach around sole, crochet the two ends together with a slip stitch, picking up loops from both sides and working off together.

The toe is folded in the middle and sewn together. Sew to a lamb's wool sole.

To finish the tops make loops of two chain, fastened with a single crochet stitch around opening at front, and lace together with cord of chain stitches; finish cord with small tassels or balls. The top may be finished with shells of same wool made as follows:

Fasten in 1st stitch,* ch 3, 3 trebles in first stitch, miss 2 sts., slip stitch in next st. and repeat from* making 7 shells in all.

Or a ruching of white saxony wool, as illustrated, may be made and sewn to top around opening.

1. Make 4 chain and pick up loops as for shoe. Work off 2 loops as usual, then make a chain of 3sts., work off next st., another ch. of 3 sts., work off last st.

2. Pick up upright loops from back of work instead of the front and work off as in first row. Continue in this way for the required length and sew to shoe. Allow the ruching to turn over so as to leave only the loops of 3 ch. to be seen on right side, and sew the lower edge loosely to shoe to keep ruching in place.

Two Unique Blouse Styles

LEFT—

Loose blouse of heavy crepe de chine with graceful hip effect. Decorated with handsome Swiss embroidery in five shades.

RIGHT—

A jacquette model of printed crepe de chine, trimmed with bands of plain material. Sleeves are full and loose, ending in a snug fitting cuff.

These attractive models are selected from the varied Spring dress assortment of

Ladies Wear Ltd.

Toronto, Ont.

Creators, Designers and Makers of High Class Wearing Apparel for Women of Discriminating Taste

When it's really cold there's nothing like Hot Bovril

SERVICE DEPARTMENT.

By Eunice.

TO be of service to our fellow men and women, to our neighbors and all with whom we come in contact, is one of the primary aims of the people conducting this magazine. Probably few have such wide opportunities for rendering service as those engaged in public work which takes them out and among the everyday folk of the world.

We have on our staff both men and women who, by their training and experience, are well qualified to advise, select or plan out those helpful ideas which at some time or other occur to almost everyone.

For instance, you have a garden. Then "Adam and Eve" stand ready at your service to give gardening advice. Both Adam and Eve (yes! they are real live people) are tried and experienced gardeners. If you could only see a corner of their garden plot or we had time to enumerate even a fraction of the variety of beautiful and useful horticultural things they have "raised," you would realize how well qualified they are to advise and help amateur gardeners along the road to success.

Have you a desire to learn new wrinkles regarding economy and cosiness in the region of the kitchen? Then a letter to Delia would open the door for you into many beautful and interesting experiences, and Delia just loves to help people out, kitchen-wise or otherwise.

Have you a clothes problem? Do you want special shopping done? Do you want to know where certain things can be purchased or anything regarding the charming and dainty ready-made garments that are frequently featured in our pages? Then write to Kathleen or "Katita." Both or either will be equally pleased to serve you and, like the legend displayed by the merchants let us add, "If you don't see what you want, ask for it!" Advice is not confined solely to the articles or material you find in our pages. Like all journalistic folk we have entrance to a good many channels from which information and advice upon all sorts of topics and interests can be gathered for you.

First and foremost, however, our aim is to help you and everyone else in building up this wonderful country of ours and we are anxious to do everything that will contribute to this. We have experts in every department such as Miss Hazel Howe, who is always at the disposal of the readers for advice in interior decoration and home furnishing, or Professor de Lestard, who will assist in perfecting your knowledge of languages.

Our message to you, therefore, in this February issue, is that of "Service" in all its aspects. Tell us how we can best serve you—what you desire to achieve.

Do not forget if you are interested in the French course that you are entitled to free advice, to have your questions answered, or your troubles unravelled by writing to Prof. de Lestard.

Readers' Exchange.

We shall be glad at any time to negotiate for our readers who wish to exchange ideas upon any subject of mutual interest. For instance, at various times we have published extracts from letters pointing out the ideas and desires of certain individuals regarding questions of the day. Other readers who share these ideas, wishing to get in touch with the writers, can always obtain names and addresses from this office and thus by the co-operation of hands and minds, the things for which we are all working and which we most desire for the upbuilding and betterment of our country may finally be achieved.

Is there anything you want to purchase? Something you desire which is not obtainable in your own locality? Then do not hesitate to write to our Shopping Department. Willing, cheerful and trained shoppers will gladly take care of your needs and do everything in their power to give you satisfaction.

Finally—take an interest in our advertisers! Among them you will find the best and most outstanding firms in Canada—those who have, by long, tried experience before the public, years of careful work and production, achieved a high mark of success with their goods. You will be safe in trading with such firms and purchasing their products, but if for any reason you have a complaint or inquiry to make regarding their goods, will you write to our Service Department about it, please!

We ask this in the spirit of greatest good-will for your own sake as we desire in every possible way to prove our contention that Canada is producing good merchandise and that those who send it forth are prepared to stand behind their work.

As probably everyone knows, the advertisers play a very important part in the making of a magazine and are therefore entitled to all the legitimate assistance and co-operation we can extend to them. By serving you we also serve them and thus accomplish our aim of SERVICE first, last and all the time.

HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH SINGLE.

Ida Wilshire.

A FEW years ago, while in the United States, I was much interested in reading accounts of several cases of adoption of children by unmarried business women in New York. In most instances the children selected were girls just out of babyhood and old enough to go to school. Much publicity was given to the matter, and single women in business, of mature years and earning sufficient to provide for two, were shown the benefits of "mothering" and becoming responsible for a little child who would act as an antidote for loneliness and that desire for companionship which is apt to attack "la femme seule" as she approaches the age of forty.

It was not until recently, however, that my attention was drawn to the case of an unmarried woman within our own gates who, without any of the fanfare of publicity trumpets, has voluntarily legally adopted a baby boy.

She has a well-established business of her own, and her decision very naturally caused a little stir of excitement among those who are acquainted with her. The majority of her friends were inclined to dissuade her from taking on such a tie, which might, indeed, prove to be a very great responsibility. She had thought over it long and well, however, and was not undertaking her new task from any impulsive motive.

Through business necessity she is separated from her family in the East, and is a lonely young woman. She stated this frankly. She has arrived at an age when unmarried women begin to think of the future. She loves children and missed the little Eastern nieces and nephews, whom she could only see very occasionally with long intervals in between short visits. She wanted the love of a little child who would learn to look to her for love and guidance through life, to whom she would come first in its affections. There were risks, of course, but after long deliberation, she made up her mind to think only of the possibility of making her venture successful.

She went to the proper sources to secure her foundling and enlisted the interest of those in charge and of several leaders in child welfare work, who finally helped her to find the baby boy she has legally adopted.

She has now had him "for her own" for a year. He is nearing two years and a half. He is a beautiful child with most engaging and remarkably intelligent ways. His physical appearance is a credit to her care through a period when he was sorely tried with all the baby ills of late teeth, croup, etc., which gave her many anxious and sleepless hours at night.

To watch the adopted mother and child together is enough to convince any woman with maternal instinct well developed that in this case, at least, the chances are in favour of the experiment being a success.

In Vancouver's healthiest and loveliest water suburb this "mother by adoption" rents a cottage by the sea conveniently situated so that she can reach the city daily to carry on her business, in which she employs two assistants. A housekeeper is left in charge, but in the evenings, on her return, on Wednesday afternoons and Sundays, it is her delight to do everything for the child whose growing affection for her is delightful to observe.

Although she is supporting the child and paying for domestic assistance she maintains that the expenses of her full household are not any more than many women who are making comparatively the same earnings and live in city apartments.

"The future will take care of itself," she asserts, "if I do my very best in taking care of today. I am perfectly certain that I shall be able to carry this through and do not allow any doubt about it to creep into my thoughts. As the time approaches for his education I shall be able to make provision for it and will give him every opportunity to make the most of himself in life." She pushed his fair hair back from his splendid forehead as he came running to her impulsively for a kiss in the middle of a game, and her eyes held a vision of the future as she

(Continued on page 22)

USEFUL FOR OVER 500 PURPOSES

Gillett's Lye can be used for so many purposes that their enumeration here would be impossible. For example, Gillett's Lye can be used for making soap, in washing dishes, also as a disinfectant. For softening hard water. As a means of removing grease and smoke stains. These are only a few of its many uses, but they serve to indicate what has made Gillett's Lye such a general household utility to-day.

Decline Substitutes. **Made in Canada.**

LETTERS HOME.

(Continued from page 12)

and chattels, and hotel bills soon mount up when one has three rooms at $4.00 or $4.50 each per day (about £2.10).

The one we are stopping at now, however, is on a nice quiet street, yet close to all the shops. The rooms are cheerful, comfortable, well warmed, aired, lighted and served and scrupulously clean, a private bath-room with each room, well tiled, and fitted and supplied with unlimited quantities of hot and cold water.

The meals — breakfast from fifty cents up, lunch sixty cents up (a la carte) dinner—as listed $1.00 (2/-, 2/6, and 4/- approximately) are very mediocre, but clean, and I am sure wholesome. So far as I've got in Canada, the most striking thing to me is the lack of really good food to be **bought** and the quantity of delicious meals that can be **got!** Only at **very** expensive places can one be **sure** of first-class food, served **hot,** (as Mrs. Pipchin understood it!). Ordinary restaurant, hotel or tea-shop food is ordinary—very—and expensive too. But the Canadians themselves are notable cooks and housewives, and poor meals never seem to dog the footsteps of departing "help." Your hostess is probably far more of a "Cordon bleu" than any "cook"; she can obtain at less than $40 per month (about £95 per year).

So you see (to land again on the family doorstep!) it behooved me to hurry with the housing problem. A really delightful young man motored me miles one morning, through congested city traffic to a glaringly new house in a district that was delightful when one **got** to it. But it was $100 (£20) per month, white-washed walls and not a stove or electric fixture in the place—all to be bought by us—and at that, the place was a squeeze! Another, at the same price, was a **horrible** semi-detached house, without garden or verandah, though in a more get-at-able district; a third (still the same rent) in the Rosedale aforesaid—quite nice—but again a squeeze for us, and not more than six square feet in the "back yard." Having brought them up in the country, one dreads such cramping for the Babies—in London one expects to live in boxes, but the box walls are thick, and one does not hear the neighbors, or need to know anything about them. Montreal has rows of houses that remind the Cockney of home! But in Toronto the "semi-detached" house is "little accounted"—though if the walls are thick enough, and the house large enough, I personally (early upbringing bred in the bone!) prefer it to the embarrassing three feet of distance between neighbors. On one side they overlook one's bath, while those on the other side can count the slices we eat of General Gunn's excellent breakfast bacon. I'm not ashamed of cleanliness or appetite, but—

With this feeling strong within me, I struck northward, where young homeseekers are beginning to congregate, and after some struggles, achieved a house whose Queen Anne Front looks down a quiet little residential street, straight to the busy marts of "North Yonge" and whose Mary Ann back lifts up its eyes —not to the hills exactly—but to the undulating land beyond the baby ravine that drops away from our very doors.

There is a quaint bit of garden, 200x300 feet, running up hill and down dale, with four or five lovely elms, fruit trees and a quantity of raspberry bushes. There is a big verandah, going part way across the front of the house, part way round the corner, wide and spacious, with plenty of room for hammocks and tea-tables, when the weather permits. A balcony, the same size, follows it round the corner of the second story.

One steps into a small vestibule, then into a very good entrance hall, with a big brick fireplace, that will burn either wood or coal. To the left of the front door, a small sitting room, whose double doors open into a very fair-sized dining room, which again opens right into the kitchen. No pantry! an absurd, if irritating, lack in a house of this size. The kitchen is bright, newly painted white, plenty of built-in cupboards and a gas stove that has seen better days. There is an excellent cellar—so far as space and light goes, divided into furnace room (of course there is central heating) storeroom trunk and work-room, and laundry. But none of the windows fit. The wind whistles through corners and cracks and on a warmer day, the melting snow sometimes runs in, so workroom and laundry won't be of much use till Spring.

On the right hand side of the front door (come back to the doorstep!) is another sitting room, leading through a large cupboard (really built in under the stairs) to a pleasant bedroom of equal size, which boasts a tiny lavatory. Enid (I told you that Tom's nineteen-year-old sister has come with us, looking for work and fun) has consented to let Jocelyn share this bedroom, provided she can have the front room to herself for her Literary Labors.

Upstairs there are three pleasant bedrooms, each one provided with excellent built-in cupboards, a very fair bathroom, a large linen cupboard, a corner that (screened off) makes a dressing room for Tom, and a sleeping porch that holds a bed for Tom and one for Terry, too. Upstairs the attic has one small finished room, and the rest is a maze of openwork lathing, a most quaint place, that might be finished into something delightful if we had the money, or the Landlord the inclination. What Coal is going to cost us (if we can get it!) I know not—Fifteen Dollars (£3) per ton—and rather like the needle in the bundle of hay—it seems to be more by good luck than management that you run your finger on it!

Tell Mary I'll send approximate prices of "rooms and board" in my next instalment.

Yours—to the Last Black Diamond, ELIZABETH.

HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH SINGLE.

(Continued from page 21)

looked searchingly into the animated face.

"My first thought was to adopt a baby girl, because girls grow to be more companionable, but I could not find one of the type I wanted to bring up in the world. I found the type instead in this baby. If I am not much mistaken there is an unusually intellectual mind in that head, and I shall not be surprised if "my boy" makes a career for himself and that I will live to be very proud of him."

Well, here is one Canadian woman who has solved the secret of happiness by forgetting self in providing for and loving a little human soul for whom she has made herself responsible.

DRESS.

(Continued from page 19)

cut according to your cloth, your trimming and your fancy.

"Winged-feet."

The little feathers on the heels of the Messenger of the Gods, have always been the symbol of fleet-footed youth. But lately some ingenious manufacturer is feathering the feet of all ages (possibly feathering portions of his own nest at the same time!). Feathered slippers should certainly lend wings to the feet of dancing debutantes, and even lighten the tread of Dowagers. Some of the prettiest are in iridescent colourings, though some in pheasant's feathering make a delightful change from those hitherto favourites, **bronze shoes.** Many are made of glycerined feathers, and the most intriguing have tiny frills of ostrich curling round the rim.

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To-morrow never comes

Professor Gaudet de Lestard

The Man and His Work --- By Jean Le Blanc

In these days when the spiritual affairs of our sick old world are so badly neglected, we are apt in the general hysteria and clamour to overlook the service rendered to humanity by those public spirited men who with voice and pen preach the gospel of the "greater vision," or who, by pracice and example, serve to steady the general agitation and turmoil of the social body.

As a rule they are not men who loom large in the public eye, nor feed fat at the public trough. Their work is usually quiet and unobtrusive,—they have discovered the joy of doing good for good's sake,—they are the leaven of society.

Of such is Gaudet de Lestard, or as he prefers to call himself, Guy de Lestard, Principal of the Toronto School of Languages who, twenty years ago, left the sunny fields of his native France and came to Canada to take up the work to which he has devoted his life. This work, be it known, is not merely the teaching of languages. Guy de Lestard is a teacher, not of the Arts alone, but also of the greater art of "living."

He was teaching that "the divinity that shapes our ends" lies within ourselves long before Emile Coue proclaimed the truth to the world.

Thousands of pupils who have come under his influence have taken their stand in the battle of life with greater confidence and success because of his teachings. Perhaps the greatest pleasure Professor de Lestard finds in his work is in drawing out the best and highest motives in his pupils.

His success with backward or deficient children, which is truly amazing, lies in his keen analysis and understanding of the child mind.

Space does not permit of giving an adequate outline of his philosophy and methods, but the following, culled from a conversation the writer had with the Professor some two years ago, will give an idea of the sound methods and reasoning used in his teaching:

"Culture for the sake of culture may be the proper training for a monk, but it is poor training for the average boy or girl who has to face life."

"Knowledge should carry with it not only a bread-winning power, but also a happiness-power."

"School training is only memory training. What the child needs is a knowledge of the principles of 'life' itself.

"Mothers who believe in love as the guiding principle in the training of children should remember that unless love is constructive it is dangerous. To make a child happy by shouldering all responsibility for it is wrong. Children **should** be loved, but they should be taught that love will not save them from being punished by their sins. It is a splendid thing for parents to stand by their children when in trouble, but how much better to bring up children so that they do not get into trouble."

"The basic principle of teaching is to work through the child's imagination. Never tell the dull or backward child that it is stupid. Show the child that you believe in it and in its ability to do something worth while, and the child as a rule will live up to your expectations."

"At birth the door of gifts is closed behind the child, thereafter it is not possible to bring out of the child the things that are not in it, and to try to do so is to injure the child's mentality. The great thing is to find the measure of the child's mind and then proceed to cultivate within that area."

"Our jails and asylums today are crowded with men and women who are suffering from wrong teaching. The training which will enable the citizen to balance accounts, but does not teach him the sin of stealing the funds is not entitled to be called training."

Professor de Lestard is that rare product of our times—a real **Teacher.**

It is astonishing to witness the progress made by pupils under the influence of his magnetic personality. His secret, if such it can be called, lies in his broad understanding and knowledge of the aims of true education.

A man given to pitiless self-analysis, he holds no delusions in regard to human nature. He knows its good and bad sides, its weakness and its strength, and it is this profound knowledge which —quite apart from any question of academic learning—places him at the head of those entitled to be called TEACHER.

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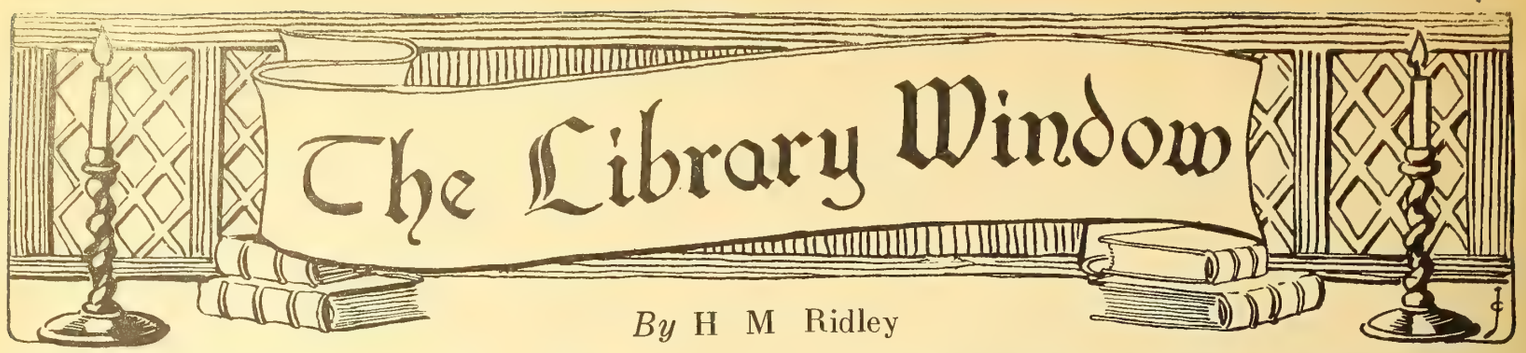
Copies of the Regulations issued by the Department of Education may be obtained from the Deputy Minister of Education, Toronto.

Toronto, March, 1922.



By H M Ridley

A More Honorable Man. By Arthur Somers Roche. Macmillan

The reader who likes a novel that deals with characters of the unmistakable American type, who talk in the unmistakable American jargon and indulge in the unmistakable American habit of constant expectoration, may find entertainment in this book, which is the story of a self-made man, who "embodies the very spirit of America to-day," and of his wife, who, after bitter disillusionment, comes to realize that while her husband represents the faults of present-day America, her discarded lover "is the spirit of an American that is to come—less selfish, more idealistic, holding love and honor above all price."

The following quotation is a sample of the dialogue that is indulged in by the characters in this tale. We will begin with the "expectoration," in order to provide the local color.

"Uncle Frank expectorates again. . . . He advances to the porch rail and leans across it.

"'Mornin', Miss Ramsay,' he calls.

"'Morning, Uncle Frank,' she replies.

"'Kinda glad to be back, I'll betcha,' says Uncle Frank. 'School ain't home, is it?'

"'No, indeed, it isn't,' she agrees.

"She passes on; Uncle Frank resumes his seat and his expectoration."

Certain People of Importance. By Kathleen Norris. Gundy.

Seldom since the days of Charlotte Yonge have so many characters been depicted in one book as are contained in this new novel by Kathleen Norris. Her story is the chronicle of an American family, each member of which is a distinct individuality, with individual problems to solve. In so faithfully depicting her characters, Mrs. Norris serves the larger purpose of helping and inspiring others who may be confronted with the same problems that perplex the very real people that are the subjects of her sympathetic portrayal. "It is so real," says a critic of this book, and that is the main appeal in a novel that will interest all types of readers.

The Wind Bloweth. By Donn Byrne. Goodchild.

The poetical quality and the romance of this novel by Donn Byrne make it very distinctive. The author is an impressionist who sees life in terms of poetry, and the women in his novel, even the women of questionable virtue, fit harmoniously into his scheme of beauty. Shane Campbell, of Connemara, even as a little boy, dreamed dreams and saw visions. His first vision was of "Dancing Town," where "the green ran down to a white beach, and on the beach foamy waves curled like a man's beard." A little later there came to him the vision of a woman waiting for him in a quiet home upon his return from the sea. On more than one occasion he thought that he had found the woman of his dreams, but always he was disappointed until he found Granya, who was able to share his visions. This is a book that is far above the average in beauty of style and subtle delineation of character.

The Key of Dreams. By L. Adam Beck. McClelland and Stewart.

Mr. Beck is a Canadian who writes Oriental stories that have been published in "The Atlantic Monthly" and other magazines. "The Key of Dreams" is a novel of the introspective type, half mystical, half sensuous. The lure of Buddhism has drawn the writer to the extent that he has practically repudiated Occidentalism and all its works. That is because he is of the type to whom action is obnoxious, and reflection life. He writes chapter after chapter based on dreamy musings that have been evoked by the beauty of exotic types of women and the atmosphere of scenery that is conducive to calm. His hero appears to have infinite leisure to indulge in dreams, and one is not surprised that when he becomes finally united to the woman who has affected his imagination, he should elect to pass the residue of his life in the Orient. A striking passage, which serves to illustrate the divergent views of the Occident and the Orient, so much stressed by this writer, is contained in the following speech which the author puts into the mouth of a Chinese gentleman:

"Your august continent glides swiftly in the swell of the river before it plunges to the fall. In my insignificant land we based our civilization many ages ago on the Moralities—the duties of each to the family, the Empire, the Pieties, and thus was twisted a triple cord of trust between man and man. How should it fail? But in your venerated countries no man trusts another, for each famishes for the other's gold—that is his God—and as with the one, so with the nations. There must come a war when the one people overwhelmed in the vortex will clutch the others and drag them in and your civilization with them. . . . We unintelligent peoples of Asia will watch and smile, because we have known this thing must be. The sun will set in blood in Europe. It is rising beyond Japan; it will shine through China—and farther."

The Drama of Life. By Thos H. Mitchell. Thomas Allen.

It may be, as the writer of Ecclesiastes has said, that "There is no new thing under the sun," but the manner of presenting a thing may be fresh and stimulating, and in his book of reflections upon Shakespeare's "Seven Ages," Mr. Mitchell has expressed thoughts that one feels are based upon valuable personal experience. As a preacher, Mr. Mitchell performed the feat of filling an empty church in a western city, and the same sane and cheerful philosophy that drew a congregation will no doubt impress the readers of his book. Shakespeare's "Seven Ages" are, of course, infancy, childhood, youth, manhood, middle age, old age, and second childhood. Particularly consoling are the author's reflections upon old age. He points out that age is a mental attitude rather than a physical condition. "Some of us," he says, "are intellectually old at eighteen, while others are young at eighty. I met a man one day who said that he had not changed his thinking for fifty years. That man was old in mind forty-nine years ago. Lydia was a model woman of the primitive Christian Church. She was industrious, hospitable and devout. Added to these fine qualities she had a mind that was open to new light and truth." The book has an introduction by Mrs. Nellie McClung that is well worth reading in itself.

Judy of York Hill. By Ethel Hume. Thomas Allen.

A thoroughly wholesome and entertaining Canadian school story is this new book by Ethel Hume. Her characters represent many types of school girl—there is Sally May, the sentimental; Catherine, the natural-born leader, whose influence over other girls is almost uncanny; Nancy, the care-free and boisterous; her chum, Judith, who is inclined to be exclusive in her affections; and Florence, the quiet and retiring. Delightful descriptions are given of Christmas and Easter holidays, and exhilarating accounts of basketball, cricket and tennis games. The element that one likes in this school story is the idealistic note that the author touches from time to time. In doing so, she is far from being untrue to life—the dread of the so-called realistic writer—for in the soul of most generous young girls there is an idealism that carries them a long way forward into experiences that are anything but idealistic—a fact for which the world is to blame.

Hobbies. Edited by Eric Wood. McClelland and Stewart.

This is a book that will appeal to every type of boy—the boy who loves outdoor life, the boy of a scientific bent of mind, the boy who is fond of reading, the boy who likes photography, and the boy who likes collecting. A chapter on collecting deals with stamps, medals, coins and crests. Another chapter on outdoor hobbies covers woodcraft, motor cycling, geology, angling, knots for anglers. In a chapter on "Science as a Hobby," directions are given on how to make coal gas and charcoal, and there are details of experiments with the air, hydrogen gas, and water. A section on miscellaneous hobbies takes up conjuring for boys, ventriloquism, the microscope, the telescope, making a coal scuttle, advanced photography, tricks with a string, running a magazine, poultry, running a club, and dogs.

Mary in California. By Constance Johnson. Macmillan.

More adventures of the American family Robinson are recorded by Constance Johnson, author of "Mary in New Mexico." Certainly the Robinson family have a very good time in California. The coast cities, the missions, the mountains, and a real forest fire, Mills College, the Greek Theatre, Muir Woods, the Pacific Fleet and other interesting places and people play a part in the eventful days of Mary, Dave and Trix, the very real children who figure in this tale. The book is suitable for girls around twelve years of age.

The Poets' Corner

Conducted by Norah Holland
Author of "Spunyarn and Spindrift."

We will begin this month's selections with Marjorie Pickthall's charming poem:

A SILVER SONG.

Silver above the silvered snow,
We watched the cold moons dawn and go.
Into our dreaming hearts were run
The wild sweet wines of earth and sun.

Through hollowed ranks of osiers old
We saw the northland marigold.
And hailed the sudden sapphire flame
When the first bluebird called and came.

O soon, so soon the winds shall bless
Our slim leaf-shaken loveliness.
O soon, so soon we call the hours
Silver above a sward of flowers.

The next poem, from "Punch" commemorates the memory of an old friend:

BRANDY: A HILL-MAN.

Grizzled and stiff with his eight Decembers
The old dog hobbles across the yard,
Eyes blood shotten and red as embers,
Coat worn thin and a face bescarred;
Poor old bandy dog, poor old Brandy dog,
Full of battles and fights fought hard.

Time to sit in the cosy ingle?
Time to curl on the roe-skin mat?
Where the warrior dreams shall mingle
Fox and otter and mountain-cat?
Torn ears cock to them, grim jaws lock to them
(Devil a doubt — you'd say — of that!)

"Passed your best," so the critic said it,
"Bit too old for the hill," said he;
"Liked the look of you" (to his credit,
Captious Sassenach though he be);
That's his say of it, that's the way of it?
Let him climb to the cairns and see.

Cairns and crags where the snowflake flurries,
Coigns where the great hill-foxes grin,
Hostile caves of a hundred worries—
Take the terriers, huic them in;
Lithe and little dogs, keen and kittle dogs,
Two twin devils that thrust and pin!

Hark! they're up to him, hot and deadly
(Hark, and hear it, and hold your breath!)
Yards below how the fight roars redly—
Gallant Besom and little Beth;
Hark the noise of 'em, hark the joys of 'em,
Battle, murder and sudden death.

Beat, though—out again, bristling, bleeding,
Lost him somehow (your young 'uns can);
Pick them up, they shall prove their breeding
Yet with many a cateran;
"Now, old pup, to him! In and up to him!
Leu in, Brandy! Leu in, old man!"

Mute and murderous, in he bustles;
Never a whimper boasts he's found;
Only an eerie wind that rustles,
Moans and moils as the flasks go round;
Dark and chill it is, on the hill it is,
Yet, but the old dog's still to ground!

* * * *

Out at last crawls the grim old savage,
Red as ribbons from crest to pad;
One hill robber no more shall ravage—
Had the brush of him, eh, old lad?
Lord, no fears o' you, eight hard years o' you;
Wouldn't ha' left him, less you had!

Grizzled and stiff with his long Decembers,
The old dog hirples adown the hill.
Eyes blood shotten and red as embers,
Rumbling yet of the grip and kill;
Poor old Brandy dog, poor old bandy dog,
Worth the pick o' the young 'uns still!

Here is a pleasant fancy of Katharine Tynan's, in "The Vineyard."

THE MAKING OF BIRDS.

God made Him birds in a pleasant humor;
Tired of planets and suns was He.
He said: "I will add a glory to summer,
Gifts for My creature, banished from Me."
He had a thought and it set Him smiling,
Of the shape of a bird and its glancing head,
Its dainty air, and its grace beguiling:
"I will make feathers," the Lord God said.

He made the robin, He made the swallow,
His deft Hands moulding the shape to His mood:
The thrush and the lark and finch to follow,
And laughed to see that His work was good.

Here is Eden Phillpotts' philosophy of Life:

MAN'S DAYS.

A sudden wakin', a sudden weepin',
A li'l suckin', a li'l sleepin';
A cheel's full joys, and a cheel's short sorrows,
Wi' a power o' faith in gert to-morrows.

Young blood red hot an' the love of a maid;
One glorious hour as'll never fade;
Some shadows, some sunshine, some triumphs and tears,
An' a gatherin' weight o' the flyin' years.

Then old man's talk o' the days behind 'e;
Your darter's youngest darter to mind 'e;
A li'l dreamin', a li'l dyin',
A li'l lew corner o' earth to lie in.

Here is a fantasy by Cale Young Rice, taken from "Asia":

IN A CHINESE RESTAURANT.

"Chop suey," I say to Chung Li,
Quaint, quiet and twenty-three,
Who smiles as I wearily enter the door
Through a curtain of beads and teak.
"Chop suey, soon," he answers me,
And slips away like wind in the tree
On the lacquered screen in the corner.
But I feel, in his eyes, still as a stone,
In an idol's head on a temple's throne,
A myriad years
Of the Hwang Ho,
As it tawnily runs
Under the suns
Of Honan.
For Ching's eye holds, as a jade its hue,
His gods and the long ancestral line
Of the sires he prays to.
And it holds the pines by a tea-house door
At the foot of a mountain age-divine;
And the tea girl's lute for the traveller strung,
And the misty moon she plays to;
And even, I think, the memory
Of a sire who one day bowed and poured
Wine for Confucius, and adored
The Sage, footsore and weary.
So, when I am sick of the noise and the heat
Of the Now, which never is complete,
Of the rude strife in the rude street,
I go to Ching.

Here is a poem by Victor Starbuck, from "The Outlook":

THE WIDOWER.

He does the same old things; three times a day
Sits down to meat, and once climbs up to bed.
Just as he did before his wife was dead.
Grief has not changed him much, the neighbors say;
He knots his tie the same fastidious way,
And still likes jam and butter on his bread
And syrup on his cakes. Well groomed, well fed,
And jaunty as a sparrow-cock in May.
And one would think him quite indifferent, save
For that unconscious groping of his hand
That seeks but never finds. I half believe
His mind sits always by a new-made grave,
And that, perhaps, he wears a mourning band
Around his heart, instead of on his sleeve.

Here is a tiny poem by Joan Campbell:

TELL ME.

Tell me, my youth,
How long will you stay?
Only the length
Of a summer day.

Will you not wait
If I pray you to?
Can you keep the wind
Or the silver dew?

What will you leave
To comfort me?
Peace from striving
And Memory.

And finally, here is Frederic Lawrence Knowles' love poem, which deserves to be better known than it is:

Helen's lips are drifting dust;
Ilium is consumed with rust;
All the galleons of Greece
Drink the ocean's dreamless peace;
Lost was Solomon's purple show
Many centuries ago;
Stately empires wax and wane—
Babylon, Barbary and Spain.—
Only one thing, undefaced,
Lasts, though all the worlds lie waste
And the heavens are overturned.
—Dear, how long ago we learned.

There's a sight that blinds the sun,
Sound that lives when sounds are done,
Music that rebukes the birds,
Language lovelier than words,
Hue and scent that shame the rose,
Wine no earthly vineyard knows,
Silence stiller than the shore
Swept by Charon's stealthy oar,
Ocean more divinely free
Than Pacific's boundless sea,—
Ye who love have learned it true.
—Dear, how long ago we knew!

Correspondence in French

By Guy de Lestard, Principal of Toronto School of Languages

Lesson VII.

WHEN TO USE THE SUBJECTIVE.

1. After expressions of will:

Je veux, je désire, je voudrais, j'exige, j'aime, etc.

2. After expressions of mental feeling:

Je suis content que—I am glad that.
Je suis fâché que—I am sorry that.
Je regrette que—I regret that, etc.

3. After expressions of doubt:

Je doubt—I doubt.
Je ne crois pas—I do not believe.
Je ne pense pas—I do not think.
Je crains—I fear.
J'ai peur—I am afraid, etc.

4. After the superlative:

C'est l'homme le plus riche que je connaisse.
C'est le mailleur ami que j'aie.

5. After impersonal expressions:

Il est possible que—It is possible that.
Il est nécessaire que—It is necessary that.
Il se peut que—It may be that.
La seule chose que je puisse faire—The only thing that I can do.

6. After the following expressions:

Pour que—so that; in order that.
À fin que—so that; in order that.
Avant que—before.
À moins que—unless.
Jusqu'à ce que—until.

The expression "on dit" and expressions which indicate a certainty do not require the subjunctive.

"Que" is always used before the subjunctive.

The subjunctive is always used of two persons. Do not use the subjunctive when you refer to one person only. Instead, use the infinitive.

Thus:

Je regrette que vous n'alliez pas à New York.
I regret that you are not going to New York.
Je regrette de ne pas aller à New York.
I regret that I am not going to New York.
Je voudrais que vous soyez riche.
I would like you to be rich, or I wish you were rich.
Je voudrais être riche—I would like to be rich, or I wish I were rich.
Je voudrais être allé avec lui—I wish I had gone with him.
Je voudrais que vous soyez allé avec lui. I wish you had gone with him.

But Note: Je doute que je puisse venir—I doubt if I can go.

Use the **Present subjunctive** when the action is to take place in the **Present** or **Future tenses,** and the **Past subjunctive** when the action has taken place in the **Past,** as:

Je suis content que vous veniez—I am glad that you are coming.
Je suis content que vous soyez venu—I am glad that you came.
Je regrette que vous n'écriviez pas à votre mère—I regret that you are not writing to you mother.
Je regrette que vous n'ayez pas écrit à votre mère—I regret that you did not write to your mother.

The grammar tells you to use the **imperfect subjunctive** after the **imperfect indicative,** the **conditional,** and the **past definite.** In ordinary conversation we use only the **Present Subjunctive.**

Je veux que vous alliez à New York—I want to go to New York.
Je voulais que vous allassiez à New York—I wanted you to go to New York.
Je voudrais que vous allassiez à New York—I would like you to go to New York.
Je voulus que vous allassiez à New York—I wanted you to go to New York.

Use the **present subjunctive** in all cases given above.

However, students who write their matriculation should use the **imperfect subjunctive.**

HOMEWORK.

Translate Into French.

I am surprised you did not speak to her yesterday when you met her at Eaton's.

Unless she is ill, she will certainly come.

In answer to your favor of the 3rd inst., I regret to inform you that my father will be unable to go to New York this month.

She is glad you are taking lessons.

He is pleased that you took French lessons (translate, lesson of French), when you were in Paris.

SUBSCRIBER'S COUPON.

I wish to take advantage of the privileges of the French Course. My subscription is already on file in your office.

Name.....

Address.....

NON-SUBSCRIBER'S COUPON.

I enclose $1.00 for one year's subscription to National Life. Please enter my name for the privileges of the French Course.

Name.....

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NOTE: By becoming a subscriber to "National Life" you entitle yourself to receive, free of charge, corrections by M. de Lestard, of French exercises. All exercises sent for correction to The Toronto School of Languages should be accompanied by coupon and stamped, self-addressed envelope. This is a rare opportunity for receiving personal instruction at a nominal fee.

MARIE MADELEINE DE BEAUREGARD (fin).

La famille de Beauregard donnait tous les ans un grand dîner où étaient invitées une quarantaine de personnes. Le nom du Capitaine Morris fut proposé par Madeleine mais sa mère s'opposa tout d'abord à inviter le jeune homme. "Aucun Catholique ne s'est jamais assis à la table d'un Beauregard, et je n'ai nul désir de rompre cette tradition de famille," dit-elle à sa fille. Cependant, Madame de Beauregard était, comme tant d'autres mères, faible et incapable de résister longtemps à ses filles. Le capitaine fut invité.

Le jour du dîner, Morris charma tout le monde par sa simplicité et sa bonne grâce; au salon il chanta avec expression plusieurs chansons alors à la mode et, quand il entama "L'Adieu" de Tolstoi, tous l'écoutèrent avec ravissement. Madeleine comprit que Morris était bien plus qu'un chérubin d'officier, bien plus qu'un enfant de choeur, comme elle l'avait méchamment appelé; elle comprit qu'il représentait une force, une conviction, une âme. Elle fut vaincue, elle avait trouvé son maitre.

Six mois après la soirée dont nous venons de parler, Madame de Beauregard mourut subitement d'une maladie de coeur. Sa famille la pleura sincèrement. Marguerite, d'une nature douce mais flegmatique, chez qui aucune impression ne laissait de trace profonde, oublia bientôt, mais Madeleine devait porter dans son coeur le deuil de sa mère bien des années.

Les femmes comme Madeleine Madeleine n'oublient jemais. Aucune douleur, accune joie profonde ne disparaissent completement de leur vie.

Le 6 juin 1920 Madeleine s'était rendue au cimetière pour prier sur la tombe de sa mère. Jamais une semaine ne s'était passée depuis le triste événement sans qu'elle vint s'agenouiller sur la tombe de celle qu'elle avait tendrement aimée. Elle laissait ses pensées la transporter au temps où elle était heureuse. Souvent, quand elle était ainsi plongée dans ses réveries, la pensée de Morris lui venait à l'esprit. Les deux seuls êtres qui avaient possédé son coeur se presentaient à elle avec netteté.

Pourquoi était-il Catholiqu? Avait-il raison dans ses convictionsè Seule, sa religion était un obstacle à leur union. Sa mère, toujours présente à son esprit était là pour lui défendre d'aimer.

Elle contemplait la photographie qui avait été placée sur la croix de pierre qui reposait sur la tombe; dans son coeur affligé, elle demandait conseil à sa mère, comme si elle avait pu l'entendre.

Le soleil allait se coucher à l'horizon et jetait une lueur rongeâtre sur les tombes où reposaient en paix tant de morts qui, eux aussi, avaient souffert cherchant la vérité. Elle se jeta à genoux entourant la croix de ses mains tremblantes et les yeux pleins de larmes, le coeur oppressé elle baisa avec amour la photographie de sa mère.

Quand elle se releva, elle vit, à sa grande surprise, Morris qui se tenait derrière elle, agenouillé sur la terre nue et priait. Il se releva, s'approcha d'elle et doucement lui dit. "Madeleine, parce que vous avez aimé, vous avez pleuré; parce que vous avez été une fille aimante, vous avez dans votre désespoir couvert de baisers la photographie de celle que vous aimiez. Pourquoi, nous, les Catholiques, qui adorons Dieu, ne nous prosternerions nous pas devant son autel? Pourquoi n'embrasserions nous pas l'image qui représente à nos yeux les traits de son divin fils? Pauvres humains que nous sommes, nous avons besoin de symboles pour représenter nos idées; peut-être un jour pourrons nous nous passer de ces symboles, mais pendant bien des siècles à venir ma religion offrira des consolations que votre religion ne peut offrir. Votre père me blame d'aller à confesse, il oublie que tout homme devrait avoir le courage d'avouer ses fautes, non seulement à un prêtre mais même à un ami. Ce n'est qu'après une confession sincère et complète de nos pêches que nous pouvons être pardonnés; alors seulement nos pêches sont oubliés, autrement ils restent avec nous, pour nous torturer et influencer notrè destin."

Morris sentit deux larmes tomber sur sa main. Au milieu de ces tombes où dormaient ceux qui avaient trouvé le repos et maintenant connaissaient la vérité, il déposa sur le front pur de Madeleine son premier baiser d'amour.

Une lueur du soleil couchant éclairait la photographie de Madame de Beauregard et Madeleine crut voir sur les lèvres de sa mère un sourire de contentement et d'approbation.

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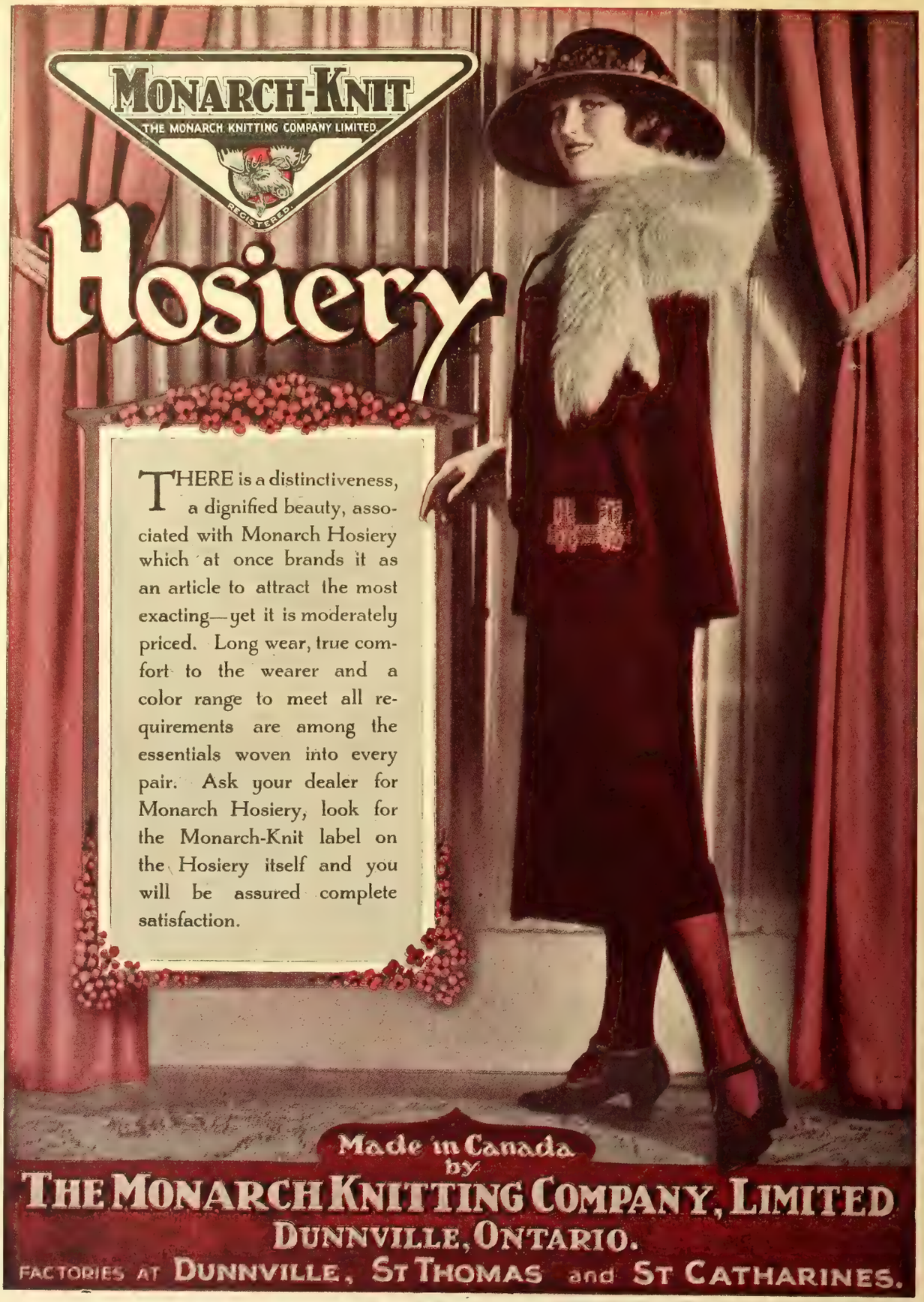
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NATIONAL LIFE OF CANADA

APRIL, 1924

THREE BAGS FULL
Laurence Prime

THE STONE WAS ROLLED AWAY
—Eva Blacklock.

KNITTING PAGE

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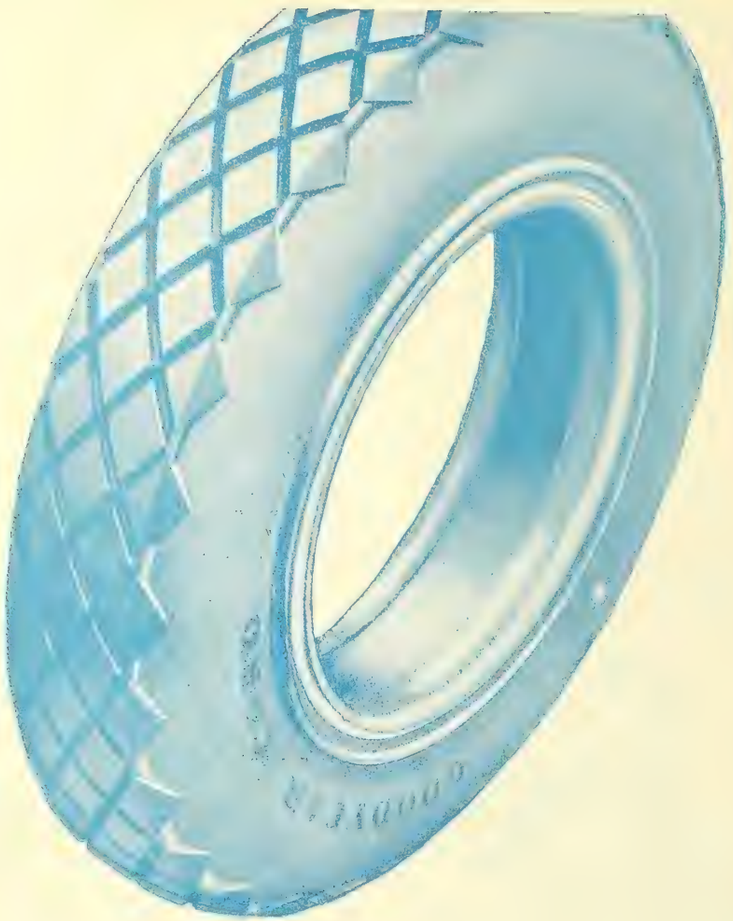

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Three Bags Full

By Laurence W. Prime

IT should have been a tense moment for Jimmie Griffiths, but it wasn't. He sat gazing calmly out of the Pullman-car window at the flying scenery. It wasn't very beautiful scenery, as the train was coming into the outskirts of the city, and dirty streets and smoke-blackened houses, which even the early morning sun could not beautify, were taking the place of the level, green fields.

Jimmie was hungry. He had had an excellent night's sleep. And as soon as the train arrived at its destination, he intended to have an excellent breakfast. The fact that he did not have sufficient money for even a very modest breakfast, did not seem to weigh very heavily on his young shoulders. And it worried him just about as much, that this was to be his last meal on earth. Whether they served refreshments in the next world, he did not know; but he intended to leave this one with a full stomach. What Jimmie was about to do, had been decreed by Fate. And what Fate decreed could not be avoided. It was best to obey the ladies' dictates as philosophically as possible. So Jimmie showed no more concern than if he had been going to the wedding of a distant relative.

But the man across the aisle from Jimmie evidently did not have the same outlook on life. He was nervous and fidgety: and despite his futile attempts to conceal the fact, was plainly labouring under the greatest excitement.

"Wonder what's the matter with him?" thought Jimmie. "He looks as though he'd like to get under the seat and hide."

The porter was coming down the aisle brushing the passengers after their journey and collecting their bags. The man made a nervous jump when the negro reached for his bag, as though to snatch it away from him, but evidently thinking better of it, subsided into his seat again.

"Perhaps he's an absconding bank-clerk," Jimmie smiled to himself. "If he is, he ought to learn to control himself."

The train was slowing down, and Jimmie followed the porter on to the back platform.

A Psychologist would have put Jimmie in the Alementive-Thoracic type. No matter what happened to him, he took it calmly and without worry. He had always been the same. At the gaming tables of Monte Carlo he had lost and won big sums without the least show of excitement, while his friends and opponents had gone into hysterics. And in the African jungle he had faced death without losing his nerve. In fact he looked at death as a mystery; and when one died the mystery was solved. He was a strong believer in Fate. It was Fate that had removed his grandfather, and left him a fortune at twenty. It was Fate that now, eight years later, he had spent every cent of his legacy and was penniless. Without money, he could not live. For to Jimmie, money or its equivalent was life. But he had no grudge against Fate. In fact he considered she had been very kind to him. He had had his fling and had paid for it, and that was all anybody could expect of Fate.

The train came to a jerky stop, and Jimmie taking the bag the porter handed him, passed through the station and out into the square. He was not in a strange city, as he had come back to be as near as possible to his home town. He had laid his plans carefully and he intended to carry them through.

First of all he was going to have breakfast. But to have breakfast, one must have money, and as he had given the porter his last twenty-five cents, he must get more. He had the means in his hand, so he walked across the square to a pawnbrokers and lifted his bag on to the counter.

"How much, Isaac?" he asked the Jew with a smile. There were very few people who could resist Jimmie's smile. But smiles or scowls were all the same to Isaac. Nevertheless, Jimmie's well dressed figure appealed to him. This was the kind of person he liked to do business with. They usually had something worth selling and accepted his price without haggling. So the Jew twisted his face into a resemblance of a smile.

"What half you got in zis?" he asked.

"A dress suit, six shirts, a dozen pairs of socks, a dozen collars," Jimmie answered, and "a suit—all wool."

"Umph! not mooch goot!" The Jew's greedy eyes were on the bag.

"Not much good!" exclaimed Jimmie. "The suit was made by the best London tailor!"

"Dat no difference makes. Not goot to me! I can't not sell 'em. Peoples comes to me vant cheap clothes. You vant to sell the bag, too?"

"Yes, everything!" answered Jimmie.

"Let me see clothes. Perhaps I gife you somethin' for dem. Yes!"

Jimmie pulled the bag towards him and undid the catch.

He was about to shove the open bag across to the Jew, when he suddenly jerked it back again and snapped it shut.

The Jew looked at him, puzzled. Jimmie's face was expressionless.

"I don't think I'll sell 'em just now," he decided; and picking up his bag walked leisurely out of the store.

He stopped a passing taxi and Jumped in.

"To the Ritz," he told the driver in a nonchalant voice.

What he had seen in the bag when he opened it to show the pawnbroker his clothes, would have thrown anybody else in a similar position completely off their poise. But to Jimmie it looked as though Fate had surely intervened again and had decided to be kind to him. For his glance into the bag had revealed —not his clothes, but money!

He had no idea of the amount, or from whence it had come. But he had seen enough to make him snap the bag shut before the Jew had caught a glimpse of its contents.

Arrived at the hotel, he permitted the bell-boy to take temporary charge of his bag, while he engaged the best suite of rooms the hotel afforded. One bell-boy carried his bag, while another led the way. When they reached the suite they fuddled around doing imaginary jobs.

But Jimmie had not the wherewithal to tip them, so he was forced to wait until they left him. Then he opened his bag to examine his find more closely.

His eyes had not deceived him. The bag was stuffed full of currency, piled neatly in bundles, each of which was held together by an elastic band. Jimmie reached into the bag and brought out a stack of five-hundred dollar bills. He pulled out another, not quite so thick, but worth twice as much. He dumped the bag on the floor and started to count. Besides the currency, there were bonds of high denomination, and all easily negotiable. For a minute he sat and wondered what had happened to him.

Visions of Fairy Tales of childhood came back to him. Alladin and his wonderful lamp. The Bottle Imp, who granted every wish, and other tales of magic. How could $80,000 have gotten into this bag?

Then he laughed. It was all simple enough without bringing magic into it. No, his clothes had not been turned into bank notes. The bag was not his, although very similar, and of a common make and style. It was all clear to him. As he had left the train, the porter had handed him the wrong bag.

"I'll bet this bag belonged to that nervous chap across the aisle." Jimmie laughed. "So I was right after all! He was an absconding bank clerk! Poor beggar, I pity him when he opens my bag and finds clothes instead of his ill-gotten gains."

Having, as he believed, solved the mystery, Jimmie remembered that he had not breakfasted; so after depositing his suddenly acquired wealth in one of the dresser-drawers, and locking it carefully, he sauntered down to the restaurant.

This unexpected turn of Fate had completely upset his plans. At that very moment, had he not come into possession of the bag, the police would have been pulling his body out of the river. Instead, here he was sitting in a luxurious hotel with every comfort at his command, spending another man's money. Not that this worried Jimmie in the least. Of course he felt sorry for the man; but what could he do? There wasn't a chance in a thousand of their ever meeting again, and he doubted if they would recognize each other if ever they should. Anyway, possession was nine points of the law, and he needed the cash.

He finished his breakfast and made his way back to his room. But it appeared as though Fate had not yet finished with him quite, for as he fumbled with the key in his door he felt a pair of soft arms encircle his neck, and a voice breathed in his ear, "Jimmie darling!"

Jimmie made no immediate effort to free himself. The girl's warm breath on his cheek brought back almost forgotten days. However, he at length recovered himself sufficiently to turn and look upon the girl who had made him captive.

"Jimmie!" she cried, with a half sob in her voice. "Don't say you have forgotten me."

"**Forgotten** you, Dudley! Of course I haven't!" Having held her at arm's length and made sure there was no mistake, he drew her closer to him and kissed her.

"Oh Jimmie," she cried, "I'm so excited! So many things have happened to me this morning that I don't know whether I am dreaming or not. I——"

"You always were rather excitable, Dudley dear," Jimmie broke in with a laugh. "But what are you doing here? Are you alone?"

"Yes, yes. I just arrived on the Santa Fee train this morning! But Jimmie, I've lost my bag and I don't know what to do!"

"Why I came in on the morning train, too." Jimmie said. "I "I thought you were working in a bank at home, Dudley."

She nodded. "I was, till yesterday. And then I left. I came away without even giving them notice. I was so tired of the old place. And I came on here; and now I just don't know what to do."

"How did you come to lose your bag?" Jimmie asked with just a trace of anxiety.

"I must have lost it getting off the train. I think the porter must have given me the wrong bag and handed mine to somebody else." And she burst into tears.

"Never mind, sweetheart." Jnmmie slipped his arm around her. "I've come into two lots of good fortune to-day. The first will look after the second, and as you are the second, I'll look after you. Better step into my parlor. It's rather public here."

Dudley immediately ensconced herself on the sofa, and Jimmie sat down beside her, and dried her tears. She let her head fall on his shoulder.

"Cheer up, dear," he spoke tenderly. "This is my lucky day. Things are coming my way thick and fast."

"Oh Jimmie," she murmured, "just think! I haven't seen you for six years. I was afraid I would never see you again to tell you how sorry I was about that quarrel we had when you went away. It was all my fault. And oh! I've been so lonely all these years."

As they sat side by side, Jimmie holding her little hand once more, all his old love for this girl came back to him. In fact it had never really left him. He had loved her from his earliest days. They had gone through school together, until she had gone to finishing school and he had gone to University. They had corresponded regularly during this time and had spent the summer holidays together. Then came the memorable quarrel. It had been only a lovers tiff, but it had been sufficient. It happened at the same time that Jimmie's grandfather died and left him his money. So at the moment when they should have made up; Jimmie packed his bag, disgusted, and went out to see the world.

He had heard of Dudley several times. Her father had met with business reverses and she had taken a position in a bank. He had thought at the time that she would not be able to stick that kind of life very long. She was too fond of pretty clothes and a good time; the rigid conventionality and regular hours would suffocate her. He had thought then of coming back and marrying her, but his funds had been low and he had put it off. But now he had both her money and the money. His old life had lost its appeal; and the best thing he could do would be to marry Dudley and bank the money. He put his thoughts into words.

"Come on Dud, let's go to the registry office now and we won't make any more mistakes."

"Oh Jimmie," she cried. "Really aud truly? All right! And we'll make up for all those lost years."

He laughed. "Really, Dud, you would think we were old and crippled. I'm only twenty-six, and you're not yet twenty-four. Not so very old as things go now-a-days."

"No, no, I know it isn't. But it seems such an age. Wait a minute now till I fix myself."

She wiggled out of his arms, and got up to go to the mirror. Then through the open door leading to the bedroom, for the first time she caught sight of the bag on the floor, and immediately sat down again.

"Jimmie," she cried pointing to it. "Whose bag is that? It looks exactly like the one I lost."

Jimmie's gaze followed hers, and his smile vanished. "Oh Lord!" he gasped inaudibly.

"Jimmie, it is my bag, isn't it? You said you were on the train this morning. Wouldn't it be funny if you had my bag, and I had yours?"

"I don't know," stammered Jimmie.

He was thinking it might not be so funny. Could this be the bag Dudley had seemed so excited about? If it was, then she had undoubtedly run away with the bank's money. She had said she had left the bank yesterday in a hurry, without explanation. But surely she couldn't . . . And yet . . .

Dudley was all excited.

"And the bag I got was full of man's clothes, too," she told the stupified Jimmie. "I'll run and get it, and you can see if they belong to you."

She returned in a minute with an exact duplicate of the bag on the floor and dumped out its contents. Jimmie recognized his clothes. He sat staring down at them. Then the bag which contained the money must belong to Dudley. He was penniless again.

His thoughts were interrupted by the girl who had brought the empty bag from the bedroom.

"But Jimmie, this bag is empty! It wasn't empty when you got it, was it?" she asked in a scared tone.

"No dear," he stammered, "I've got everything all right."

"Oh," she sighed relievedly. "As long as you have it, Jimmie, it's all right. I'm so glad a stranger didn't get it, because everything would have been lost."

She let her big grey eyes rest on his worried face.

"But Dudley," he said, "you surely know what was in the bag?"

"Of course I do, silly! I ought to, as it is my bag. But if you are going to take care of me, you'll have to take care of my belongings as well, and you might as well start now."

Jimmie was in a maze. Surely Dudley didn't expect him to live on the money she had taken such risks to procure. But of course she didn't know that he had no money if he lost possession of the bag. He would have to tell her that now.

"Dudley dear," he began, "things are changed now. My second good fortune has taken away the first, and it begins to look as though I lose the second too."

"But why, Jimmie?" she cried wonderingly. "I don't know what you are talking about, dear. Why should I take away your first good fortune? And I'm not going to leave you, after you saying you would take care of me. What is the matter?" And she burst into tears.

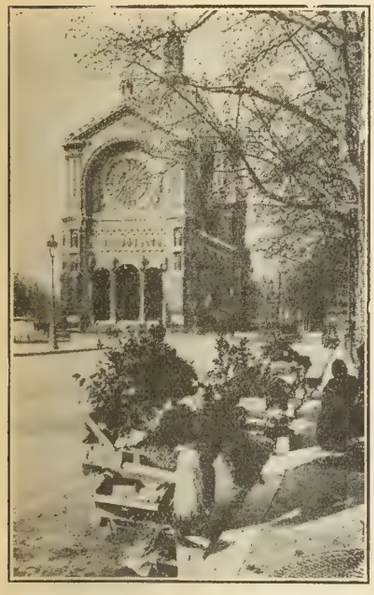
He drew her to him tenderly. "But Dudley," he groaned, "can't you see? Now that I have found

(*Continued on page 17*)

Leaves from a Paris Note Book

Memories of Pre-War

By Miss Montizambert



Spring in Paris

THE next date of importance to Parisians is the 1st of November, the "Toussaint," the day on which they go to pray for the souls of their dead, and "Le Jour des Morts," the day following, when they go to decorate their tombs. Even before the war, it was a day of poignant solemnity, and that, of course, is now intensified when France mourns, like Rachel, for so many of her children. In Paris, in addition to the large military cemeteries, there are English and American plots in most of the big God's acres. Lafayette is buried in the now closed Picpus cemetery and a pious pilgrimage is made there by the American societies every "Jour des Morts," while the English go to Pantin and Bagneux. The Canadian Commissioner decorates the graves of the Canadian soldiers buried at Versailles in the little hillside graveyard that once owed its beauty to the generous care of a young French girl, Mademoiselle Renée Lefevre.

But, though there is little beauty in the Paris cemeteries, the traveller is often drawn to see the restingplace of the mortal remains of famous people, so I add a list of where they may be found. The most important burial ground occupies the site of the gardens that used to belong to the confessor of Louis XIV, and still bears his name,—Pere Lachaise. It lies to the extreme east of the city and may be reached by Mètro to the station of the same name, by the tramway Opera-Montreuil from the Place de l'Opéra, or by the autobus P. from the Gare St. Lazare. Here may be found Bartholomé's great sculptured gateway "Aux Morts," and the graves of Marshal Ney, Racine, La Fontaine, Balzac, Moliere, de Musset, Chopin, Ingres, Rachel, Thiers, Corot, Daudet, Lefebvre, (the husband of Madame Sans-Gene), Rosa Bonheur, Georges Bizet, the composer of Carmen, Lesurques of the Lyons Mail fame. The tomb of Abelard and Héloise attracts many visitors, but it is not authentic.

The Montmartre cemetery I have always found more interesting than Pere Lachaise, but perhaps that comes from the impression made by Matthew Arnold's poem, long before I had ever seen "trim Montmartre." There may be found the graves of Heine the German Jew, who lived and died in Paris, and of Zola, Théophile Gautier, Renan, Dumas fils, and the de Goncourts.

In little Passy cemetery, that is now no longer used for burials, is the resting-place of Marie Bashkirtseff. The Montparnasse cemetery, with its principal entrance on the boulevard Edgar Quinet, reached by the Raspail Métro or by a few minutes' walk from the Gare Montparnasse, contains the graves of Pierre Larousse the editor, in whose most useful dictionary may be found the story of all the famous people buried in these cemeteries, of Gérard, Baudelaire, Leconte de Lisle, Guy de Maupassant, Sainte Beuve and César Franck.

Another noteworthy cemetery in Paris is of especial interest to Americans as the burial place of General de Lafayette, No. 35, due de Picpus (XII), and more than 1,340 victims of the French revolution are buried here.

Later on in November a sudden swarm of pretty midinettes emerges from the dressmakers in the Rue de la Paix and the Place Vendome, wearing on their mischievous heads all sorts of fantastic caps and bonnets, because on the 25th of the month, St. Catherine's Day, all the unmarried girls over twenty-five must "coiffer Sainte Catherine." I sometimes wonder if that pious lady, who was of Alexandria, not Siena, you remember, ever suspected that her refusal to marry the Roman Emperor ungallant enough to torture her for it, would be the "point de départ" for so much joking and merriment. The work-girls put on any sort of headgear that takes their fancy, but, if they really followed tradition, they would braid their hair in two plaits and cover it with a yellow bonnet trimmed with chrysanthemums and a pin for every year they are old maids. The flowers are worn in honour of the Saint by those who do not wish to follow her example.

These merry maids have their counterpart in the young men one sees sometimes, either piled seven or eight in a taxi, flying along the boulevards, or else rollicking arm-in-arm, singing songs and joking with the passers-by. Their hats, often ancient "toppers" borrowed for the occasion, are made more grotesque with broad tricoloured streamers, and they wear huge paper rosettes in their buttonholes. Bodley, apropos of Napoleon's undignified meeting with Marie Louise, says that her name was given to "an army of young conscripts torn from their homes to fight without training." The name still clings, and the boys in the youngest class of French infantry are still called "Marie Louise." In the last five war years their absurdities only made one's throat tighten, for these shambling lads were members of the recruit class notified in January of their enrolment in the French army or passed by a "Conseil de révision" at other times in the year. They were going to be moulded into the men who held Verdun, "Gauls unafraid of death," as Horace once called their like, and they were celebrating the fact in a sheepish though time-honoured fashion: "Morituri te salutant!"

The Stone Was Rolled Away

An Easter Story of the Measure of a Man's Mind—Where Love for a Woman was Concerned

AS usual Doctor Billy Saunders was late for church. No matter how he tried to be on time, there was some urgent call to make or some last minute ministry to bestow. This morning, just as he was ready to start, Mrs. Biggs telephoned that Jimmy was in need of immediate attention. Doctor Billy went, and found the boy covered with measles. When he left the house he lit a cigar and smoked vigorously as he drove home. Leaving the machine in front of his home, he walked to church through the crisp morning air. Crocuses and tulips pushed bravely through the earth's crust and defied the chill that winter had left. Lawns were dotted with patches of snow as a mark of yesterday's out of season flurry. The air bore a sting that brought a colour to the young doctor's cheeks but failed to dispel the lines that all day had settled on his smooth cheery face.

Of course he was late. Singing greeted him nearly half a block away. Inside the vestibule he paused. The congregation was excelling itself. Joyously, buoyantly, the words reached him—"Christ is risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept. . . ."

Very quietly he entered the church and again he paused. Never before had St. John's blossomed forth as on this Easter morn.

"For as in Adam all die; even so in Christ shall all be made alive."

The significance of the chant struck him forcibly. Life—new life. . . . It was revealed from the chancel, bowered in palms and ferns, hyacinths and lilies. Lilies—of course there would be lilies on Easter. What else could they mean but life—perfect, pure, born of a seemingly useless bulb! The lines on his face deepened and he took a chair in the corner—the congregation was very large this morning.

Life—**new** life—why not? Yesterday Mildred had sent him from her for good. He had failed to heal. He was discharged. It was the first time in his practise that had happened. He had drawn on the best of his skill. Unknown to Mildred, he had consulted two of the greatest specialists and many a long night had he spent in study while others took their rest. But he had failed, and yet he had his own theory as to why Mildred did not walk. Perhaps that was her reason for sending him from her.

To have failed brought no pleasant thoughts. Worse still he had learned to love his patient. Ever since the accident when he had been called, he had watched her progress with something more than professional interest. That was two months ago. It seemed like a year. At first her recovery was slow. Day after day he watched and treated. Then came the time when she could sit up, and with each visit he made he knew he paid for it with his own heart's anguish. But because he knew she was proud he would not tell her until she was well and therefore free.

Free! She was free of him now. And still he believed she could take the first step **if only she believed it.**

Mechanicaly he followed the service. It was the same as it had been every other Easter, with the same psalms and hymns, prayers and readings. Yet to him it seemed different. Yesterday he had been plunged into the depths of Good Friday. To-day there sprang forth the promise of renewed life. He tried to reconcile them. It was just as true to-day as it was yesterday that he had failed to convince Mildred that she could walk if she would make one real effort . . . that it was now nothing more than fear, borne of her illness, that hindered her. It was just as true that she had sent him from her—for good. It was quite as real that he had heard a little sob when he had quietly closed the door behind him. And yet . . . hope breathed through the flowers and their delicious perfume. It sang itself through the music. It emanated from the worshipping throng, and it caught and held him.

"The stone was rolled away."

So the minister announced his text. There was nothing unusual about it for an Easter sermon. Billy didn't try to concentrate; his thoughts were all on his own problems. How he longed to roll away the stone separating him from happiness.

Suddenly he was arrested in his musings by a startling statement.

"There is no such thing as a mistake; no such thing as lost opportunities; there is no such thing as the past—there is just life and more and more life. Every thing is the Eternal **now,** and every hour behind us on the path was that this hour might be, and yesterday's experiences were life's methods to drive us into higher things."

It sounded strangely like new thought and he gave his full attention to the rest of the address.

It was not altogether a new thought to Billy Saunders that one could realize one's fondest desires if earnest enough to put oneself in the right attitude and to concentrate on the fulfilment of the laws of Desire. Life says, "I have set before thee an open door no man can shut." Mary met her Lord because of the intensity of the desire of her heart.

Hadn't he desired enough—a perfectly legitimate desire. Billy believed he had done all in his power for Mildred. Everything—yet no—here was something else . . . self-conscious power **linked with God**—consciousness . . consecrated personality, whereby he could go out and knock at the door of men's hearts and be admitted.

Doubtless much of it passed over the heads of ninety per cent. of those who listened. But Billy was in a particularly receptive state of mind and the great assembly in their bright spring attire, the heavy odour of hyacinths and the calmness of the lilies—all formed an opposite setting for an exaltation of soul such as Billy now experienced.

The stone of doubt was rolled away. At the close of the sermon he slipped out. He wanted to be alone—to think out this new thought scheme—for more and more clearly the sense of power possessed him. He went directly to his room. There was his haven, his thought gone.

A knock at his door failed to arouse him. Mrs. Weir pushed it open and stood before him.

"Dinner is ready, Doctor Saunders."

The doctor started, "Dinner? Oh yes . . . I don't wish for any."

The housekeeper looked grave, "But you'll be ill if you don't eat. And I've got chicken for you."

Even chicken wasn't tempting. Billy stood up and smiled at his housekeeper.

"Bless your heart—I'm as strong as a lion."

"Even lions eat."

He laid a hand on the woman's shoulder.

"Righto Mother," he said. "But just at present, don't disturb me."

Mrs. Weir went down stairs with a sigh, murmuring, "Something's troubling the lad. It isn't like him to say 'wait' to dinner—and the chicken and everything all ready too—browned just as he likes it."

Billy resumed his seat. The interruption discomposed him for a few minutes.

"Bother dinner," he said. "This kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting."

"All right Mrs. Weir," he called through the kitchen door one hour later. "How's that chicken acomin'?"

The housekeeper looked up quickly at the boyish figure. An expression of conquest was on his face. Spiritual power seemed to surround him, and she forgot her grievance over the delay in her household arrangements.

Billy ate very little and went out immediately afterwards. At the door he turned back.

"Mrs. Weir, I shall probably have a visitor for supper—a lady. I want you to preside—so look your prettiest."

The old lady's face flushed. The idea—his asking **her** to look her prettiest. And what would it matter? A lady! So was that his trouble now?

In a poorly furnished bed-sitting room, Mildred Day sat in the old Morris chair which her boarding-house lady had donated from her parlor, and had fitted with wheel castors. On her knee lay an open book, face down. It had lain there for half an hour for Mildred could concentrate her thoughts on one thing only—Doctor Saunders was gone. To-day—the first in two months—must pass without his cheery face; and to-morrow, and the next day and so on . . . she had sent him from her. A feeling of utter loneliness had her in its thrall—and of terrible helplessness.

He had told her that she could walk if she made the effort—that he had done all from a medical point of service . . . that it only lacked the application of will to bring certain cords into action. He had even stood in the doorway and commanded her to come to him. She could see him now . . . masterfully trying to force his will on her. And when she had pleaded inability he had yielded repentantly, almost tenderly.

Perhaps he was right. But she had tried, alone. If only he would come back she would make a greater effort with his assistance. How extremely helpless she was now. Something big—something very precious had suddenly gone out. It was she who had driven it away—this delightful influence that had transformed her life. And she had been cruel—leading him to think it was because he had failed.

"Oh Doctor Billy—I didn't mean it—you've been so good. . . . I shall miss you so. But I couldn't bear it—for you to keep coming—looking as if you cared. If only I were well."

Mildred covered her eyes with her hands in an effort to crush

(*Continued on page 15*)

My Favorite Books

Our readers are invited to send to the Editor of "National Life" short articles (not exceeding 500 words) on the subject, "My Favorite Books." Such articles will form an instructive and interesting guide to other readers in search of good literature.

Each month, for the best article submitted, we will give book prizes of the best current fiction. Competitors are requested to submit manuscript before the fifteenth of the month.

MY favourite books are few. By favourite I mean those books which I am able to read again, after perhaps an interval of years, with as much interest and in which I usually find something I had not noticed before.

I am glad that Ruskin's short essays are being appreciated once more and this time, not for the simplicity of the words, but for the beauty of the thought, for he realized, like Milton, that we are not gods and godesses but just human beings.

The reading of his "Sesame and Lilies," and "Ethics of the Dust" bring out yet more clearly his kind thoughts for our perfection.

These Historical Tales are favourites, Abbott's "Alexander the Great," "Lord Lytton's "Harold," and the "Last Days of Pompeii," J. Von Scheffel's "Ekkehard," Harrison Ainsworth's "Old St. Paul's," Chas. Desly's "The Last of the Paladins," Scott's "Ivanhoe," also "The Czar" and "Robin Hood," and various histories too.

Though I may not understand poetry, yet Longfellow's "Hiawatha" and Southey's "The Curse of Kehama" are so simple that they are favourites, as also are Lord Byron's "Mysteries," "Cain," "Heaven and Earth," Ibsen's plays, "The Master Builder," "Ghosts," "Pillars of Society," and Maeterlinck's "Pellas and Melisande."

And in fiction Stewart Edward White's "Waterman," depicting the life and manners of the Logger. Marie Corelli's "A Romance of Two Worlds," and "The Master Christian," as well as those books especially written for boys. Chas. Kingsley's "Westward Ho," A. T. Quiller Couch's "The Splendid Spur," Fennimore Cooper's "The Last of the Mohicans," Robert Louis Stevenson's "Treasure Island."

Of the few biographies I have read, there are two favourites, read for pleasure, and also for information, "The Life of Gladstone," by G. W. E. Russell, and that of Alexander Hamilton called "The Conqueror," by Gertrude Franklin Atherton.

And last of all my Dictionary, for lightening on a chance word will often carry one in thought a thousand miles away, or a thousand years back, for the object in reading is not only for amusement, but to set one thinking.

Of sad stories there are none; life is too full of sadness to keep sad stories; and to read many such books would tend to make one morbid. That the reading of History is a great aid in solving the problems of the day has proved correct both in the Suffragette Movement and that of Education, for there is a true though trite saying that "History repeats itself."

Mrs. S. L. Bonner,
Box 14,
Cobble Hill, B.C.

Dear Editor:—

Perhaps you will spare a column in your page for the views of a girl of fourteen. It may be that I might induce another girl to read more, and not consider juvenile books silly, nor better literature dry and uninteresting. I am sure should she read the books I mention she will open a treasure trove of delightful and instructive reading.

First in my estimation are the books of L. M. Montgomery, "Anne of Green Gables," and her delightful new book, "Emily of New Moon." Then who has not read "Pollyanna," Kate Douglas Wiggins' delightful character, "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," and her "New Chronicles of Rebecca" is very interesting. Louisa M. Alcott's delightful series of "Little Women" is as lovely a set as can be found. Also "Penrod," "Huckle-berry Finn" and "Tom Sawyer" are enjoyable even to a girl.

For better literature no one can call "The Black Arrow," by Louis Stevenson, dry. Scott's "Ivanhoe," Rudyard Kipling's "Light that Failed," and Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" are the very essence of lively romance.

Most people consider poetry dull, but should they read the poems of Rudyard Kipling or Pauline Johnson, they would almost be induced to memorize them. The Habitant and Isabel Ecclestone Mackay's poetry is also very interesting.

Hoping you will see fit to print my "Favourite Books," I am,

Yours sincerely,
Isabel Jordan,
1369 Lansdowne Ave.,
Toronto.

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and

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Copies of the Regulations issued by the Department of Education may be obtained from the Deputy Minister of Education, Toronto.

Toronto, 1st April, 1924.

Bluenoses in Venice

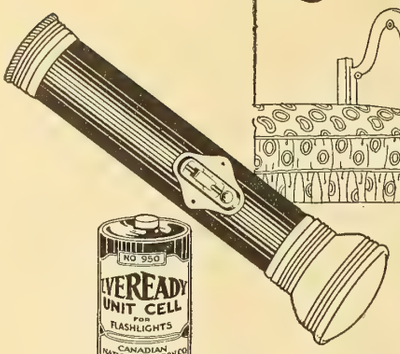
Continued from March Issue

THE walls of the Assembly Rooms are entirely cover with frescoes in all the richness of colour characteristic of the Venetian school. Here we found the work of Titian, Tintoretto and Veronese. We had grown familiar with the paintings of Titian in the Pitti and Uffizi galleries in Florence, but no where else is the work of Veronese and Tintoretto studied to better advantage than in Venice. It is here, and here only, that one views that gigantic materpiece (in oils) of the world. Paridise, by Tintoretto. It is a huge canvass, seventy-two feet long by thirty-two feet wide, covering an entire wall, and is crowded with a bewildering multitude of figures, somewhat after the style of Michael Angelo's Last Judgment in the Sistine Chapel in Rome, only better preserved. There was a wonderful ceiling painting called Industry by Veronesse in one of the rooms. It depicted a beautiful Venetian woman, of the aristocratic type, meditatively watching the efforts of a huge spider to weave a web in the corner. It was so realistic in its details, that, as we stood and gazed up at it, my companion turning to me said, "Do you think the spider will drop?" There were a number of other wonderful paintings which one needs really to see to appreciate, which I will not describe here. Leaving the Assembly Rooms we lingered for a little in the three Inquisitors' Room of the Republic. On the entrance wall was an opening, previously adorned with a lion's head in marble into which (Boca de Lion) any one having a grudge against another or wishing for the downfall of one in authority, dropped a secret notice. It was talked over by the Inquisitors and in nine cases out of ten, sounded the death knell of the one mentioned. Proceeding on our way, we left the Archiological Museum, which at one time was the private apartments of the doges, but is used now to house a collection of trophies collected by the Venetians in their victorious campaigns, to a class of students and their instructors. It was but a short walk to the Bridge of Sighs which connects the palace with the criminal prison. We crossed the bridge (saving our sighs for the return passage, so glad to be away from the gruesome place), and groping our way down a moldering flight of slimy stone steps we came to the dungeons. The cells are dark, green with dampness and stifling for lack of fresh air. Iron gratings, through which badly prepared food was passed to enhance the misery of the prisoners, are placed before each cell. Our guide pointed out to us, the one in which Bryon, not as a prisoner, was confined for three days, in order that he might more fully realize the life and gain inspiration for his writing. Rounding a corner, we came upon the ruins of an old guillotine, where, after excruciating torture, the victim was put to death. Near by, was a narrow opening through which the body was removed during the night, placed in a gondola, rowed out to a distant spot, weighted with stones and cast into the sea. Do you wonder that we were glad to leave this gloomy spot, get into a gondola and join the flotilla of boats, wending their way towards the Venetian market. If you want to get in touch with the real Venetian life, do not fail to visit the market, which is held every morning on the large quay near the Rialto Bridge. Here you may mingle with, and see all kinds of humanity. There a veritable Peter selling and bargaining for the silver fish. Over there, a Judas making a low bow to a fat monk, who holds up his brown skirt, exposing bare legs, as he steps into a gondola—waiting by the bridge—and glides away. A beautiful girl, carrying her head nobly above the others, and looking straight ahead of her, passes by. We turned with many others to watch her winding her way, in and out, among the surging crowd. You meet women, with sort of a turban arrangement wound around their heads, carrying plump babies on their shoulders, with those wonderful dusky eyes typical of the Italians. One corner is given up to glorious pumpkins. Tomatoes and limes are artistically arranged in the stalls. Oranges and lemons in tall wicker baskets and heaps and heaps of watermelons, piled high on the quay, lend their quota of colour to an already colourful scene. The fish stalls, perhaps, are the prettiest of all, with their silver fish tied up in green leaves and golden yellow fish—varieties unknown to us of colder climes—vying with the glitter of the jewelry shops so abundant here, yet not surpassing the beautiful gold and silver of the fish. The edge of the famous Rialto Bridge is fringed with black gondolas, crowded together, laden with fruit and vegetables, that have come from the islands to provision Venice. Their hulls are piled high in mountains of colour, with gourds, melons, ripe tomatoes and baskets of lucious peaches. The gondoliers chatter like birds in their Venetian idiom, while waiting their turn to unload their products. As a pleasant contrast to this, on the steps of the bridge, loitering before the jewellry shops, are girls from the different quarters of Venice and every corner of the town, come to buy and deck themselves out in the gaily coloured handkerchiefs, jewellry of delicately worked gold, and bright glass beads, of which the Venetian women (and Canadian also I think), are so fond. In contrast with them, wrapped in old grey shawls which disclose only their wrinkled profiles and silver locks, are the old women of the Rialto, shuffling along and dragging their slippers up the steps, hiding under the folds of their aprons the strange purchases they have made.

We enjoyed a morning in the Museum of Fine Arts. Nearly all the paintings in the gallery are by masters of the Venetian school. Titan, Tintoretto, Bellini, Veronese, to say nothing of lesser artists. Many of the canvasses are very large and a revel of colour.

Many are the trips one may make around Venice in a gondola or small motor launch provided by Cook, the tourists' friend. If you are interested in lace and lace making—and what woman is not—and the manufacture of glass, the beautiful products of which Venice displaye so alluringly in the show rooms on the Piazza of St. Mark's, visit by all means the neighbouring islands of Murano, Burano and Torcello, all of which may be accomplished in one day. We, one fine morning, selected the gallant little motor launch, awaiting passengers at the Riva degli Scheavori. Chugging out of the canal, a little more than a mile from the city, we made our first stop, chugging up to a portentous looking dark red brick wall, the only break in its outline, being a small white mausoleum, guarding an entrance. This wall encircles Sam Miceele, the city of the dead of Venice. Debarking we passed through the central chapel, in which reposed, for a time, the body of Browning, before it was taken to its final resting place in Westminster Abbey, and walked through the cloister to the burial ground beyond. No mounds were discernable. It

(*Continued on page 17*)



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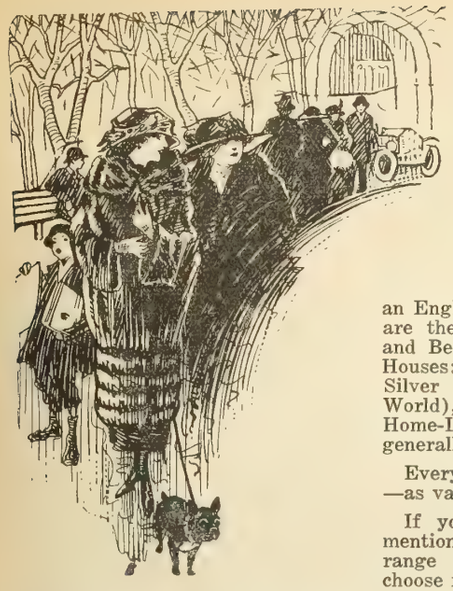

Good Garments

Our Service and Pattern Department

WHEN Spring beckons with a call for new garments, you will find our fashion service useful and economical. Real patterns, at reasonable prices.

We are—so far as we know—the only Canadian magazine that carries an English pattern service. Not only are they made by one of the Best and Best Known of English Pattern Houses:—Weldon's, Ltd.:—(Gold and Silver Medalists in the Pattern World), but they are a link with the Home-Land, and a change from those generally sold over Canadian counters.

Every month we will offer you four —as varied as possible.

If you cannot obtain the fabrics mentioned, or you are beyond the range of the big shops, may we choose for you?

Just write to "Kathleen" say how much you want to spend, the colour you desire, etc., etc. She will advise, with samples and prices, and buy for you if you wish it.

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(To "mak' siccer" clip picture and enclose!)

Size of bust and waist.

All orders should be accompanied by 10 cts. in stamps, or coins in coin carriers. **This includes postage of the pattern to you.**

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Not all fashionable suits follow the mannish example in being devoid of trimming. Here is one with graceful lines suitable for the mademoiselle of slender lines.

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Her charmingly simple dress of clinging velvet of which there are so many beautiful shades, well becomes this bobbed hair debutante. Gold or silver might be used for the bouquets at either side.

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SYBIL

What a lucky small dog to be walking abroad with the possessor of such a coat. This is a wonderfully easy pattern to follow in any of the charming materials of soft broad cloths or coating flannels. The touch of embroidery on hem, neck and cuffs is the very latest.

TO SUBSCRIBERS, the price of patterns is 10 cents each—quote your subscription number.

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But every new subscription sent direct to this address (or renewal sent in the same way) entitles you to one Free Pattern, if you mention the one you want, at the same time you enclose your subscription fee of One Dollar.

A Page of Knitting Suggestions

BABIES' 2-PIECE SUIT.

Monarch Down
7 Balls White
1 Ball Lemon
1 Pair No. 7 and No. 8 Needles

PANTEES.

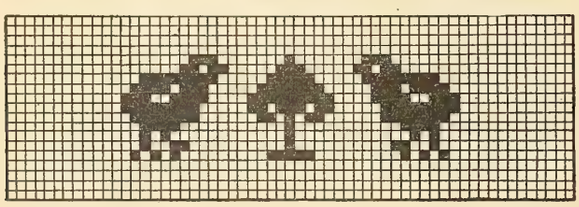
On No. 8 needles cast on 88 sts. Knit 2, purl 2, ribbed knitting for 2 rows. 3rd row—Slip 1, * wool over needle, knit 2 sts. together, repeat from * across row ending with knit 1 st. 4th row—Knit plain. Knit 2, purl 2, ribbed knitting for 2 inches. Knit 34 ridges. Now on centre 24 sts. knit 10 ridges. Then increase 1 st. on 4th st. from each end of these centre 24 sts. every ridge 8 times. Then knit 6 ridges. Then knit 2 sts. together at each end of needle every ridge until all sts. are worked off. **Pantee Leg**—Starting at 8th ridge in centre of work, pick up and knit 1 st. in each of 8 ridges. Knit across 32 sts. on needle. Knit 2, purl 2, ribbed knitting for 12 rows. Cast off. Repeat same on other leg. Now sew up each side of gusset as illustration. Crochet a chain with double wool. Run in holes of waist.

JUMPER.

Back—On No. 7 needles cast on 59 sts., knit 6 ridges. Then knit 1 row, purl 1 row, but keep 3 sts, knit plain each end needle, on every purl row. Continue to knit 1 row, purl 1 row, but knit design according to chart in centre of work, using Lemon wool. When the design is completed purl 1 row, then continue in ridges until work measures 8½ inches from beginning. Then cast on 10 sts. each end of needle every row 3 times each end. Continue to knit until work measures 3½ inches from under-arm. On following row cast off 14 sts. in centre for neck. On one side now knit front—Knit 2 ridges for shoulder. Then increase 1 st. in 6th st. from neck end every ridge 10 times. Continue to knit until work measures 3½ inches from shoulder, then cast off sleeve same as cast on. Break wool. Repeat same for other front. Then put all stitches on one needle, knit same as back, only having 15 sts. each end of design instead of 12 when you start. Knit to foot of Jumper. Cast off.

Cuffs—With right side of work towards you, No. 8 needles, pick up and knit 1 st. in each ridge across sleeve. Knit 2, purl 2, ribbed knitting 2 inches. Cast off.

Sew up seams neatly.



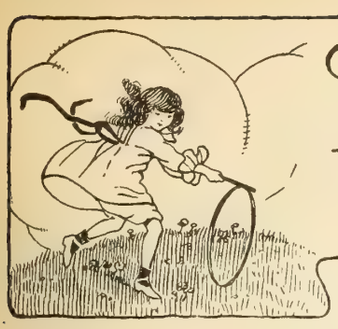
The little tree and chicken ornaments shown above are simple, easy to make, yet especially attractive.

LADY'S SLEEVELESS GOLF COAT.

Size 36 to 38—Monarch Dove
6 Balls Camel
3 Balls Tobacco
1 Pair No. 7 and No. 9 Needles.

Back.—With Camel wool, cast on 90 sts. Knit plain in ridges till work measures 18 inches. Then cast off 4 sts. at beginning of next two needles for under-arm. Then knit 2 sts. together each end of needle every other row three times. On following row cast off 20 sts. in centre for neck. On one side now knit front. From now on fronts are knit in stocking stitch (knit 1 row, purl 1 row), and follow design according to chart. Knit 6 rows for shoulder. Then increase 1 st. at neck end every other row 24 times, and when coming to under-arm, increase same as decreased. Then cast on 4 sts. at under-arm. Knit to within 5 inches from foot of coat. Then start pocket. Starting from front edge, knit 40 sts., turn, knit back and forth on 24 sts. for 3½ inches to form inside pocket. Cast off. Now attach wool to where the 16 sts. were left on needle. Cast on 24 sts. and finish knitting the row. Knit in pattern as usual to foot of coat, but finish with knit 8 ridges in Brown. Cast off.

(*Directions continued on page* 19 *with diagram*).



The Children's Section

Boys and Girls Come Out to Play

Young Authors' Page

ATTENTION—ALL READERS

My dear Boys and Girls:—

When the Editor invited you to send in stories for publication on this page, one important thing was forgotten, and that was to tell you we want original stories, that is stories really written by boys and girls themselves, made up out of their own brains, and **not** copied.

I am afraid on looking over some of our pages that at least one or two little readers gained a prize for a story that was not original. This must not occur again, so to-day I am printing some **rules** which I want you all to read.

Minnie Boys story which was sent in last month appears below. Will Minnie, please write me a letter and say whether her story was written according to the rules?

THREE LOYAL FRIENDS.

"WHERE is Marjorie Turner?" asked Miss Spencer, the teacher, of Helen Ramsey.

"I do not know, Miss Spencer," replied Helen, "I haven't seen her for two or three days."

That evening, Helen being Marjorie's best friend, she decided to go to Marjorie's house to see what delayed her from school.

Next morning while walking to school with two of her chums, Helen said, "Girls, do you know what is keeping Marjorie from school?"

The girls answered, "No."

"Well, I was there last night and Marjorie said her mother makes a living by sewing in her spare time for other people; but now she is sick and they have nothing to eat. I suppose you know that her father was killed in the war and now that her mother is sick, there is no one else to help them."

The girls were silent for a minute, when Helen exclaimed, "Oh, girls, I have an idea." "What is it?" asked the girls.

"Let's have a concert and we will ask some other boys and girls to help us out; we will make some candy and sell it.

We will charge fifteen cents for boys and girls under thirteen, and twenty-five cents for over thirteen. We will have it for three nights; but meanwhile let us get them something to eat."

The first night of the concert was not much of a success.

Next day, Helen went to the Principal of the school and told him about the Turners. She asked him if she could go to the rooms and ask the boys and girls to help her out. The Principal was so pleased with the ten-year-old girl's idea, that he went himself. Most of the children said they would come; so the next two nights they received enough money to get the Turners back to Pittsburg where Mrs. Turner had many old friends.

Two months later, the Turners wrote a letter to Three Loyal Friends and told them that an old rich uncle of theirs had died and left them all his money, and for all this they were very thankful to their Three Loyal Friends. They have also invited them to come for their summer vacation.

—By Minnie Bay, aged 11 years.

ROSALIND AND THE FAIRIES.

ROSALIND was very excited. Her mother had said that she could camp out for a week in the woods. On Monday she put up her tent and put a camp bed in it and a table and a chair.

At last night came and she went to bed and soon fell asleep.

About twelve o'clock she awoke and heard little voices and some sweet music going on.

She got out of bed and peeped out of the tent and saw a lot of fairies dressed in silk dresses with gold on them.

Rosalind gave a little cry of amazement and all the fairies disappeared. She looked to see if there were any and she saw one hiding behind a bush. On seeing Rosalind the fairy asked her to come and see the Fairy Queen. When Rosalind saw the Queen she thought she had never seen anyone so beautiful before. She was just going to speak to her when she awoke and found it was a dream.

—Dorothy V. Atter (aged 10), Pine Lake, Alberta, Canada.

PRIZES FOR YOUNG WRITERS.

To all boys and girls under 14 years of age who send in the best story for publication on this page, the Editor offers prizes consisting of a wide variety of interesting children's books.

Stories sent in by young authors must not exceed 500 words, and should be addressed to

The Editor,
Children's Section,
National Life of Canada Magazine,
208 King Street West,
Toronto, Ont.

RULES.

Stories must be written on one side of the paper only.

Good writing will be taken into consideration.

BUT—above everything each story must be the **original work of the writer,** which means that no boy or girl may win a prize for a story that has been copied from a book, or a story they have heard. It must be a story made up, or it may be a true story of some one you know, a friend or a pet, but it must be your own unaided work.

Stories must be signed by Parent or Teacher like this:

"The above story is the unaided work of John Bailey."

(Signed) Mrs. E. Bailey.

STORIES RECEIVED.

Claude S. Cain, 13 years, 124 Pine Street E., Brockville, Ont.

Margaret C. Scott, 11 years, 19 Avenue Road, Toronto.

Ruth Thorndyke, 11 years, Millbrook, Ont.

Davidson Dunton, 11 years, 51 Trafalgar Avenue, Montreal, P.Q.

Veronica Osborne, 13 years, Eldersley, Sask.

Mary I. Rea, no age given, Watson, Sask.

Dorothy V. Attar, 10 years, Pine Lake, Alberta.

Sidney Butterfill, 8 years, 40 Brownville Avenue, Mount Dennis, Ont.

Annie Proudfoot, 13 years, Scotsburn Station, Picton Co., N.S.

Florence White, 11 years, 2 Prince Edward Avenue, Valois, P.Q.

Darrel Gomery, 7½ years, Vancouver, B.C.

Leta Bovington, 8 years, Soo Ste. Marie, Ont.

Elsie Power, 12 years, 73 Orchard Street, Brockville, Ont.

Will every boy and girl mentioned above, please write, or get mother to write and say whether the story sent in is **original** and written according to the **Rules.**

Prizes will only be awarded after these letters come in, so hurry up and write.

A TRUE STORY.

I AM going to tell you about my dear little niece. She is a dear little girl eight years old—her mother died when she was three days old. I call her my sister, because we have been raised together every day. Although I am ahead in school I am not ahead in size—we go to Sunday School together wherever one goes we both go—we wear the same dress and coats and hats, our shoes are alike and even the laces. We ask each other our spellings each night.

My little niece is so strong and fat what I can't do I just call on her to help me with—we are fond of each other and hope we grow up and always be near each other.

I don't know whether I have written the right kind of story or not, but it is true.

I am eight years old and my name is Leta Bovingdon, Soo Ste. Marie, Ontario, 359 Third Avenue.

I hope I will have a better story next time.

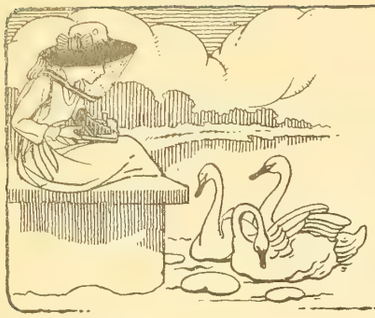
Please can my little sister write a story next month?

COMPANIONSHIP.

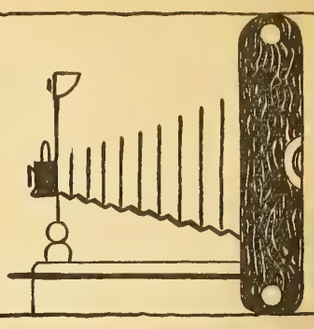
My little world is wrapt in sleep.
The waking wind
Around my window, tries to creep
Beneath the blind.

The maple trees against the wall
Flutter their boughs,
Like ghostly lovers, one and all
Murmuring vows.

The stillness seems a little drear—
The maples mock!
Then friendly in the night, I hear
My ticking clock.



Camera Club



Competition for Amateurs

DURING the past month we have received a flood of prints of such poor quality that it is well nigh impossible to take them apart by criticism.

We are very anxious indeed to help the amateur but some of the prints submitted are really too rank for consideration and in the circumstances we ask that the following points be kept in mind:—

1. There must be no hazy light or dark marks on the prints and they must be without stains, printed in black or toned sepia.

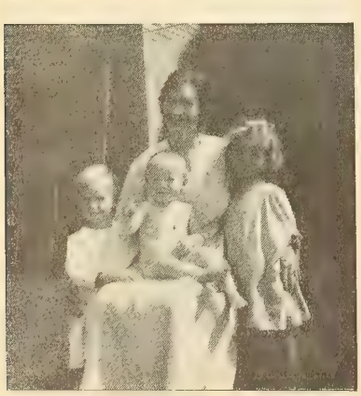
2. Prints which are of no particular interest either because they represent uninteresting places or have no pictorial excellence are not accepted for criticism or eligible for competition.

The first prize this month is awarded to E. J. Moir, Toronto, for the Family Group (No. 1).

Regarding this picture the examiner remarks:—

"A pleasant little group—all happy and the children posing nicely—lighting from behind nicely managed although the tips of light on the roses might have been dispensed with. Exposure and technique everything that could be desired."

The second prize goes to Miss Willis, of Vancouver, for the picture "Beside a Highland Burn" (No. 2), which the examiner describes as: "A nicely selected composition with the figure at the right point. Notice how the line of the tree trunk and that on the surface of the pool lead the eye to the point of principal interest, i.e., the figure. The rock well balances these."



The Family Group

The third picture, "The Road," called by the examiner "a nice little picture." He further remarks, "a little flat through overexposure—could be brightened by printing on a harder paper.

Of the four pictures sent in by Miss Ruth Bigwood, of Fairbank, Ont., the examiner has the following comments to offer:—

The Road

"These are all indifferently developed and printed. Not one of them is perfect technically. Two at least of the views show that you realize possibilities and will some day be fortunate in getting a real picture. Both are underexposed."

Of the three pictures sent in by Mrs. Forbes, of Nova Scotia, the examiner remarks that he can find no pictorial value although the subjects might have been handled in a manner which would have resulted in excellent pictures.

We hope to enlarge this camera page in the near future, and also increase the prize offerings, as we find the interest of the amateur in this section is increasing every month.

Competition and Offer of Free Service to Amateurs.

For the first prize we will give an enlargement 11x14 of the winning photograph, but in case the negative should prove unsuitable for enlargement we will give instead a cash prize of $3.00.

The second prize will be $2.00 and the third prize $1.00.

The winning photographs will be reproduced on this page each month, and in order to make the competition both interesting and instructive we would ask competitors to kindly state:—

The name of camera used.
Make of plate or film.
Time of day taken.
Stop used.
Exposure given.
Make of paper, (if known).

Competitors will also kindly observe the following rules:

Name and address of sender should be written in soft pencil on back of each print submitted for competition or criticism.

Photographs must of course be taken by the sender.

Prints sent in must not exceed 5x7.

While every care will be taken of prints sent in we cannot assume responsibility for lost or damaged prints.

Beside a Highland Burn

For obvious reasons we cannot undertake to return prints unless they are accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes.

A coupon from the current issue of the magazine (which will be found at the foot of this page) must accompany all prints sent in for competition or criticism.

Pictures will be judged on their pictoral value and not for mere sharpness, crispness or definition, although of course, technique will be taken into consideration.

Acknowledgment of the photographer will be given all prints reproduced and as there may be cases in which the prints submitted, while not being prize winners, are interesting enough for reproduction, we reserve the right to reproduce such without fee.

When sending photographs through the mails it is advisable to place them between sheets of stout cardboard to protect them from possible damage.

This is the coupon which must accompany all prints sent in.

National Life Camera Competition.

Enclosed please find (No.)

.....photographs for

COMPETITION
CRITICISM.

Greetings to Our New Citizens

A Page for All New Comers to Canadian Shores

IN every corner of this far-flung and beautiful Dominion, upon every street and avenue, by lake and mountain side and throughout our towns and cities live men and women who once like you, left the dear Homeland for the trip of great adventure—over here. They had heard that Canada was a goodly land—a land worth working for.

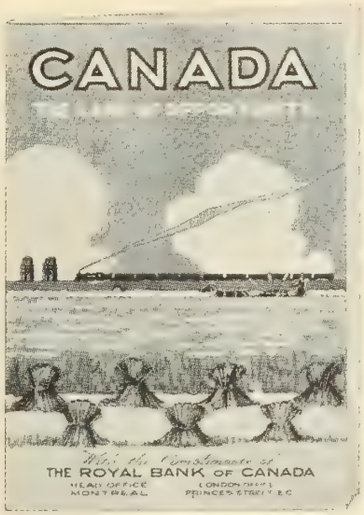
Many passed through disappointing periods—there were times of uncertainty and indecision — momentous changes from old lines and occupations—some expected too much of the New Land—some of course being only human, made mistakes, but, they stuck — and they stayed.

Just the same thing did you say? sticking and staying—not quite. If the majority of our fine citizens had only stayed in Canada **without** the stickativeness, they would not have been of much benefit either to themselves or to the land. There is such a thing as staying without sticking, but to stay and to stick, stick to your guns, stick to your job, until success crowns the effort—that is worth while.

We who pen these lines, also came down the trail and above years of work and happy recollections we write these words to you again—CANADA IS A GOOD LAND—a land worth working for, but we need you all over here to help keep it so—to fill up the vast empty spaces in this beautiful country, to bring more fruits and riches out of its wonderful soil, to build more homes, new towns and communities; and we want you to know that back of this particular page we stand ready to stretch out the hand of WELCOME to you, ready to do anything in our power to help you.

What is there you would like to know about this new country to which you have come—what hopes have you of the future here—is there any way in which we can help you the better to play that part, you dreamed of when you set sail for this New Land?

Chains of welcoming hostels and boarding places stretch across Canada—in every town and city the right friends await you if you care to find them. If you have not the exact information you desire if there is any point upon which you are not quite clear, any special introductions you would like, write us about it, and do not hesitate to use this service freely. By reason of the truly national circulation of this magazine we have friends in all parts of the Dominion among our readers, splendid women and men representing some of the best homes of the Nation. Many of them too like Elizabeth and the Scribe were once, as you are to-day, strangers in a strange land, and for this reason they, we know, are more than ready to welcome you and do all they can towards making you feel at home.



THE LAND OF OPPORTUNITY.

OUTSIDE of home life, the Church, the School, and Recreation centres each play a part in the building up of Community Life in a New Land, but probably few people even in this country realize the great assistance offered in this respect, throughout Canada, particularly in rural districts and across the West, by the men who man the Banks.

Frequently the Manager of a Branch Bank is the one who sets an incentive to local effort in the way of fairs and exhibitions, organizes and assists clubs amongst boys and girls for the raising of prize stock. He is a leading figure in the Community, he is naturally keenly interested in local development, therefore the building of a home, opening new districts, the expansion of a homestead or business, finds him ready to advise and lend a hand; and frequently he is consulted and referred to upon momentous issues effecting the welfare and progress of local conditions.

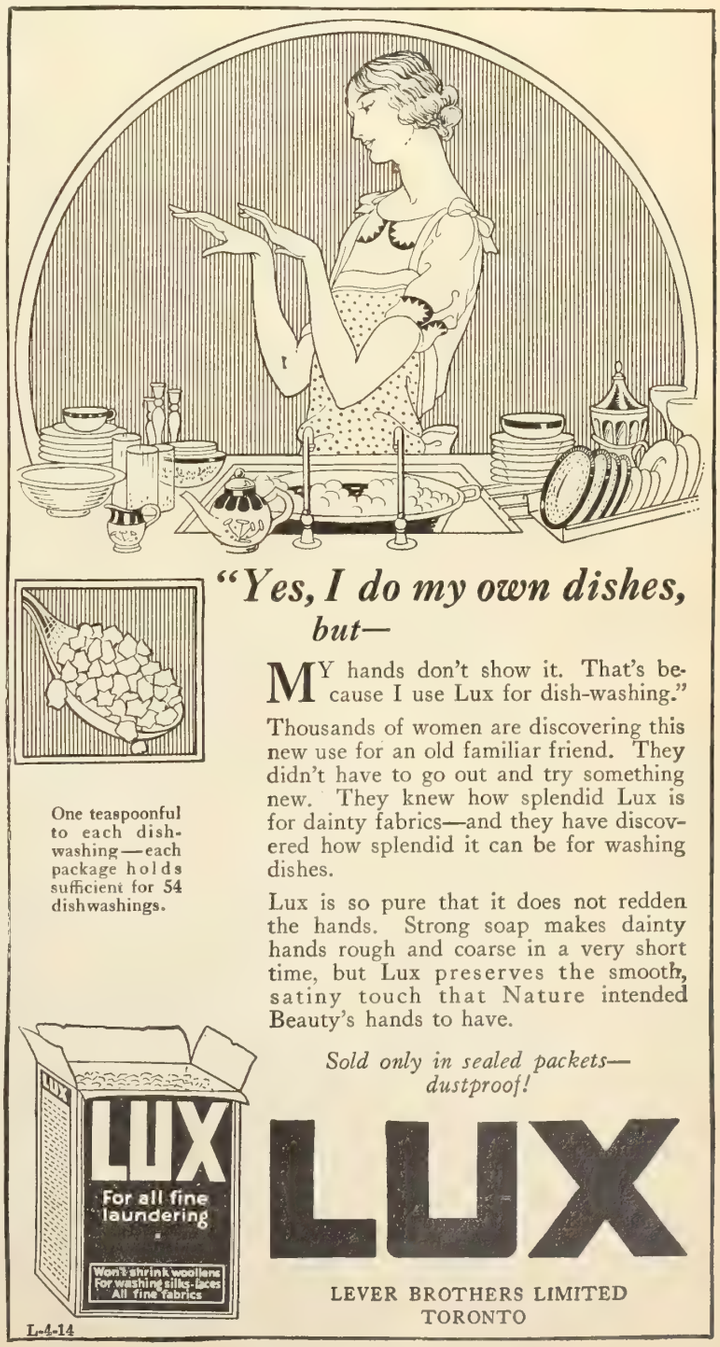
For this reason few men are better informed than he as to opportunities it is part of his business indeed to know just what opportunities do occur in his district for trade. When therefore the Head Office of a large Bank having numerous branches throughout Canada, takes such a forward step in the matter of assisting new comers, as that now offered by The Royal Bank of Canada, one must consider that here is a service unique indeed and wonderful in the generosity of its scope and helpfulness.

This bank through the medium of an excellent little booklet, entitled, "CANADA—The Land of Opportunity,"—a facsimile of which we reproduce on this page, extends an invitation to all who intend to settle here.

The book, in addition to a variety of information regarding every province, an excellent little map showing the principal cities and main railway lines and numerous illustrations, contains the names and addresses of every branch of The Royal Bank in Canada and the enquiring settler is invited to write direct to the Manager of these Branches for information regarding opportunities in the particular district where he would choose to reside.

Overseas readers desiring to obtain a copy of this book can do so through any Government Emigration Agent in the British Isles from the British Public Schools Employment Bureau or the Canadian High Commissioner's Office, London, Eng.

There is much valuable material condensed under the heading of General Information and Travelling Help and we certainly think that this booklet and the free offer which goes with it, constitutes one of the finest unofficial aids to Emigrants that has yet been devised.


"Yes, I do my own dishes, but—
MY hands don't show it. That's because I use Lux for dish-washing."
Thousands of women are discovering this new use for an old familiar friend. They didn't have to go out and try something new. They knew how splendid Lux is for dainty fabrics—and they have discovered how splendid it can be for washing dishes.
Lux is so pure that it does not redden the hands. Strong soap makes dainty hands rough and coarse in a very short time, but Lux preserves the smooth, satiny touch that Nature intended Beauty's hands to have.
One teaspoonful to each dish-washing—each package holds sufficient for 54 dishwashings.
LUX
For all fine laundering
Won't shrink woollens
For washing silks-laces
All fine fabrics
Sold only in sealed packets—dustproof!
LUX
LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED
TORONTO
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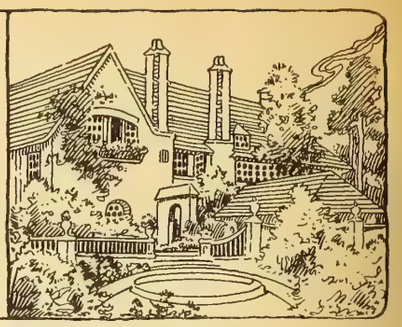
The Home



Delia having forsaken the kitchen for more important business this month, we are indebted to

LOUISE E. JULYAN,
of Owen Sound, Ont.,
for the following welcome recipes:

Delia's vast fund of knowledge and experience is at your disposal simply for the asking. There is no question regarding home-making, cooking utensils, or the thousand and one perplexities of the housewife which Delia will not cheerfully and clearly answer. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope, and mark your enquiry "Delia."

YOU have often heard a housewife say in regard to certain parts of her kitchen equipment, "I simply could not get along without it." I've been thinking lately that the piece of equipment I should miss more than anything that is used daily in my kitchen is—a recipe. There will be quite a number of housewives who will agree with me when they hear that the recipe I mean is for Plain Cake—good old Plain or Light Cake.

When you stop to think what a dependable standby that common, universally known old recipe is in menu planning, you may be surprised at what it means to you. What is home without mother? Yes, and where would mother be without her tried and trusty recipe for Plain Cake. Devil's Food and Mocha Cake, Sunshine and Angel Cakes are all very well on occasion, but they are narrow and confined in their uses compared to their more plebian relative, Plain Cake. On it, mother may call every day in the week, and Sundays and party days as well. It is simple and cheap enough for the family to use every day, and yet a few "fixings" make it fit for anything from a wedding to "a few folks in for tea."

The year round it is on the job. In winter it can don a heavy coat of butter icing and chopped nuts (almonds or peanuts), and become a mocha cake. And in summer it can be as fashionable as any of the Jones, yea, even more so, for it can leave off everything, and be a nice accompaniment to strawberries and cream or ice cream, on a hot day when verandah teas are in order.

It can be a regular "swell" dolled up with whipped cream with cherries, nuts or angelica on top; or with whipped cream over fresh berries (strawberries, raspberries, thimble berries) or peaches. It can wear a homely white or chocolate confectioner's sugar icing, and still be a very nice cake to serve guests, or you can spend time on it and concoct fancy icings—cocoanut, (plain or browned); seafoam; chocolate (cooked); caramel with nuts; coffee; white with bitter chocolate melted and poured irregularly over it; orange; white with dates cut into it, etc., etc. Or one may put blanched almond halves over the batter before baking. The old dear will wear any of these with an air—get away with them all, unlike some more fussy cakes which demand certain icings and them only.

It's adaptable nature shows up, too, when it comes to the shape it is to take. It can lie long and flat, or go into layer cake rounds; or accommodate itself to patty pans. It can enter joyfully into the spirit of any occasion—St. Valentine's or St. Patrick's Day, etc. It can appear in long fingers or small squares iced all over, or in Charlotte Russe circles filled with whipped cream.

If it is created in the kitchen of one who understands food values, it is just as valuable a friend. It can be made into the chief food dish of a meal, with raisins, dates or nuts added either to its batter or made into fillings. Or it can be present but not pressing, so to speak, when only "something to pass" with a certain dish is desired.

Time can wither it, yes, but assuredly custom cannot, stale its infinite variety—and the withering process is not to be so much regretted when you think of the basis for trifle (custard with or without oranges, fresh or preserved fruit), and the way it will steam over and come smiling to the table under a lemon or caramel or chocolate sauce. In fact its versalitity shows in another way for it will make a good pudding in the first place, steamed in individual molds or put over fresh or stewed fruit.

In fact, what is there this blessed old Plain Cake won't do for you? When a housekeeper has once mastered its making she has a dependable piece of mental equipment (for one soon learns to make it without consulting the recipe), that she values above many more costly ones, and uses increasingly until she ceases housekeeping.

After many trials, many experiences, I have at least arrived at something as nearly perfection as I ever expect to in the way of Plain Cake. Perhaps some other experimenting cook may like to have my recipe—it would be a sad day for me if I ever forgot it.

First, I have come to the conclusion that too much heat, i.e., too fast an oven, too much richness—either butter or milk—and too little baking powder are the reasons for most cake failures. My recipe is 2 good tablespoons of butter creamed with ¾ cup sugar, 2 eggs added one at a time and each beaten well in the mixture, ½ cup milk and 1½ cups flour added alternately and very, very slowly and 2½ teaspoons baking powder added to the last few spoonsful of flour. After the flour goes in, do not beat, but beat well the sugar, butter and eggs. Place in a very moderate oven. The cake should scarcely rise at all in the first ten minutes and should have 25 or 30 minutes to bake.

I realize that these directions are not scientific but—they work with me and the ordinary recipes do not.

Another good recipe from the same writer for SHORTBREAD will appear in the May issue.

PRIZE ANNOUNCEMENT.

Messrs. Cowan & Company have awarded a prize to Mrs. Chambers of 376 Edmonton Street, Winnipeg, for a recipe sent in in our competition, "RECIPES SUGGESTED BY OUR ADVERTISERS." Mrs. Chambers' recipe for Devil Cake will be printed next month.

Many thanks to the numerous readers who have sent in suggestions and hints for this column.

"Miss Marpjorie," Port Arthur.—Thank you so much for the very nice recipes you sendo—ne for Cheese Pie, and the other for Maple Syrup Salad Dressing. Both new to me, and sound extremely luscious. You watch and see what happens in the next issue!

Mrs. C., Toronto.—Many thanks for your recipes, but I am afraid that they are to be found in every Cookery Book—and here we try either to give something rather original, or something that has a special meaning for that month.

Mrs. G. H., Kingston.—We are always glad to welcome our readers into this column. But the recipes for which we offer prizes must be as specified: i.e., They must have a new use (or new application) for some of our advertized products. Can you, for instance, think of a new way of using Clarke's sausages—or Cowan's cocoa—or something of that kind—that has not been tried before? I do hope you will come back by return post, with something especially appetizing:—in which case we will introduce you to another kind of product put up by the firm with whose goods you have experimented. Here's to your active invention!

Miss S. B., Milwaukee, Wis.—Thank you very much for the delicious sounding Strawberry recipes which you send. I should like to use some of them in the June number—but we do not pay for recipes. Are you willing to share them with us, for the ordinary comfort of all concerned? I think some might be made with strawberry jam, carrying the flavour of summer through the year.

THE STONE WAS ROLLED AWAY.

(*Continued from page 6*)

back the ache. Suddenly she withdrew them in an attitude of listening. The sounds of music reached her. She bent eagerly towards the window which was open a few inches. At first the sound was indistinct, like angel voices. Then the chant tune revealed itself . . . she caught some of the words and those she she could not catch, familiarity supplies . . . "Christ is risen from the dead. . . ."

"Oh," she breathed, "it is Easter. And I . . ."

A look of determination suddenly appeared on her face. Her blue eyes deepened with a power that leapt there with the thought.

"I will . . . I will! And he shall know he cured me. I **will not** be a blight on his career!"

Leaning with all her weight on the arms of the chair, she endeavoured to rise; but with the first failure she sank back depressed.

"Oh—Doctor Billy, if you were here!"

Once more the sound of music reached her—more joyous, more buoyant,—

"Come ye faithful raise the strain
Of triumphant gladness
God hath brought His Israel
Into joy from sadness."

Her hungry soul followed the strain . . . .

" 'Tis the spring of souls to-day;
Christ hath burst His prison . . ."

A spirit of calm touched her restless soul and listening, she dropped into a serene sleep. When she awoke, her landlady stood before her with a lunch tray, and on a table near the window stood a beautiful Easter lily. A card lay on the tray, bearing Doctor Saunders name. Mildred flushed.

"When did this come?"

"Last night with instructions to hold it back until now."

Mildred knew nothing of being the victim of thought power, but a strange sweet peace had come to her during that sleep. Though a restless afternoon was before her she faced it calmly.

"Perhaps one of the office girls will drop in," she said when the lunch was removed. "I think I'll do my hair again if you'll please give me the comb."

Instead, the woman wheeled her to the dresser and Mildred carefully arranged her waving hair while she hummed a tune. A new expression gleamed in her eyes. A fresh hope had come to her.

When she had been moved close to the window and was once again alone, Mildred leaned forward and touched her lips to a delicate wax-like flower.

"Oh Billy—if it could have been!"

She rested her head back and closed her eyes, thinking, thinking. Presently the blood in her veins coursed more quickly; she experienced a sudden desire to exert herself. Glancing quickly towards the door, she encountered the gaze of the doctor. No sound had passed his lips but more eloquently than his commands and all his pleadings was the look of assured victory on his face. Power enveloped him.

"Billy." She stretched forth her hand beseechingly but Billy neither moved nor spoke—simply gazed at her, love triumphant drawing her.

Mildred rose from the chair and as she put her foot forward something in her back gave way. In a sub-conscious way she realized it had happened as the doctor had told her it would. Half way to him she faltered but he held out his arms and she went forward.

"Mildred, my own!" he said in a low vibrating voice, holding her close. "The stone is rolled away." Then lifting her drooping flushed face,—

"Mildred, I've come to take you to see your new home—you'll come, won't you?"

"Yes, Billy, I will."

Quality First and Always

So many syrups are being offered in the market today, that great care should be taken in selecting one that is pure and wholesome. Remember, therefore, to specify one of the

Edwardsburg Brands

Ask for CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP—the ***first*** Corn Syrup manufactured in Canada and still the ***first*** in quality today.

(Packed in 2 lbs., 5 lbs. and 10 lbs. tins)

or—

if you prefer a heavier Syrup, more closely resembling a Cane Syrup in character and flavour, ask your grocer for our latest product,—BENSON'S GOLDEN SYRUP, in 3 lb. glass jars.

There are no more wholesome or digestible Sweets than these Syrups and children thrive on them; for they both contain a large proportion of the essential food element "dextrose", which, food experts admit, supplies fuel to the body and puts energy into the blood and tissue cells.

DON'T ACCEPT SUBSTITUTES

The "EDWARDSBURG BRANDS" alone have our guarantee.

All Manufactured by

THE CANADA STARCH CO. LIMITED

MONTREAL and TORONTO

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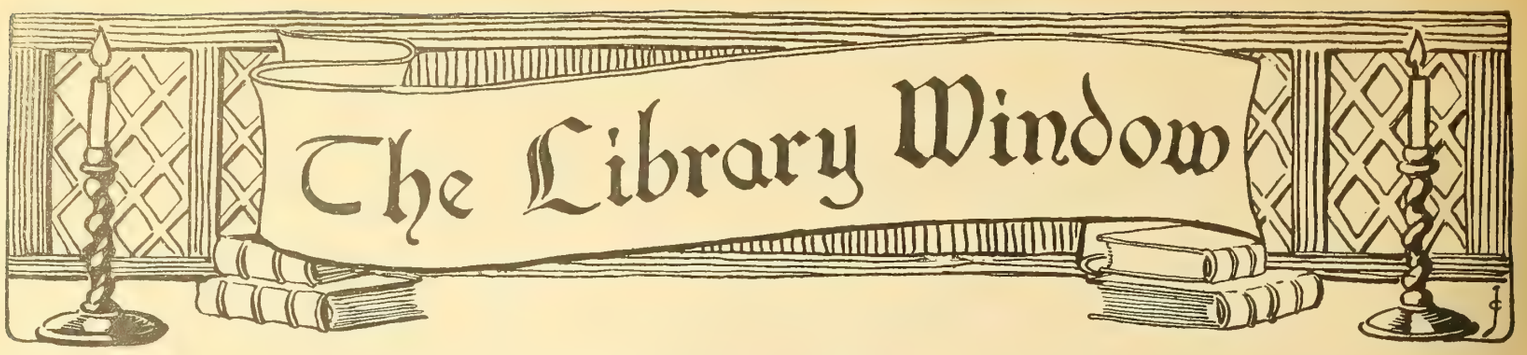

WHEN it gets toward spring, just before the poets start their semi-annual chorus, and the novelists begin to send us light and entertaining trifles for the summer, there is quiet in the library. Some days the postman misses us altogether. For once we seem to be catching up with the books. It is only an illusion, but while it lasts we are very happy. Instead of sighing over the books we shall have to lay aside, we get out those that went unread during the Christmas rush. A leisurely meal, doubly satisfying because unexpected!

CHIEF among those omitted at Christmas, and the first to be read in the blessed breathing-space afterwards, was Joseph Conrad's new novel, "The Rover" (Ryerson, $2). We always like to take our Conrad slowly, to get the full flavour of him, though in this case there was little need for it in one respect. For this is one of the books in which the great Polish-Englishman tells a story that is interesting for its own sake, and is not merely made so by his wonderful way of telling it.

IT has all the polish of Conrad at his most deliberate, but displays commoner virtues too, which are sometimes lacking, as in books like "The Nigger of the Narcissus." The "Rover," himself, is a delightful old Frenchman of the time of the Napoleonic wars. After a life devoted chiefly to piracy, and wholly to the sea, he retires to a coast village, where he plays a deep game against a captain in Nelson's blockading fleet. Amusing as his fun is to him, it does not obscure to us the lovable qualities of this old rascal, who is so brave and loyal and self-sacrificing. This will not probably be one of Conrad's books that critics will select as his best, but it deserves to be one of his most popular. Those who have never read any of his novels, and have feared to do so because he is a "high-brow" author, should get "The Rover" at once. A treat and a surprise await them.

D. H. LAWRENCE'S Wonderful story, "Sons and Lovers," which first appeared ten years ago, has just been re-issued (Seltzer, $2.50), and is well worth the time of those who are not repulsed by realistic novels with a bit of the unpleasant in them occasionally. It tells of the marriage of a woman of some culture and refinement to an ordinary coal-miner near Nottingham, England; of their married life and their childrens' development; and especially of the boy Paul, who became an artist. Many of Mr. Lawrence's books are uninteresting and badly written, but this one is a work of real merit and proves absorbing: it is the volume on which Mr. Lawrence's reputation as a novelist largely rests.

EGYPT has been so much a subject of public discussion during recent months that Helen M. Edgar's little book, "Dahabeah Days" (Ryerson, $1.50), will be welcome to those who desire a nodding acquaintance with the Nile and Thebes, Cairo and the Valley of the Kings. A dahabeah is a luxurious houseboat, and the book is an account of a winter spent in one by the author and her husband. The volume is distinguished among travelogues by a sparkling sense of humour.

THOSE who desire more information about the history of Egypt, and to learn just who have been dug up and who have not, are referred to Arthur Weigall's "Tutankhamen and Other Essays" (Nelson, $4.50). Stay! Do not run away from it until you have looked at the pictures and read a paragraph or two. That is the mistake we made, and the reason the book was not sooner noticed here. Mr. Weigall is a novelist as well as an antiquarian, and can write thrillers, like "Bedouin Love," when he wants to. He has done his best to make these essays light and entertaining as well as instructive; and we felt that a whole, long spring day in the comfortable window-seat was not too long to spend with him and his mummies.

AMONG the novels of Western Canada, Ralph Connor's latest need not detain us, as it is, if anything, a trifle poorer than his average. The title is something about "Pine Croft," but let us not take time to hunt it out.

LET us go directly to three stories of an unusual type which are all laid west of the Great Lakes. In "Cattle" by Onoto Watanna (Hodder & Stoughton, $2), we have a tale of Alberta which studiously avoids the falsely romantic note too often sounded by writers depicting prairie life. It is a novel of action—sordid in spots, and with brutality latent or active throughout. This is because Onoto Watanna, who is also known as Mrs. Winnifred Reeve of Calgary, has portrayed a rough, coarse man, whose strong ambitions and desires dominate the book and crowd out almost entirely the tenderness of the country doctor and the charming simplicity of the heroine. The penalty of an unpleasant central figure is that many will leave the book alone, well written as it is. Most readers will experience revulsion at the incident on which the plot hinges because this situation will be repugnant to most persons of normal instincts and sensitiveness.

WINNIPEG figures also as the centre of Laura Goodman Salverson's "Viking Heart" (McClelland & Stewart, $2), which is without doubt the greatest Canadian novel of the past season. That Miss Salverson shows every indication of being a "one-book" author does not detract from the sterling and permanent worth of her first novel. She has written of her people, the Icelanders, and has recorded the intimate facts of her own family's life for three generations. Her words have come from her heart and the whole book fairly breathes sincerity.

IT was in the 1870's that the volcano blotted out the beautiful little farm in Iceland, and sent the family off on the long hunt for a home which brought them to Manitoba. Once there, the Government settled them on the swampy land along the shore of Lake Winnipeg, at what is now Gimli. There, braving hardship and disease, the patient, industrious, home-loving people worked on till farms were cleared, proper houses built, and the more ambitious were moving to the new city, Winnipeg, to seek a greater degree of prosperity and comfort. No one, who has not lived among them, or who has not read this book, can know how lovable a folk they are, and what marvellous material Miss Salverson had at her command.

THE tale continues with the incidents of getting established in a new land; and ends as the grandson of the original immigrant gives his life for his country (and ours). It is an inspiring book, rich in human interest. But Miss Salverson's name is only one more to add to the already lengthy list of distinguished citizens who have descended from that band of pioneers. Fellow Canadians: Greetings! We are glad that a spokesman has been found for you, and that the tale of your struggles and achievements is now part of our national heritage!

THE ten-volume "Chambers' Encyclopedia" (W. & R. Chambers, $50), is just out in a new Edition and is a splendid thing in every way. Those who do not feel they can afford the "Britannica" should look into this.

JACK MINER, the famous bird-lover and keeper of a great bird sanctuary, tells his life story and a great deal about his thousands of pets in a unique and beautifully printed book we can heartily recommend —"Jack Miner and the Birds" (Manly Miner, Kingsville, Ont., $3).

BARRING Conrad's only, the finest of the new novels from overseas is "Compromise" by Wilfred Hubbard (Macmillan, $2)—a delightful story of Rome and its aristocracy, the people of the British and American Embassies, and some Italian villagers. It is a well-bred sort of novel—the kind one does not mind spending time over—and readers with a taste for the best in contemporary literature will relish it.

BLUENOSES IN VENICE.

(*Continued from page 8*)

looked like an immense flower garden of wondrous hues and designs. The Italians love perpetual flower beauty and, to insure this in their cemeteries, they use tin flowers and designs of every conceivable shape, kept freshly painted in the colour of the flowers chosen for the design. I will leave it to my readers to visualize the toute en semble. Another habit they have, which seemed strange to us Canadians, was that of placing the monuments to their dead, and in some instances the sarcophagi high up on the wall, with very often a life-sized bust portrait of the occupant of it framed and hung beside it. This custom is not peculiar to the Venetians only, for we saw the same in Rome. A short run from San Michele brought us to Murano, where they make their delicate Venetian glass, as you see in the glass mosaics, chandeliers, mirrors, crystal vases, five o'clock tea sets and beads, for which Venice is famous.

Murano was, at one time, a pretty and popular town having many fine buildings and beautiful gardens, but now, as one approaches it, one sees only a new, but perfectly desolate quay extending a mile in length, at the back of which are a line of miserable houses, only sixty years of age, yet tottering to decay. We entered a narrow water street with a paved foot path on each side raised three or four feet above the canal, and forming a kind of quay between the canal and the doors of the houses. The houses for the most part, are low, but built with massive doors and windows of marble or Istrian stone, square set and barred with iron. One meets fishermen, sauntering on the quay, with their jackets hanging loose from their shoulders. Jacket, cap and hair all the same dark greenish sea grey colour. The women sit at their doors knitting busily and various workmen of the glass houses sift glass dust upon the pavement. The weird cries of the fig, grape, gourd and fish vendours float to you from the other side of the canal. In some of the streets, there are twenty glass furnaces at work. At one time the glass industry declined upon the island because the old secrets were lost, but they have been rediscovered and one possesses a rare knowledge that one can by some knowledge of chemistry transmute dust and sand (for they are the main ingredients) into such pellucid and diaphanous bodies as you see in the beautiful glass for sale. For a small gratuity, one of the workmen took a small piece of substance, that resembled dough, and showed us how the work was done. Very interesting and instructive. Our dough turned into a little glass dog when he had finished with it.

We made but a brief stop at Torcello, which is built on seven islands with intersecting canals, along which are stone ruins of the palaces which lined their banks before the destruction of the once wealthy city by the barbarians. A museum, cathedral and church were all we saw here but they paid us for debarking.

Burano, the seat of the lace industry, we found very interesting. The lace school was founded by a society of Italian ladies, under the patronage of the Queen, to assist the poverty of the fisher folk when the season was not profitable. The pupils range from little children to grown women. The Burano and Rose Point, with its myriad of small stitches, the most expensive of Venetian lace, and the heavy Venetian lace for which Venice has been noted for centuries, were being made here on the little pillows by the skilful deft fingers of the children as well as the older women. It seemed a shame to us, to see the children confined in the poorly lighted rooms, when they ought to be out in the glorious sunshine. It is said, that this industry gives employment to 4,000 women in Venice, as there are many other schools beside this one in Burano.

We returned to Venice at sunset, getting an admirable view of the city with her domes and towers gradually rising from sea. A restful ending to a charming excursion.

Those who enjoy browsing around among old churches and cathedrals, will find plenty of pasturage in Venice and plenty to digest, for there are over fifty there, all alike in one respect, in that they all harbour the same madonna and contain a celebrated picture by a noted artist. After visiting St. Mark's, we were quite content to confine our choice to two, Frarii, the largest and most beautiful of them all, in which one sees the wonderful tomb of Titian, and the equally wonderful mausoleum of Canova, and Santa Maria della Salute, also called the plague church. When the plague broke out in Venice, the people naturally interceded with the Virgin Mary for help, according to their faith. Grateful, for the staying of the plague, they built this church and dedicated it to her. It is rather overloaded with decoration externally, while the interior, octagonal in shape, is very rich in the colouring of its decorations.

Our delightful sojourn in Venice had to come to an end. Regrettfully we stepped into the gondola, one morning, which was to convey us to the station. Noisily we had glided into Venice, at sunset, amidst much bustle and confusion. Silently we had glided into Venice, at sunrise, just as Old Sol was creeping above the palace walls, dispelling the mist that at sunset had come "sailing in from sea like home-bound ships at set of sun." We were in love with Venice, and we shall always think of her as remaining the same, sleeping or waking, laughing or dreaming, living her own life through all the ages.

"Beautiful Venice
Queen of the earth
When dark eyes shine bright
Amid music and mirth
Where gay serenaders
By light of the stars
Oft mingle their songs
With the dulcet guitars.
All that's lovely in life
All that's deathless in song
Venetians fair isles
To thy regions belong."

—J. E. Carpenter.

When Opportunity Comes

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THREE BAGS FULL.

(*Continued from page 4*)

the bag belongs to you . . ."

"I don't see what difference the old bag makes," she sobbed. "Unless you don't like my clothes that were in it. They are all brand new, but if you don't like them, we can change them, Jimmie."

"Clothes, Dudley! Clothes! Girlie, girlie, what are you talking about?"

A glimmer of light was beginning to shine through the haze.

"Why the clothes that were in my bag, of course. I'd just bought a lot of new dresses and things. And . . . and . . ."

Jimmie sank back on the sofa. Then it wasn't Dudley's bag that had contained the money after all! The strain was over.

"Come on Dud!" Jimmie took her face between his hands and kissed the red, trembling lips. "Let's hurry to that registry office," he cried joyously. "And then we'll go and buy a whole new wardrobe for you. Because," he added as with his arm around her he led her from the room, "I'm afraid a very nervous man, I caught a glimpse of on the train this morning, will be trying to wear the ones you bought."

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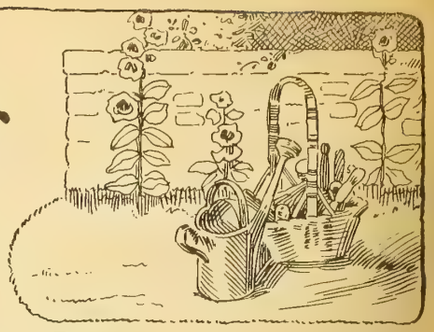
Gardening



With Adam and Eve in the Garden

NO doubt most of our been busy during the gardening friends have past few weeks perusing the comprehensive and delightful catalogues issued by our Canadian Seed Houses.

For ourselves we can think of nothing more fascinating, when winter is making its tardy and reluctant retreat, than to sit by the fire browsing through these absorbing publications and dreaming of the wondrous flowers and vegetables we shall endeavour to coax from our garden during the summer months. Unfortunately most of us who live in the towns and cities and are not blest with fat bank accounts, find it difficult to obtain a dwelling with sufficient land for a garden. A few feet of back yard is all the majority of us can manage to secure, and of these few feet the ubiquitous garage hogs the lion's share.

However, one can do wonders with the tiniest plot of land and where our beloved plants would be cramped for space wherein to minister to our happiness we can call to our aid those aerial friends of the horticultural world who are glad to climb poles and strings and yield us their fruit and fragrance from aloft.

Of such accommodating climbers the Scarlet Runner Bean stands in the front rank of the back yard gardener's allies. The plants are of a strong quick growth with large green foliage and bearing a profusion of bright scarlet flowers. As the plant grows from twelve to fifteen feet high it forms a pretty and ornamental covering for verandahs, fences, garages, walls, etc., and to such use the plant is usually put by Canadian growers in Canada. But beside its value for ornamental purposes the vine yields an abundant supply of wholesome and nutritious food, as the beans when young are very tender and possess an excellent flavour. Those of our readers who have not grown this useful and pretty bean are advised to give it a trial this season. Not the least of its attractive features is the fact that the more it is cropped the greater is its yield. Then there is the Japanese Runner Bean acknowledged by those who have grown it to be a most delectable and desirable sort. The single pods attain a length of nearly three feet and beside being deliciously sweet and crisp are entirely stringless. For the table the young pods are broken into pieces and cooked like snap beans.

Speaking of the beans we are reminded of the English or Broad Bean which deserves far more attention in Canada than it has hitherto received. This bean is very hardy and should be planted as soon as the soil is in good shape in the spring. It is very productive and flourishes well in any good soil. The bean alone is eaten,—not the pod—and is of remarkably fine flavour.

Another useful climber for the circumscribed garden is the Japanese Cucumber which thrives exceeding well during hot and dry summers. The plant produces large, fine fruits adapted for either slicing salads or pickling, and we heartily commend it to all who seek to make the most of limited space.

Yet another excellent vegetable is the English marrow which, by tying with raffia, can be coaxed to climb fences or trellis work. This vegetable has a soft and rich flavour and amply repays cultivation.

Those who contemplate planting asparagus should remember that this is the best time of year for forming a new bed. Asparagus is a permanent crop and a well made and well cared for bed will last fifty or sixty years, or even longer. In fact there are beds in England which were planted over a century ago.

Canadian Seed Houses can supply either roots or seeds, but those who wish for quick returns will prefer to set the roots or crowns which may be purchased at a very reasonable figure. One of our Canadian Seed Houses supplies—free with order—a very interesting leaflet on asparagus culture.

One thing we have hitherto neglected, but which we are determined to grow in our garden this year is the Kale or Borecole. This excellent plant is more hardy than cabbage and is highly esteemed for winter use, the flavour being much improved after frost. The leaves are curly, bright green and very tender and delicate. Seed should be sown in May or June and transplanted in July, after which the cultivation is the same as for cabbage. For early spring use it is sown in September and protected during the winter with a covering of straw or litter.

At this writing the weather throughout thhe Dominion is not encouraging for the gardener, but those who are lucky enough to possess a greenhouse or a well lighted basement where it is possible to maintain a fairly even temperature, can get many jumps ahead of their less fortunate brethren by forcing and hardening off such plants as Brussels Sprouts, Tomatoes, Cauliflower, Lettuce, Cucumber, etc.

May we beg of our garden loving friends to pass along to the editor any good tips or "wrinkles" they may know regarding the cultivation of flowers and vegetables. "National Life of Canada" has thousands of new comers among its readers who would be very grateful for information as in the countries from which these new citizens hail the cultivation of the garden follows along totally different lines from those pursued in Canada. Thank you!

Note—"Advice on gardens and all pertaining to them, will be given for the asking to those who care to write to this department, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Suitable lists of seeds, plants, etc., for individual gardens will be compiled on request, and addresses given of seed houses for specialties, garden utensils, etc., etc."

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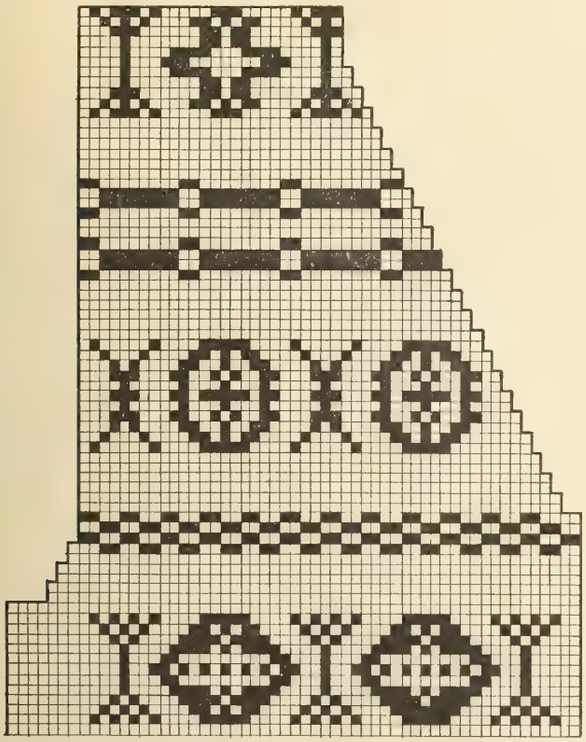
DIRECTIONS FOR SLEEVELESS COAT.

Continued from page 10

Band Around Neck — With right side of work towards you, pick up and knit 1 st. in each st. around entire arm-hole. With Tobacco, knit 4 ridges. Cast off.

Pocket Top—With right side of work towards you and Tobacco wool, pick up and knit 1 st. in each of the cast on sts. of pocket. Knit 2 ridges. Cast off.

Sew up seams neatly and sew band around coat. Slip-stitch pockets to inside of coat.



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HAVE YOU A LITTLE CHILD IN YOUR HOME?

WANTED at once MOTHERS. Will you be one? Homeless little ones look to us for assistance.

They are asking for the rights of every baby born into this world—a little share of Mother love and protection of a real home.

Perhaps YOU know of such a one. If so, will you help me to bring these two souls together—the lonely babe and the mother heart seeking just such a treasure for her own hearth-side?

A GOOD TONIC.

TO be happy and to look happy one must have a definite object in life that calls for exertion and enthusiasm. This was well illustrated in the case of a woman who called to tell me she was thinking of adopting a baby if she could get the right one and it did not give her too much trouble. She was delicate and sick in appearance, had no expression or animation, and talked as if she had nothing to live for. A baby was found for her, and six months later when she called to exhibit her treasure it was hard to believe she was the same woman. Her eyes sparkled, her cheeks were filled out, her voice was strong and vibrant, her movements quick and light, her whole demeanor that of a satisfied, happy, motherly woman—and the baby did it all. —J. J. Kelso.

MORNING THOUGHT.

Now I get me up to work,
I pray the Lord I may not shirk;
And if I die before it's night,
I pray the Lord my work's all right.

Miss Scammell

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"To work without praying is practical atheism. To pray without working is idle presumption. To baptise our work with prayer and follow our prayer with work will bring success."—Dr. Arthur Pierson.

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Weaving, A Home Industry

By Mrs. Garland Foster

IN the Victorian era the development of machine industries largely superseded the household industries which had become a matter of routine for good housewives.

The machine-made goods were considered more elegant, more fashionable than the hardier homespun; and women who had formerly prided themselves on the smoothness of their spinning, the brilliancy of their dyeing, the fine texture of their weaving, spent their time more elegantly embroidering those atrocities known as antimacassars and tidies which visitors frequently found a great annoyance.

Country life in Canada to-day is so different from that pioneer life that laid the foundation for the prosperity of Ontario and the Eastern provinces that it is hard to picture the household life of a hundred years ago. There were no mail order houses. A thrifty farmer must surround himself with the comforts of life through his own industry; and such was the division of labour that the women of the household undertook the indoor work, the men the outdoor. Household equipment was simpler. Almost every good housekeeper had beside her garden a plot of flax where was grown sufficient fibre to supplement each year the supply of linen for the family. The year that a daughter was to be dowered a larger plot was grown. Every step in the preparation of this linen was undertaken on the farm; the retting, or steeping, drying scutching, spinning, warping and weaving. Many who have come from Quebec, Ontario or Prince Edward Island will recall the various mysteries that grandmother performed in producing a tablecloth still treasured in the family.

In addition to the flax plot there was the flock of sheep which regularly gave up its toll of fleeces to provide for the winter clothing of the family.

It is a curious fact that the more specialized labour becomes, the more helpless the individual; the more dependent upon his fellow labourer he becomes for the production of necessities outside of his line. This has been repeatedly exhibited in the case of Old Country labourers who find it next to impossible to adapt themselves to the primitive conditions of pioneer life. American pioneers adapt themselves with ease because they are not so far away from primitive conditions, but your old country factory immigrant cannot do so, except in cases where his race consciousness still provides a link between him and primitive life.

The war took us back to the first steps of primitive life and it was the men who either retained this race consciousness or who had rounded out their lives in other experiences who adapted themselves and took the initiative in the big adventure. From history it would appear that periodically races get back to primitive conditions; on the other hand progress as understood to-day is dependent upon highly specialized industries. To meet the requirements the race should live the primitive life in youth and specialize later. For this purpose it will be necessary to much simplify home life, to provide healthy outdoor industry for children, with which their studies can be correlated and household arts and craft may be learned during school life as a pleasant amusement. Instead of having girls irritating their nerves and ruining their eyes over yards and yards of useless crochet and embroidery they should be able to point with pride to a tablecloth of their own manufacture or the amount of yarn of smooth thread they can produce from a single fleece.

These old handicrafts are still practised in parts of the British Isles. Even before the war a group of idealists striving to keep alive the old Peasants' arts for the beneficial effect on the life of the people had established a weaving industry at Haslemere in Surrey. Much picturesque history of peasant life is grouped about this industry, and some of the patrons wear only clothing made on their looms. There is a school in connection where spinning and weaving of both flax and wool is taught. Much of the work is very practical as well as beautiful, and is so much in demand that a branch industry has been established in London.

The purpose of this article is to describe the home manufacture of wool.

The homespun wool industry; from the back of the sheep to the finished product twelve processes are involved: 1, scouring; 2, dyeing; 3, teasing; 4, oiling; 5, carding; 6, spinning; 7, winding; 8, warping; 9, setting up; 10, bobbin winding; 11, weaving; 12, waulking.

1.—In scouring, the fleece is taken as it comes from the shearer, ouened and laid to soak in cold or warm water. After some hours it is washed in soft soap lather and water—great care being taken to keep it light and unfelted. Note, too, that the soft soap was once usually of home manufacture). After rinsing, the thick and matted parts are pulled out and the fleece is spread out to dry. There is special experience necessary in scouring wool for if improperly done the subsequent steps are handicapped. Wool graders for market, on this account request that wool for their trade should never be washed except before leaving the sheep's back.

2.—There were many methods of dyeing used by our ancestors, and to give a particular account would require a paper on dyeing exclusively. The best results are obtained by dyeing the wool instead of the finished cloth. In all methods it is essential to have a clean, non-corroding dye-pot in order to produce a clear colour. The oldest, simplest form is to use crotal, a lichen which grows on trees and rocks in all temperate countries. The older the lichen the better the colour, which should be a rich red brown; the younger, greener lichen gives a poor colour. The best method is, in an enamelled or tin pan to put a layer of crotal, a layer of scoured fleece, then crotal alternating. When about half full put in cold or tepid water until three quarters full. Bring to boiling and boil one to two hours, stir occasionally but avoid matting fleece. After removing, rinse well, shake out the crotal and spread out to dry. Crotal dyed wool makes a very beautiful soft colour for a suit. However, as a Highland boatman will not take a passenger who wears a crotal dyed coat for fear he may be drowned, it may be as well to try another colour. Logwood, the chips of a Central American wood gives a beautiful purple or royal blue. But wool has no affinity for logwood so it is necessary to use a mordant. To mordant half-pound of well-scoured fleece take 2 ozs. of alum and ½ oz. cream of tartar, put in a clean saucepan with water and boil, when well dissolved the wool may be entered and allowed to boil for one hour. The fleece may be taken out or left in the water to cool. While the mordant has been boiling, the logwood chips placed in a muslin bag may be put in water and boiled or may be prepared previously. The well-squeezed mordanted fleece is then put in the logwood solution, care being exercised to see that there is enough to cover. It should be stirred, taking care that the fleece does not get matted. Boil for about an hour to be sure to get the dye well in. It should then be rinsed thoroughly in several waters till no more loose dye comes out. When spread out to dry there is a purple fleece ready to spin. The logwood mordant will not suit all dyes, but may be used successfully with madder for red, fustic for yellow, following the same general rules. If equal quantities of wool dyed with logwood, fustic and crotal are carded together, heather mixtures of great beauty are the result.

A blue dye mordanted with alum may be made from elderberries. The bark of poplar is said to give a different shade for every month in the year. Logwood has always been a great standby in home dyeing as it dyes grey, blue, black, purple or green according as it is mordanted with salts of iron, alum or copper. Cochineal being suitable for animal fibres will dye beautiful crimson without mordant. Indigo white requires no mordant as it oxidizes in the air.

3.—Teasing: The dyed fleece when dry is pulled into fluff by pulling lengthwise and then sideways, throwing away all burrs, bits of fern, etc.

4.—The oiling is done by sprinkling the teased wool with cloth oil or cheap flask oil and working it in.

5.—Carding is done with two pieces of wood with handles and fitted with bent wire teeth. A handful of wool is put between the cards, the right card is drawn over the left several times until all the wool adheres to the right; it is then released by a dextrous twist and returned to left. This process is repeated several times, then the wool is taken off the cards into a loose roll with the back of the cards, when it is ready for spinning.

These processes of teasing, oiling and carding were often done at the mill. Grist mills were fitted with an additional department so that when the grain was taken to be ground the fleeces could be carded and made into rolls, so lightening the housewife's tasks if much cloth was to be made in a year.

There are two methods of spinning and several kinds of spinning wheel. To begin with there is the Highland spindle which looks like a short fat crochet hook. A thread must first be made from one of the rolls of wool, this is tied to the middle of the spindle, one end passing around the base of the spindle with a half hitch around the hook. With the roll of wool on the back of the hand, left fingers controlling the thread as it leaves the roll; the yarn passes between first and second fingers of the right and fingers and thumb twist the spindle like a top sharply outwards to the right. The right hand controls the twist and stops it from running too far into the roll. The spun yarn as finished is

wound about the base of spindle in the method adopted in Monarch knit wools. When the ball gets too heavy with yarn it may be slipped off over hook end of spindle, a paper quill placed inside and the spindle filled again. In former days when spinning in the house it was customary to spin from a single roll or rolag, but where a large quantity was required it was usual to bind the rolls on distaff, a rod set in a three-legged stool. The rolls were bound with a piece of tape around the top of the distaff. The distaff might then be decorated with contrasting ribbons, if the spinner had an eye to the beautiful as well as the useful. It is here we get the origin of the word spinster.

The spindle method of spinning was superseded by the spinning wheel, two models of which are no doubt still familiar to many; one, the treadle machine where the evenness of the thread is determined by the steady even treadling of the spinner; the other the wheel so common in Ireland where the wheel is set in motion by the hand and the spinner walks back and forth pulling the thread from the roll and then letting it roll up on the spindle. Before a roll is quite used up another is attached to it so as to make the thread uniform. There is this difference between flax and wool spinning; in wool spinning the fibres are pulled out to the greatest length, in flax spinning they are literally pushed into the spindle.

If the yarn is to be used for knitting it must be double, i.e., two threads must be twisted together. For cloth, however, doubling is not required, so that if the web is to be all wool the spun yarn is made into warp. A good many balls are required to make a web of cloth. The warp may be of cotton as in making union blankets which were greatly in demand for summer use in our grandmother's day.

Weaving is really darning, so that it is necessary to have one-half of the yarn—the warp—stretched out flat and the other half—the wool—darned across. The warp must be so made as to give the length required and the number of threads for the width so arranged that alternate threads are thrown up and down. The warp is made on a warping mill which is usually a winder with four ribs provided with three pegs top and bottom for separating the threads. The weaver of pioneer days usually used a board provided with pegs which was hung on the side of a wall or even the log wall of the cabin could be used, in which case the warp was not so many yards long but so many walls. This method is in vogue with the Doukhobours at the present time.

In warping three balls of yarn are taken, placed in separate receptacles on the floor, the ends are tied together and placed on the first peg, the threads are then placed on the pegs one up, one down, one up. Then with the three threads together in right hand the operator turns the mill to the left and winds the thread downward round the mill. If the mill is ten feet round, then three times round will be ten yards. The threads are turned by putting round the bottom pegs, the mill is then turned to the right, winding the warp up just above the first; the threads are, then alternated over the pegs, the turn is made over the first peg, and the threads are again alternated for the return. Down and up twice will give twelve threads which may be bound together to enable counting readily. Many of these bunches will be required for a width of cloth. For plain homespun weave there should be about fourteen threads to each inch of the width; for twill or herring bone sixteen to the inche. To find the number of threads for warp therefore, multiply the number in the first inch by number of inches required. The warp should be two or three inches wider than required material width and a yard longer to allow for shrinkage.

In taking the warp off the mill, beginning at the bottom it is better to take it off in a chain using the right arm for a crochet hook; the warp is not then so unwieldy. In taking off it is necessary to put a flat rod in places where first three pegs in the mill kept the under and over threads separate.

To understand clearly the threading up of the warp it is really necessary to have the demonstration at the loom. The warp is wound around the warp beam at the back, each knot of warp is passed through the headles which being attached to the treadles account for separating the alternate threads thrown up in weaving. The threads are then put two at a time through the reed which is a comb screen of iron or wood which runs across the front of the loom. This constitutes the most tedious process of threading up, and in pattern weaving chances of mistakes are numerous as a different number of threads go through the reed for every pattern. In Tweed weaving, for instance, the order of the threading is 1234; the lams which control the headles being tied up in the same order and the treadling done in the same order; but in diamond pattern the threading is 12343214, the first lam is tied to the first treadle and treadling done as threading. After, being put through the reed the threads are tied to the cloth beam in front.

The shuttle which holds the wool is a very interesting part of the weaving equipment. It is more or less boat-like in shape; different countries have different shaped shuttles, and a great deal of interesting tradition centres around these curious forms. The thread is first wound by means of a bobbin around the paper spills which can be slipped on the steel pins which run through the centre of the bobbin. Apart from spinning, the throwing of the bobbin is perhaps the most picturesque step in the manufacture of cloth. The weaver sitting at the loom presses down a treadle, throws the bobbin with flying thread from right to left, then pressing down the next treadle returns the shuttle to right again, then presses the threads firmly together by bringing the reed beam or batten sharply against the last thread thrown. As the weaving proceeds the warp will tend to contract—this tendency is corrected by means of a tenter, a stick which has a hook at either end and folds in the middle, and being adjustable to any width may forcibly spread the warp. Often in woven cloth it is possible to see along the margin little holes at regular intervals—these are the marks of the tented. A beginner often has trouble with the edge, as there are many pitfalls for the unwary. Broken threads are often annoying and it is necessary to be able to tie the weaver's or sailor's knot. In joining the bobbin thread it is not necessary to tie a knot but merely let the thread overlap on the web.

When sufficient cloth is woven it may be cut from the loom and the rest of the warp be used for another length of cloth, if provision was made for this in warping, as this saves threading up the loom continually. The cloth is examined for knots or ends, it is then steeped in water for twenty-four hours, then laid on a table and thoroughly washed with warm water and soft soap; soaping both sides. It should then be rinsed in warm water until no soap remains. The addition of borax in rinsing water ensures softness.

12.—For the shrinking or waulking it is twisted into a rope and beaten with the hands. It requires two persons to do this. The waulking reduces the width rapidly and it must be measured from time to time. Reducing three inches prevents subsequent shrinkage. The cloth is then wound on a piece of board marked with the required width. In rolling, the cloth must be laid smooth and kept to the edges, coming exactly to the mark. The roll is then wrapped in a clean towel and put in a press. It is kept under pressure for three days, taken out and partly dried, re-rolled and returned to press for two days; it is then ready to be taken out, dried and folded, ready for making into a suit.

There is something very delightful about this process of cloth making. Much excellent exercise is the result which brings every muscle into play. The results are so practical and the whole undertaking such an education in itself, that it seems a pity that the women of this country have not taken it up before all the old traditions have disappeared. For those who wish to undertake it as an art, there are wonderful and intricate patterns suitable for draperies, altar cloths and panels which are a worthy goal for the initiated.

There is every reason to believe that the interior of British Columbia as larger areas are cleared will become an ideal sheep country; but mills for weaving are wanting and will not be introduced until there is far larger output of wool. To stimulate this has been the endeavour of sheep men; but the value of sheep to the small holder would be much better demonstrated if in each community there was a Homespun industry where local fleeces could be made up and where all the processes could be successfully taught.

The present high cost of woollen goods opens a great field for handloom work in wools. There is a very ready market for rugs, carpets, tweeds and serges. The famous Donegal tweed which is not successfully imitated by machinery is an instance of the success of a cottage industry—one test of genuine Donegal tweed being the odour of peat which clings about it even in old age, and is the result of being manufactured in rooms smoky from peat fires.

The cost of installing a loom is not great. Any joiner can make the frame and the parts can be procured from the British mills. It is so far not possible to get looms in this country ready for setting up, but they can be procured in Great Britain or the United States. The price in England would be about $75. Probably $300 would cover the entire cost of equipping a local industry, with a teacher at a salary of $900 to $1,200 a year. After the first few months the instructor's salary should be covered by the sale of manufactured goods.

Doubtless an industry of this sort is worth considering as a Women's Institute enterprise, for it carries with it great good to all communities undertaking it, and, is essentially woman's work.

The Poets' Corner

WE will commence this month's selection with Amy Hare's glad song taken from "Contemporary Verse."

WALKING AT NIGHT.

My face is met with the rain
But my heart is warm to the core,
For I follow at will again
The road that I loved of yore,
And the dim trees beat the dark,
And the swelling ditches moan,
But my heart is a singing, soaring lark
For I travel the road alone.

Alone in the living night,
Away from the babble of tongues;
Alone with the old delight
Of the night wind in my lungs;
And the wet air on my cheeks
And the warm blood in my veins,
Alone with the joy he knows who seeks
The thresh of the young spring rains
With the smell of the pelted earth,
The tearful drip of the trees,
Making him dream of the sound of mirth
That comes with the clearing breeze.

'Tis a rare and wondrous sight
To tramp the wet awhile
And watch the slow delight
Of the sun's first pallid smile,
And hear the meadows breathe again
And see the far woods turn green.
Drunk with the glory of wind and rain
And the sun's warm smile between!

I have made me a vagrant song,
For my heart is warm to the core,
An I'm glad, O glad that the night is long
For I travel the road once more,
And the dim trees beat the dark
And the swelling ditches moan,
With the joy of the singing, soaring lark
I travel the road alone.

This poem is reprinted from "The London Mercury," and was written by Wilson MacDonald, a Canadian of the fourth generation. An English critic is of the opinion that this and one of Thomas Hardy's are the best things written in the English language in years.

A SONG TO THE VALIANT.

I'll walk on the *storm-swept* side of the hill
In my young days, in my strong days
In the days of ardent pleasure.
I'll go where the winds are fierce and chill—
On the storm-swept side of the daring hill—
And there will I shout my song lays
In a madly tumbling measure.
Hilloo the dusk
And hilloo the dark!
The wind hath a tusk
And I wear its mark.
The day's last spark hath a valiant will;
Hilloo the dark on the wind-swept hill!

From the hour of pain
Two joys we gain—
The strife and the after-leisure.
When the fang of the wind is bared and white,
In the strong days, in the wild days,
In the days that laugh at sorrow,
I love to wander the hills at night—
When the gleaming fang of the wind is white—
Nor yearn a bit for the mild days,
Or the ease of life to borrow.
Hilloo the whine
In the pungent cone
Of the dreaming pine
On the hill, alone!
The bare trees moan with a dead thing's cry,
And their skeletons crawl along the sky,
Like a dionosaur
Who would live once more
In the flesh that blooms to-morrow.

I'll walk on the *sheltered* side of the hill
In my old days, in my cold days,
As the sap of life is waning;
I'll find a road where the trees are still—
On the sheltered side of the placid hill—
And dream a dream of the bold days
When the leash of Time was straining.
Adieu the snows,
And the fang that rips!
And hilloo the rose
With her velvet lips!
Where the brown bee sips with his gorgeous lust
I'll pay back earth with her borrowed dust:
Nor shall I grieve
At the clay I leave
But joy in the gifts I'm gaining.

Lord, hear Thou the prayer of a poet's soul,
In his fire days, when his lyre plays,
And his song is swift with passion.
Give to him prowess to near the goal
While his limbs are firm and his sight is whole.
Make brief his stay in the dire days
When the paling heart is ashen.
The storm-swept sides
Of the hill belong
To the soul that rides
To the gates of song;
May his days be long where the wild winds play:
On the sheltered side let him briefly stay;
When the muse grows dumb
Let the darkness come
In the Orient's fine, swift fashion.

The welcome introduction of the coloured umbrella by Dame Fashion calls forth the following from the pen of Mildred Low.

THE COLOURED UMBRELLA.

Purple and navy and green as grass,
See the bobbing umbrellas pass;
Royal-blue and scarlet and brown—
Splashes of colour about the town.

It used to be that a rainy day
Chased all the gladness of life away;
And the earth a time of mourning kept
Whenever the copious heavens wept.

To the end of every street and back
The pavements were draped through-out in black,
And 'neath a pall of funereal hue
Each passerby was lost to view.

Black as the raven, black as the crow,
The custom decreed that all must go,
Until some genius or fashion fop
Invented the coloured umbrella top.

Now we need not wait till the clouds roll by
To see the rainbow in the sky,
For the rays of the spectrum around are shed,
Violet, indigo, blue, green, red.

Our next two poems are taken from "Borderlands and Thoroughfares," a book of verse by the English singer, Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, whom "The Outlook" describes as "a Millet in word-painting who writes with a terrible simplicity."

THE ICE.

Her day out from the workhouse-ward, she stands,
A grey-haired woman, decent and precise,
With prim black bonnet and neat paisley shawl,
Among the other children by the stall;
And with grave relish eats a penny ice.

To wizened toothless gums, with quaking hands
She holds it, shuddering with delicious cold;
Nor heeds the jeering laughter of young men—
The happiest, in her innocence, of all:
For, while their insolent youth must soon grow old,
She, who's been old, is now a child again.

SIGHT.

By the lamplit stall I loitered, feasting my eyes
On colours ripe and rich for the heart's desire—
Tomatoes, redder than Krakatoa's fire,
Oranges like old sunsets over Tyre,
And apples golden green as the glades of Paradise.

And as I lingered, lost in Divine delight,
My heart thanked God for the goodly gift of sight
And all youth's lively senses keen and quick . . . .
When suddenly, behind me in the night,
I heard the tapping of a blind man's stick.

We are indebted to the "Graphic" for the two following poems:

THE CARELESS MERMAID.

When Young Dawn casts his grey net wide —
To catch the gold fish for the Day,
You'll often see a Mermaid glide—
To cull the moon-flow'rs off the bay.

For if Dawn's Sire King Sun espied—
One silver petal on the sea,
As he sets off the skies to ride,
He'd very, VERY angry be.

But when Old Sol is snug in bed,
Beneath the sea's silk counterpane,
You'll see that careless Mermaid shed—
These moon-white blooms about again.

—Louise Stewart.

THE PURSUIT.

I followed Beauty down the ways
After her green and shining gown;
She swept across the breathless days,
And tore the night's thick curtain down;
Laughing she sped through field and town,
And fled my outstretched hand always.

Once as she lingered at her ease
By some dim lake in some dim wood
I spied her through the guardian trees:
I crept as softly as I could
And thought to catch her where she stood:
Alas! My hand but grasped the breeze.

And once in London long ago
(The memory is sweet—how sweet!)
I turned a corner, and I know
'Twas she I saw before my feet
One moment—and the empty street
Mocked my vain searching to and fro.

I'll make a snare of a lover's dream,
And set it where the pigeons fold
Their wings above some sleepy stream—
She shall be mine—all mine—to hold,
And all my days shall shine like gold,
Like silver all my nights shall gleam!

—Brian Hill.

We will conclude with a striking and beautiful tribute to the late President Wilson which appeared in the "New Freedom" (Honolulu).

WOODROW WILSON.

(1854-1924)

BY DONALD GILLIES.

Strange justice walks abroad to-night,
The pale, forsaken figure, whose
Exalted quest was peace, has found
The peace none may refuse.

—Teacher, Statesman, Leader freed
From living strife and mortal pain—
Exhausted with the weight of dreams
And hopes too great to gain.

Beside the Thames, they share to-night
Potomac's sorrow and goodbye
For him who rose, when aid was life,
A comrade and ally.

On Paris streets, young soldiers pause
To talk of him who sought to bring
On sown, green fields of home, an end
To war's red harvesting.

Beyond the Rhine, the vanquished know
No greed of empire touched his brain,
But faith more sovereign than power
And greater than domain.

The tongue that stirred a half a world
Is silent now; at rest the mind
That knew the ultimate of praise
And venom of mankind.

Slow to the tomb the body goes—
Timed to no dim drum:
Let those who scorned his faith stand forth
And scoff his martyrdom!

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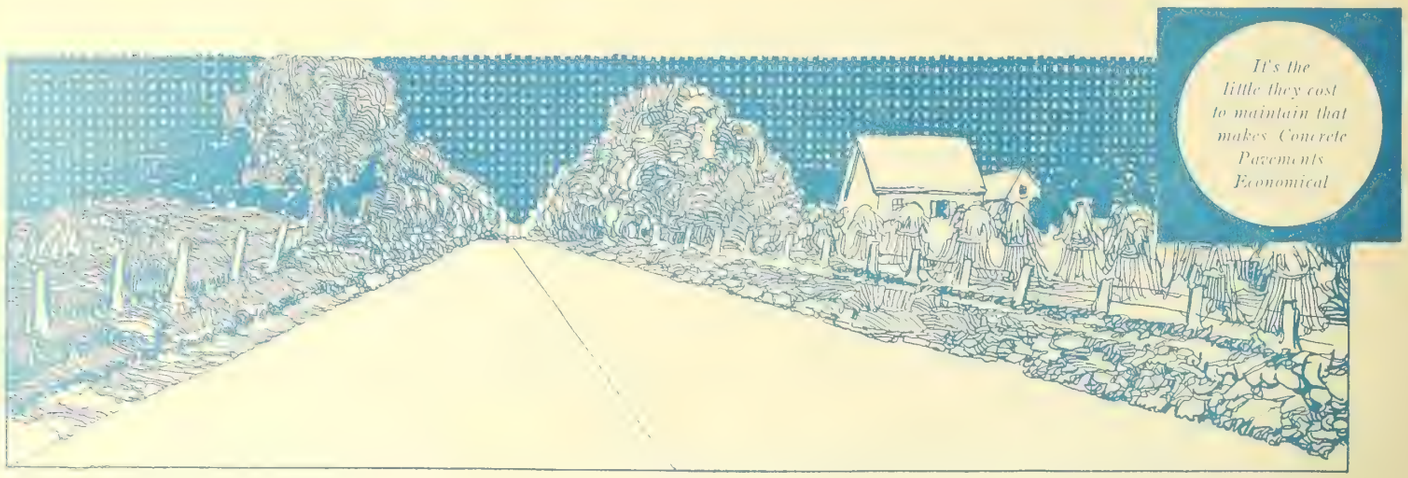

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NATIONAL LIFE OF CANADA

MAY, 1924

TREASURE'S VALLEY —*R. A. Belmont*

THE WORK OF FRANKLIN BROWNELL —*Madge Macbeth*

A GATE OF GOLD —*Dora O. Thompson*

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THE Work of Franklin Brownell

By Madge Macbeth

THE concensus of opinion in Art circles, places Franklin Brownell in the very front rank of representative Canadian artists; in fact, it accords him the first place amongst artists of his generation.

Although a native of New Bedford, Mass., Mr. Brownell has made Canada his home for thirty-five years, and during that time he has been a constant exponent of typical, natural settings that range from the bleak wilderness of the Gaspé coast to the placid, sun-dappled slopes of the Laurentian hills.

He is essentially a landscape painter and up to the present, oil has been his principal medium. Nature sings for him her endless melody, whispers to him her deathless romance. In expressing her "ceaseless chain of change," Mr. Brownell has passed the stage of the accurate reporter who records with an admirable but chilly perfection, the scene that unfolds before him. He has entered into the Kingdom of the Free, and acknowledges no slavish subservience to form and colour, in consequence of which, his work exemplifies what might be termed the very essence of Art. In short, he is no longer a copyist, but a creator.

Recently, he has been working in pastels, and in some extraordinary manner, he achieves the same sense of power that marks his work in oil, Similarly, his oil paintings breathe a subtlety and delicacy that one looks for especially in pastels. So completely has Mr. Brownell conquered his medium that it is incredibly difficult to determine through which channel he has reached his goal.

There is about his pictures a peculiar suggestiveness that defies descriptive translation into words. It is as though the tree, the rock, the waterfall were but the key-note of the harmony he wishes to create. It is the onlooker who supplies the remaining notes of the chord, stimulated by that tree, or rock, or waterfall to see far beyond the edge of the canvas, even to the dim horizon.

There is about his work also, a definite sense of the unseen that sometimes takes the form of wildness, sometimes of intense calm. He seems to catch a moment in Nature . . . one of those moments that presage a revulsion, a sudden change, that hold one immobile, breathless, waiting. Imagine a forest, dark and glowering. The faint suggestion of pinkness proclaims the touch of early frost. As far as eye can see and fancy can conjure there are trees . . . trees . . . trees. The composition, the feeling for colour, the faultless draughtsmanship are all apparent. But there is something more; the invisible yet undeniable coming of wind. One stands before the canvas listening to catch the first low whine. One has almost the impulse to brace oneself against its fury, to hold one's hat . . .

And with water scenes there is the same certainty of infinitely more in the picture than is presented by pigment and pencil; the oncoming wave that just escapes one's eye, the whiff of a breeze that brings a pallor to the topmost crest of a water-ridge.

Although much honour has been accorded Mr. Brownell, including a bronze medal presented him by the Paris Exhibition of 1900, the tribute he received several months ago from his townsmen in Ottawa, was perhaps the most interesting of all. A score of his enthusiastic patrons made it possible to hold an exhibition of his works covering a period of thirty-five years. Some eighty canvases were collected, and the ready response for contributions to this Loan Collection provided an Exhibition that was unique, for no similar gathering together of Brownell's work had ever been previously undertaken.

His versatility was apparent to the most casual or unlettered observer. To those with a keener artistic sense the retrospective quality of the Exhibition was one of its most interesting features. The artist's progress, development, was as clearly marked as though the pictures had been numbered. His early work was more largely concerned with portraiture, showing in its treatment, the academic, studio convention that characterized the Parisian school of the last decade or so. Fine in detail, finished pieces of workmanship, yet they displayed a restriction that dissolved in the later pictures. Also, there was a noticeable timidity, and the humility from which one might almost say, that the work of the true artist is never entirely free.

In striking contrast were Mr. Brownell's West Indian studies, remarkable examples of his versatility, and his receptiveness to Nature in any mood. That a man of the north could pay a fleeting visit to the tropics and absorb its atmosphere so utterly, is a feat that amazed even his most ardent admirers.

First, last and all time, Franklin Brownell is a painter. He cares for nothing else, for although he may fish a bit or hunt a bit, he really goes into the woods to work. He cannot help it. The life of the city fails to interest him, the appeal of

A Gate of Gold

By Dora Olive Thompson

"Emergency call. No. 15 Mills Court. Widow and five children. In need of food and clothing. Investigate and report."

JEAN GRANT repeated these instructions received an hour earlier from Headquarters, remembering the "Chief's" rather satirical smile. "I know he thinks women workers are too soft-hearted and easily influenced, but even if this is one of my first cases I'll just show him!" Jean nodded her pretty head emphatically, "Oh dear though, I'm terribly nervous!"

But with no outward evidence of nervousness she entered a dark, back room at No. 15 Mills Court.

"Your name is Denny and you are appealing for help?" she questioned the stout, rather untidy, but kind-faced woman who rose as she entered.

"By the shade of Holy St. Patrick we do want 'elp," the woman agreed fervently, "we've no food, no—"

"Are these all your children?" Jean was busy with pad and pencil.

"All foive my kids, this one's sick with hunger, an' those over there playin' with them brass things, they've 'ad no food either!"

Jean walked across to the four small boys in the corner. Certainly their appearance bore testimony to the truth of their mother's words, "Starving!" Jean jotted down.

Suddenly she stopped and picking up three or four of the "brass" playthings, carried them over to the light of the small window.

Her eyes flew wide with amazement and one of the "brass" playthings dropped from her surprised fingers to the bare floor with a metallic ring.

"My good woman, where—" Jean began, and hesitated. There was something singularly attractive about the inquiring expression in Mrs. Denny's gray eyes. Jean made up her mind to act quickly, and turned briskly toward the door, "I shall have to make my report, Mrs. Denny, but I'll see that you get food immediately."

"If it's only some milk," the woman suggested.

One of the boys, evidently the eldest of the little group, stood up suddenly, "No, Maw," he pleaded, "not milk,—sausages!"

Jean turned in the order at the corner grocery for immediate dispatch, and went quickly back to Headquarters, "It's a real thriller," she told the Chief breathlessly, "they are all in actual want, but the children—and there are five of them—were playing with twenty-dollar gold pieces!"

The Chief was, at first, incredulous. "If they are genuine," he said at length, "the woman must have stolen them."

"If she had," Jean retorted, "she wouldn't let the children roll them round on the bare floor!"

The Chief smiled—his twisted, cynical little smile. That was the worst of women workers—always afraid to face the facts. "If you come in about an hour's time, I'll go over with you, it may be a case for the police."

"No," Jean said in a fierce little whisper, remembering the woman's gray eyes, "No, it isn't!"

A cheerful clatter of dishes greeted them at the door of 15 Mills Court when they called later in the afternoon. Evidently the grocery order had arrived. The eldest boy flung open the door and smiled joyously at Jean, "Gosh, they was swell, them sausages! And there's one tiny bit left for you, we saved it, but if you don't want it, then it's for Benny here—he's the littlest!"

The Chief prided himself on business-like methods. Moving quickly across to the discarded "brass" playthings he gathered them together and placed them on the table—a little heap of shining gold, yellow gold. "You are aware," he asked Mrs. Denny abruptly, "that this gold is money?"

Mrs. Denny stared at the Chief and then incredulously at the gold. The small boys, conscious that something unusual was afoot, lined up behind their mother and stared too.

"This is real money. Each of these pieces is worth twenty dollars. You appeal to us for help, Mrs. Denny, and we find you and your family in need of food and fuel, and your children playing with gold money. Can you explain, my good woman?"

Mrs. Denny's eyes went from the Chief to Jean, and then back to the money at which she stared fixedly. Suddenly her cheeks went strangely white and, throwing her apron over her head, she sat down and rocked vigorously back and forth.

"Come, Mrs. Denny," the Chief prompted, "it is our duty to investigate, you understand. It is not personal curiosity—we have to do it."

Mrs. Denny continued to rock.

Suddenly the eldest boy stepped forward in front of his mother as if unconsciously offering a shield, "See here," his voice, in spite of obvious efforts, quavered ominously, "supposin' you take yourself off! If that's gold, like what you say it is, and it belongs to Maw—to my Mother, why, it's—it's—" he gulped, "it's none of your darn business where it came from or how she got it or whether we spend it or throw it out of th' window!"

Little Benny laughed—a curiously odd sound in the strained atmosphere. Benny was highly amused at brother Tim "talking back" to the big, strange man.

Suddenly Jean leaned across the table and addressed the Chief, "After all, there's something in what the boy says. Listen, supposing you leave it with me. It's my case anyway. And besides—Mrs. Denny's a woman and so am I!"

The Chief was inwardly relieved at the suggestion. He had really felt hopelessly "stalled." "You'll never get anywhere with those tactics," Jean whispered indignantly on the outside landing, suddenly forgetful of the respect due the Chief.

She went slowly back into the room. Mrs. Denny had removed the apron and was again staring stolidly at the gold.

Jean sat down beside her. "Tim, how would it be if you and all the kiddies go downstairs for a little while?"

A slow, friendly grin spread over Tim's face, "I get you! You want us to beat it. Come on, kids!"

In the suddenly quiet room Jean slipped her hand into that of the older woman, "Mrs. Denny," she said softly, "you understand what the Chief tried to explain, don't you? It's our duty to investigate once a case has been reported to us. We must find out about that gold. Couldn't you, oh, couldn't you just tell me what you know?"

A large tear rolled slowly down Mrs. Denny's wrinkled cheek, and her hand closed tightly on that of Jean. She closed her eyes as if to hold back the tears and shut out the sight of the yellow money.

"It was Patrick," she whispered, "he told me when he was dyin', he never said nothin' at all about gold. Money, he called it, money! I looked like he told me to an' couldn't find it—after he was gone!"

"But how did he get it?" Jean prompted softly.

"He stole—he picked it up from the safe in Mr. Drayton's office—"

"John Drayton—the lawyer?"

"D-ye know him?"

"A—a little!" Jean blushed to the tips of her pretty ears.

"He was Patrick's boss, and Patrick was cleanin' the windows one day, the—the safe door was open, and no one in the office, and Patrick he saw that money lyin' there, lyin' there just waitin' you know, Patrick—oh, but he was a good, good man—Patrick thought of all Mr. Drayton had, and him not married nor nothin', and us with only Patrick's little each week, and foive kids to raise!" Mrs. Denny's eyes suddenly flashed, "But my Patrick he was straight. He took the money, but he never touched it afterwards. Never! He hid it away. It worrit him—worrit him into an airly grave. An' when he was dyin' he told me, 'Use it for the kids,' he says, 'there's nothin' else, but brung them up honest!' "

"And then?"

"I never found it, I didn't want to much anyhow. I was lookin' for money, fer dollar bills, not gold. I thought them," she nodded toward the gold, "I thought them was yellar tiddlewinks!" She rose, and walking across to the window, stared silently down into the noisy, dirty little Court below, "Give me toime," she pleaded, "just a little toime to think!"

Jean hesitated. One of the Chief's maxims flashed into her mind. "Never leave a case to make their own decisions. Decide for them, and then leave them on their own." But there was an anxious, pleading expression in the woman's gray eyes. "I'll call in to-morrow afternoon," Jean promised.

On the narrow dark little stirs she stumbled over the Denny tribe, "We ain't been listenin'," Tim hastened to assure her, "we wouldn't do nothin' like that. But we're goin' to coax Maw to spend that there money. I want more o' thim sausages, I'm holler even yet, an' Johnie here, he wants pants—bad! An' Maw herself ain't got no decent hat—nor coat—' '

"An' I wants wabbits," Little Benny interrupted, "wite wabbits wif pink eyes and long wiggly ears on 'em to hold 'em up by."

A little later Jean, rather breathlessly, entered the office of John Drayton, Lawyer. He jumped up from his desk with a boyish smile of welcome, "This is an unexpected treat," he said.

"Now John," Jean held up a warning forefinger, "this is strictly business."

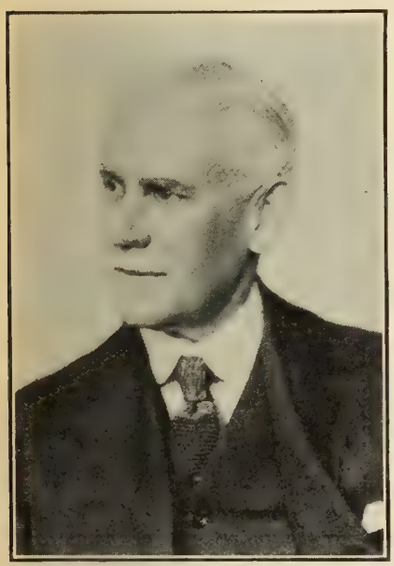
John obediently became grave and sat erect while Jean told her

PLOUGH BOY —*By Franklin Brownell*
Courtesy Wood's Collection, Ottawa. Per Madge Macbeth

WHITE BIRCHES, Kazubazua, Quebec. —*By Franklin Brownell*
Courtesy Wood's Collection, Ottawa. Per Madge Macbeth.

Clubs and gatherings called social, he does not understand. He is a recluse, a silent man, who in his constant communing with Nature, has forgotten the coarser language of men.

To such artists as Mr. Brownell a new country like Can-



FRANKLIN BROWNELL, R.C.A.

ada has reason to be profoundly grateful. Year by year, those who have cared for such things, have watched his work developing greater qualities of strength and freedom and changing from the utmost fidelity to the thing seen, to a freer improvisation upon Nature's infinite supply of colour, form and character. That he is recognized to-day as one of Canada's most able painters, is a source of immense gratification to his friends, and it might be to him also, were he not too modest to believe it!

A GATE OF GOLD

Continued from page 4

story, "I do remember that theft," he remarked slowly, "and at the time we suspected Patsy Denny, but when we discovered that he was a married man with five kids, why, we just let the whole thing slide. What do you suppose the woman will do with the money now?"

"I don't know. I know what I'd do. I'd keep it. "Oh yes I should," she answered his little gesture of dissent, "I'd keep it and take those five kiddies out to the country.' '

"The woman would lose all self-respect if she kept that money, Jean."

"Perhaps. But oh, John, if you could only see the look on the face of the little chap who wants more sausages, and the eyes of the other wee boy when he talks about 'wite wabbits!' John, you'll try and think of some way out—something we can do, won't you?"

John Drayton smiled a little, "When you ask like that, Jean, and say 'we,' I'd do anything you asked me to do—anything in the wide, wide world!"

Early the next morning John Drayton's office staff were surprised by another visitor. Not knowing Mrs. Denny they stared in amazement at the stout woman with a flapping umbrella in her hand who declared she wanted to see the Boss.

The office boy giggled, "An' shure an' can I have yez card?" he mimicked.

"Now see here, young man," Mrs. Denny raised the umbrella, "I said as how I wanted to see yer boss, Mr. Drayton. Now you fetch him to me or me to him—quick—or I'll land ye a crack on that peanut o' yours that ye won't forget in a hurry."

The office boy disappeared into the inner office with Mrs. Denny at his heels. "Now I know where he is ye can beat it!" she said, and gave the surprised boy an emphatic, little backward push through the door.

Twenty minutes later Mrs. Denny sailed majestically through the outer office. She vouchsafed no remark. But she fixed the office boy with a triumphantly malevolent stare, and the threatening angle of the umbrella was very much more eloquent than words.

It was just dusk that afternoon when Jean once more entered No. 15 Mills Court. The Dennys — excited, hilarious, — were gathered around the supper table. "What, sausages again?" Jean asked.

"An' wabbits," Benny's voice rose to a squeak, "we're goin' to—"

"Benny, be quiet!" His mother rose and faced Jean. There was a new sense of alert dignity in her manner. "Miss Grant, I've been waitin' to tell ye. I took it back!"

"You—what?"

"I took the—the gold pieces back to Mr. Drayton and told him all. I told him my Patrick was honest. It was just a sudden temptation in his path o' virtue. But his kids must be brung up honest, so they couldn't be raised on stolen—on money what wasn't ours. I told him it'd worrit Patrick into an airly grave, and if I kept it, it'd worrit me into another beside him. So Mr. Drayton he talked and smoiled at me. Oh, I felt as if I'd do anything, anything for him when he smoiled. Then he came over here and—go on, boys, tell her!"

"He's got a farm and we're goin 'to live on it," a deafening chorus smote Jean's ear, out of which Tim's voice triumphed, "we're goin' to have cows, an' chickens, an' roosters, an' horses, a big gray one, an' a little black one, an' grass, an—"

"An' wite wabbits," Little Benny's shrill treble broke in, "Mr. Dwayton he camed here an' he said wite wabbits wif pink eyes in 'em, and wiggly ears 'd be there waitin' for me!"

It was quite dark when Jean went reluctantly down the stairs and almost collided with a tall figure in the narrow Court, "I thought you'd be up there," John Drayton's deep voice said, "This is a beastly unsavory neighbourhood for you. I'm going to see you home."

"Oh John," Jean exulted, as they walked briskly away from the squalid congestion of Mills Court into the broad, brilliant thoroughfare, "that was a wonderful idea of yours—to put them out on your farm. I feel as if I can't wait till they get there, all that wonderful air, and space, after this tenement life!"

"I've been down buying those 'wabbits,' " John told her with a laugh in his voice, "it took me two hours. They're to be shipped to the farm to-morrow."

"Oh, it's great!" Jean said softly, "That money has proved a Gate of Gold for the Denny family, and you've opened it for them, John. But you'll feel repaid when you see them out on the farm."

"I feel repaid right now," John said quickly, "it's worth any trouble to see you look like that! I say, Jean, one of these days I'm going to ask you again what I asked you before when you gave me that horribly definite little No. May I, Jean?"

Jean suddenly tucked her hand through his arm, "Mrs. Denny told me," she said, a delicious little giggle breaking through her words, "that when you 'smoiled' at her she felt she'd do anything, anything you asked her to do. And that's **exactly** the way I feel. So now, John, 'smoile!' "

Treasure's Valley

By R. A. Belmont

THE cloakroom at the Glencoe Club is the oddest of all the odd and awkward rooms which that well-known institution possesses. It has more angles and corners than any normal room should possess, and this perhaps is the reason why Mr. Wesely Carter left the club one evening wearing an overcoat belonging to another gentleman altogether. It happened to be exactly like his own, and as only a mathematician can be certain where he leaves his coat in the Glencoe Club, Mr. Carter had promptly taken it.

Carter was a stockbroker who lived on the West Side. How he became a member of the Glencoe Club, which is supposed to be limited to artists, is open to surmise, but presumably all clubs must have a certain number of members who pay their subscriptions. Herein may lie the explanation.

He had reached the tram station on his homeward way when he discovered the letter. In the moment of discovery Carter knew that the coat he was wearing was not his. An instant later he knew that the letter he was holding in his hand had been written by his wife.

There was no mistaking that thick, angular writing. He looked at the coat he was wearing; it was very like his, but it was not his. He looked at the letter: it was undoubtedly his wife's. He did what any three men out of four would have done, in spite of the convention which obtains in such things—he glanced at the letter.

"My dear," it began. "Good gracious!" said Carter, and continued to read. It was a long letter. In the glaring light of the tram station he read it from beginning to end. Never, even in their courting days, had Mrs. Carter addressed to him such a poignant, love-expressing, stirring epistle. And slowly, as the full purport of the letter sank into his brain, the colour drained from Carter's face, so that passers-by glanced curiously at him.

At all costs, Carter must be dignified. Even with his life tumbling in ruins around him—he insisted on that. It struck him as he walked that he had no idea to whom the coat belonged and in the hope of discovering the owner he went through the remaining pockets.

The one clue he found was a tobacco pouch—it was clue enough. It was made of a peculiar kind of snakeskin, and even if it had not borne the initials, "H. T. T." he would have recognized it as the property of his friend, Harry Harper. In the opposite pocket, as if to leave no doubt, was his friend's new book, "Treasure's Valley." It was a rather short story, printed on thin paper, and the volume was not at all bulky.

His friend—pooh! He might have known that these writer Johnnies were incapable of friendship or loyalty. And yet he had trusted the man, and had welcomed him in his home. Carter, reeling from the felon blow, saw all that he valued crumbling into dust before his eyes.

There were not many members left at the Glencoe Club when Carter re-entered it; he made his way at once to the cloakroom, outwardly more calm and dignified than most men—even stockbrokers—ever are. And there he found Harper.

Carter's instinct was to strike, to smash and hurt the viper who had wrecked his happiness and his home, but with a great effort he suppressed the primitive impulse. At all costs he must be dignified.

"But I tell you, my good man, this is not my coat," Harper was saying as Carter came up. "Hang it all! I know my own coat—mine's a good one."

"A very good one!" said Carter, with almost superhuman bravery. "I am afraid I took it away by mistake."

He took off the coat he was wearing and helped the novelist on with it. In his turn Harper helped Carter into his coat, and together they left the club.

It struck the stockbroker as belonging to the world of pure farce that he and the betrayer of his friendship—the wrecker of his life—should walk along peacefully, side by side, as if they were ordinary men. Harper was amusing, and spoke lightly and gayly of nothing in particular; he called Carter "Old Boy," and in crossing a crowded thoroughfare, took his companion's arm. The outraged husband shivered a little at Harper's touch.

"You've got a bit of a chill," said Harper.

"Yes, I think I have," replied Carter dully. He longed to tear aside the veneer of civilization—to turn on this man and thrust his treachery down his throat, to hurt him horribly, to thrash him within an inch of his life—nay, an inch beyond that even.

But, no; first of all he would see his erring wife. Quietly, and with touching dignity, he would place before her the letter which was reposing within his inner pocket and which seemed to burn him. Unaware of the turmoil and agony which wrung the soul of Carter, the man at his side continued to talk affably, indeed almost gayly, to him.

They came to the parting of the ways at the end of Carter's street. The novelist lived a little farther on, and had turned away, when Carter heard him call, "I say!" The other turned back.

"By the way, Carter, Old Boy," Harper said, "I have something here for your wife." He took "Treasure's Valley" and handed it to Carter, who by this time was almost speechless with suppressed emotion.

"Here's a letter, too," Harper went on, feeling in one pocket after another. "No, I can't find it. I thought I had it, too. However, it doesn't matter. Just give her the book, with my compliments." He turned away, leaving Carter dazed, with the "Treasure's Valley" in his hand and a far worse one in his heart.

Under the first street light, Carter opened the book. On the fly-leaf was written:

To Mrs. Wesely Carter, in recognition of a literary debt. From her affectionate friend, THE AUTHOR.

And then, underneath, in brackets, was:

See page 185.

Carter turned to that page. Two lines from the top was a letter beginning, "My dear." It was a long letter, Carter read it from end to end with increasing amazement, because it was the same letter he had read earlier in the evening. And then the cold enormity of the thing raised his blood to the guillotining point. To publish his wife's shame—his name—broadcast!

Mrs. Carter was still up when he reached home. In silence he handed her the book, and then, with what is known on the stage as restraint, he said, in a firm manly tone:

"Harper sent you that."

She took the book eagerly. He watched her read the fly-leaf, and then turn to the fatal page.

"Yes," she exclaimed, "just as he said it would be—word for word! Isn't it splendid, Wesely? Great writer that he is he can't write a letter from a woman. He asked me to reply to the hero's letter at the crisis of the book. I did so, and he has put it in, word for word. Upon my soul, I feel almost an author myself."

"I am very pleased indeed, my dear," said Carter feebly. And as he watched his wife glancing through the book he pondered on what a fool he would have looked if he had not been so dignified.

"Ye gods, what a narrow escape!" he said to himself.

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A Valuable But Neglected Industry

ONE result of prohibition, so authorities avow, is an unprecedented demand for candy and sweetstuffs. The people, continent wide seem to have added several more to the one sweet tooth everyone is supposed to acquire in infancy. Since cane and beet sugar is in such great demand, the manufacture of maple sugar and syrup is coming back to the standard of importance it had several years ago.

The genesis of the making of maple sugar and syrup goes back before page one in Canadian history as we know it. When the early settlers came from the old world they found the Indians knew how to extract and concentrate the sap of the maple, whose generous and artistic leaf is the national emblem of Canada. Successors to Jacques Cartier, Champlain and others noticed that on the approach of spring the Indians gashed the trunk of the maple tree with a tomahawk in a slanting direction and beneath the opening thus made inserted a wooden chip or spout to direct the sap which oozed from the tree into a primitive receptacle resting on the ground or lashed to the trunk of the tree. The sap was then boiled in earthen kettles and the sugar and syrup thus made was, historians state, highly prized by the Indians, as it was the only sugar available.

For a century or more the white man followed closely the primitive methods of the Indian, with the exception that iron or copper kettles were substituted for vessels of clay or bark. The boiling was done in large iron kettles suspended from a pole in the open woods in a sheltered location with no protection from the sun, rain, snow, ashes, falling leaves or anything else blown about by the wind. The products of these crude methods were strong in flavour, dark in colour and variable in quality.

It was not until about fifty years ago that any noticeable improvement was made in the production of maple sugar and syrup. In recent years, however, with the value of the maple tree products becoming more and more appreciated, the industry has been established on a highly organized basis in order to commercialize it to the best advantage.

An early improvement was the substitution of the auger for the tomahawk and axe in tapping the trees, coopered buckets took the place of birch bark "caso" or hewn sap trough, while the kettle gave way to the evaporating pan which recently developed into the modern evaporator with corrugated sheet steel bottom and separate compartments. Not alone for the conservation of the life of the tree, but also for cleanliness in making sugar and syrup, the wooden spout has almost disappeared in favour of the metal article. Furthermore the increasing cost of labour is being met by the ingenious inventor who takes full advantage of the law of gravitation in handling the fluid, which, in a well equipped plant, flows of its own accord from the collecting tank to the storage vat, thence to the evaporator and then into the receiving can. Indeed, where the profile of the sugar bush or grove will permit, pipe lines are laid to conduct the sap from outlying collecting centres to the evaporation camps.

Sap Gatherer with Yoke and Pails Making His Rounds

In many parts of Canada where it has long since ceased to be carried on, the importance of the maple sugar and syrup industry is scarcely realized. From 1850 to 1890 the production of maple sugar and syrup increased year by year. From 1890 the production fell off considerably, in fact this year when the demand is abnormal and prices higher than they have ever been, it is below the high mark of more than thirty years ago.

The Province of Quebec, where the industry assumes the largest scale on the continent, produced last year over 12,353,667 pounds of sugar and 1,470,275 gallons of syrup. Ontario produced about one-third as much as Quebec. Ten years ago maple sugar sold for seven to eight cents a pound in Canada and the syrup from $1.00 to $1.25 a gallon. To-day the sugar retails at more than thirty-five cents a pound wholesale, and in some markets this year as high as $5.00 a gallon has been paid for the syrup.

Gathering Tank Discharging a Load of Sap at the Sugar House

The value of both the sugar and syrup for candy making, especially for flavouring the fillings for chocolate confectionery, has created an enormous demand, especially from American traders since cane and beet sugar became so scarce and high-priced. There is now a ready market, at attractive prices for all the maple sugar and syrup that can be produced. It is estimated that the maple products industry represents over 55,000 growers and an investment of about $2,000,000. Legislation enacted in recent years, designed to protect the public from adulterated products, is helping to clear the market of the compounds made principally of cheaper sugars and glucose. It was these substitutes for the genuine articles and the careless way in which the genuine goods were made that were largely responsible for the falling off in the demand after 1890. But such recently formed organizations as the Pure Maple Sugar and Syrup Co-operative Farmers' Associations are demanding the manufacture of the highest quality products and assisting Provincial and Dominion officials to round up the manufacture of fraudulent imitations.

Because it is essentially a home industry the preservation and development of the maple products means more to Canada than the annual production of ordinary candy. Moreover it means the conservation and improvement of hundreds of thousands of acres of those grove and forest trees of which every Canadian is proud. The majestic maple has been cut down for the fire-place and the factory until, in many districts, once clothed with maple forest, there remains only a small number of roadside trees bearing the Canadian emblem. It could not be expected that the forest could be preserved on prime farming land, but there is little excuse for denuding great stretches of maple-clothed rocky soil, which when cleared is useless. A maple grove or forest is for its lumber and fuel, an asset rapidly increasing in value and when to these products is added an annual crop of sugar of such fine quality as to constitute a luxury, it may fittingly be designated an orchard. It would seem therefore to be a duty, on the part of legislators, farmers, and all other classes of the community to do what they can to protect and otherwise encourage the maple sugar industry. .

The future of the sugar maker seems bright with hope if he will but attach to his work the dignity which rightly belongs to it. Pure and fine products of the maple tree hold an enviable position among luxuries in the

(*Continued on page 22*)

The Widow's Bees

By M. C. McGeoch

"VERY few people know that bees possess a self-preservative instinct that amounts almost to clairvoyance."

It was Tom Linton who spoke, and the lethargic company on the hotel verandah awoke from their day-dreams. Tom Linton, in the course of his wanderings over the North American continent had collected a fund of curious and interesting information that made him a welcome addition to any company.

Jeremiah Larkin, the town's doubting Thomas, sniffed scornfully.

"Bees! Say, they hardly know enough to come in out of the rain."

"That shows all you know about it. They not only know when rain is in the air, but they can scent a potential enemy with unfailing accuracy. That is more than most human beings can do. The average man doesn't know his friends from his enemies until the latter has run off with his wife or has talked him into buying a sure thing in oil stocks."

Jeremiah stirred restlessly.

"Go on!" he said. "I know you have a story up your sleeve, so you may as well out with it. You won't be happy till you do."

The rest of the company nodded, and Tom leaned back in his chair and told his story.

Back east in the little village where I come from there lived a very mean man. He was a German, a money lender, and a skinflint. His name was Jacob Werner, and he had the unenviable reputation of having foreclosed on more mortgages than any three men in the county.

Rumor had it that he had once been married, but his wife had deserted him years before. Ran off with a nigger they say. I always draw the colour line myself but upon my word, I never could find it in my heart to blame her very much. He was one of those persons who has never broken the law in a single instance, but whom you feel is capable of anything, provided they think there is little chance of discovery.

There was something wrong with his right foot that gave him a very noticeable limp. And if you wanted to get a black look from Jacob all you had to do was ask him about it. It was good for a murderous glare any day.

Have you fellows ever noticed how a house gets to look like its owner? Jacob's house was dark, and wizened, and secretive like himself. It was covered with vines that clung and crept around the doors and waved their tendrils in your face as you stood in the little porch waiting for the door to open. Oh yes, I knew both Jacob and his house very well indeed. In fact, I was by way of being one of his rare bad investments. But how I escaped his clutches doesn't belong to this story.

One of Jacob's debtors was a little widow, Mrs. Stewart, who owned five acres of land next to my place, or to be exact next to my mother's place. All I owned in those days was a jack-knife and a bull pup. She had a crippled son whose hospital bills ate up money as a threshing machine eats up grain. She had gone to Jacob two years before to borrow money when an operation was necessary in order to save her son's life, and every year the cloud of debt had grown heavier. She managed to eke out a precarious living with ten hives of bees and by growing small garden stuff, mostly onions. My mother could remember the time when she was the prettiest girl in the village but an onion patch is no beauty parlour, and about the only claim she then had to good looks was a pair of the most beautiful blue eyes in the world.

"Sometimes," she confided to me one day, "I wonder how on earth I'm ever going to get out from under it all. The year before last, with Teddy's doctor bill and all, I had to borrow money from Jacob Werner and give the bees for security. How I'm ever going to pay the interest on the mortgage and meet that note is more than I can see. Do you think if I went to him and explained how it is, he might extend the note for another year? Because, if he takes the bees in lieu of the note I'll have nothing to pay the interest on the mortgage with. Surely he'll see that? He holds the mortgage, too, you know."

"See it!" said I. "Take it from me, that's all he does see. Why do you suppose he loaned you the money on the bees? I can tell you. Because he figured that you would not be able to meet the note and he would get the bees, and through taking the bees make it impossible for you to pay the interest on the mortgage. And when the party was all over you would be camping on the side of the road, and our dear Jacob would have farm, bees, and all. Oh, he's a great little figurer, is Jacob!

A minute afterward I was sorry I had spoken. The poor woman's forehead took on an added wrinkle of worry and I could have bitten my tongue out.

"Well," she said, turning away with a sigh. "The note isn't due until the 20th and I still have that half-acre of onions to sell. If prices don't drop completely out of sight I may get along all right."

"Have you taken up the onions yet?"

"Yes, they're drying in the barn. There's one thing I can beat old Jacob at." Her face became animated. "I was looking at his onions the last time I was there and mine are ever so much better. He has nearly an acre of them and I'm sure he won't have as many as I'll have from my half acre. I'm going to take it as an omen."

She smiled cheerily and went home to her mortgaged farm, and her mortgaged bees, and her crippled son. She was a valiant little soul.

But the onions were not destined to meet the note. Two days afterward I was passing Mrs. Stewart's place and saw her sitting on a bench beside the door with her hands folded in her lap.

"Queer thing that," I thought. "I never remember seeing her resting in the day time before."

I opened the gate and went up the path. The closer I came to the house the stronger grew my premonitnon of disaster.

"Hello," I said. "Got the toothache?"

"No," she said, smiling faintly. "Worse than that."

"Impossible," I replied firmly. "A toothache is the lowest depth of human misery."

"I would accept the toothache with thankfulness if the party who walked off with my onions last night would bring 'em back to my barn."

I gazed at her in speechless consternation. A name leaped to my lips without conscious volition on my part.

"Jacob Werner!"

She looked around cautiously and then lowered her voice.

"The first person I thought of. But do you really think he would dare?"

"I don't believe he would for the price of the onions alone. But you must remember that he wants this place of yours in the worst way, and if you got a good price for your onions he stood a fair chance of getting his money—and his money is the last thing he wants in this case."

We went over to the barn and looked at the empty screens. The thief had made a good job. There was not over a bushel of onions in the building, including what was on the floor.

Whoever stole those onions was a mean man. Jacob Werner was a mean man. A horse and cart had been used to draw them away. Jacob had both. The thief had some strong motive besides the price of the onions to take upon himself the risk of discovery. Jacob had that motive. Our speculations ended there, and the owner of the onions that had been and were not, turned a pail upside down and sat upon it.

"This is the end," she said quietly. "I couldn't raise another $10.00 to save my soul, and wouldn't if I could. I'm hoodooed."

"Rats! You're no more hoodooed than I am. I'm off to do a little detective work. Keep a stiff upper lip and your eye on Jacob Werner's onion crop, and let Holmes do it."

It sounded competent to handle any situation, but the truth is I hadn't any plan of action whatever. I lay awake until far into the night, but not one grain of inspiration was vouchsafed me.

Hopeless of getting any sleep, I got up and lit the lamp, resolved to read myself drowsy. The first book that met my eye as I looked over the bookshelf at the head of my bed was "The Adventures of Jimmy Dale," and I sat on the side of the bed overcome by a brilliant idea. I would turn burglar!

I glanced at my watch. It was a quarter past one—a real burglar's hour. Without giving myself time to lose my nerve I hurried into my clothes and dropped softly from my window to the woodshed roof.

Jacob's house was set in the centre of a three-acre lot, with the barn directly behind the house. A lane led past the house to the barn, and luckily he had no dog. He had tried to keep one on the premises more than once but a week of Jacob's company was enough for any canine. They all left more or less suddenly and for good, which speaks volumes for Jacob's disposition.

I reached the barn with no greater mishap than stumbling over a coil of barbed wire in the lane, and there met with my first obstacle. The door was fastened with a brass padlock as big as the face of my alarm clock. It probably would have been an easy mark for a professional burglar, but for an amateur it meant defeat at the outset.

One look at it was enough, and I went around the building to look for another place of access. On the south side, ten or twelve feet from the ground, was a window about four feet square with the sash and panes removed, used to ventilate the barn in warm weather. It looked the most likely place to get in and I concentrated on it.

The problem was to get up to it. I found a board about six feet long that I leaned against the wall under the window, but it broke under my weight with a crash that sounded in my ears like the knell of doom. I lay quietly on the ground for nearly ten minutes, but as there was no sign of life from the house, I resolved to try again.

This time I located a ladder up against a pear tree in the orchard that got me into the barn without further difficulty.

Jacob had a wonderful crop of onions—an extraordinary crop from one acre. But there was not one scrap of evidence that they did not belong to him. I had never realized until that moment how much one onion resembles another. I walked around the screens a dozen times, looking at them by the light of my flashlight, but all I discovered was a growing conviction in my own heart that the man who proved Jacob Werner guilty of theft would have more acute powers of observation than I ever hoped to possess.

When I went to the window to get out I found myself faced with the same difficulty that had nearly daunted me in getting in. It had been easy to drop the ten feet from the window to the barn floor, but getting from the floor to the window again was a different problem. I didn't want Jacob to know anyone had been investigating the contents of his barn but there was no help for it.

I dragged a high grain box under the window and drew myself up by my arms level with the opening. As my head rose above the sill there was a red flash from the darkness beneath me, a sharp crack, and a bullet whistled unpleasantly close to my ear. A sarcastic voice from the darkness addressed me.

"If you are wise, my pussy-footed friend, whoever you are, you'll keep strictly away from that window. And while you are waiting as patiently as may be for daylight, you can employ your time making mental pictures of the inside of the penitentiary. And the next time you go a-burglaring don't start out by trying to knock the barn down. It's a noisy undertaking."

There was I in the barn, and there was Jacob in the orchard, probably behind a tree, begging for a flimsy excuse to fill me full of holes. I had two choices; darkness and the shot gun, or daylight and jail. My mouth didn't water at the thought of either.

I sat on a pile of grain bags and tried to think. My only chance was to lure Jacob away from that window long enough for me to make good my escape. I cast my flashlight around the interior and it rested on a coil of heavy rope thrown over a beam. My flashlight took another circuit and this time settled on a ten-foot plank leaning against the opposite wall.

A vague plan formed in my mind, and I lost no time in puttin it into execution, for already the breeze that presages dawn had arisen and was whistling through the crevices of the building, stirring the straw on the floor with eerie movements and ghostly rustlings.

I tied one end of the rope to the plank and leaned it against the door of the barn. I then threw the other end of the rope over a beam and stood upon the grain box under the window. By pulling on the rope I could draw the plank back about a foot and let it crash against the door, giving a very good imitation of a dangerous criminal making desperate efforts to regain his liberty.

It worked like a charm. After four or five crashes I drew myself up cautiously to the window. A shadow with an unmistakeable limp was hurrying around the corner of the barn. I dropped into the darkness and fled for my life.

Jacob Werner shipped his onions the following week and accepted the congratulations on his extraordinary crop with deprecating modesty. He credited the crop to the great fertility of the land, and did anyone care to go shares on next year's crop? No one did. They all knew Jacob.

An evil day comes quickly. Bright and early on the morning of the 20th Jacob passed our place hurrying in the direction of Mrs. Stewart's. His limp was more noticeable than usual, and he had that predatory look that is the birthright of birds of prey and certain types of men. I waited for fifteen minutes and then walked leisurely over to my neibhbour's. Jacob could take the bees by law, but I was making it my business to see that he took nothing else. Although I had no doubt but what, sooner or later, he would have the whole place and quite probably the furniture.

Mrs. Stewart was in the kitchen. I had been afraid of finding her in tears, but the only sign of grief she betrayed was a nervous twitching at the corner of her mouth.

"He's back in the orchard looking at them," she said, in answer to my look of inquiry. "He'll smoke them out to-night when they are in the hives. He has a place ready for them in his own garden." She smiled a wry smile.

We talked of everything but bees for a few minutes and then I stepped over to the window overlooking the orchard to see what Jacob was doing. I had a clear view of the bee hives and he was nowhere in sight. I turned to Mrs. Stewart in surprise.

"He isn't there now!"

"Not there!" She came to the window and looked out. "He must be. He went out the back door not over ten minutes ago."

About fifty feet from the hives we found him. He was face down in the long grass with his head buried in his arms, and there was an average of two raging bees to every square inch of him. He was a seething mass of brown and yellow.

Mrs. Stewart brought out veils and protectors and we finally got rid of the bees and carried him into the kitchen. But when we laid him on the couch he was quite dead.

But, and this is the kernel of the whole story, when we followed Jacob's trail through the long grass we discovered that those bees had attacked him before he got to within ten feet of their hives. And the inquest brought out the fact that he had a club-foot.

Tom Linton spat over the verandah railing.

"Don't tell me that bees aren't intelligent."

WELCOME NEWS.

Reduced Sales Tax Benefits Buying Public.

THE recent announcement of the Dominion Government regarding a reduction in the sales tax on biscuits from 6 per cent. to 2½ per cent. has caused the leading manufacturers of biscuits to send revised price lists to the retail trade. As practically every grocer will, it is hoped, pass this advantage along to his customers, the biscuit-buying public will soon be getting reduced prices on their favourite table dainties.

Prices have been reduced as follows:—13 lines, one cent per lb.; 40 lines, two cents per lb.; 18 lines, 3 cents per lb.; 4 lines, four cents per lb.; 2 lines, five cents per lb.; 1 line, six cents per lb.; and one line, eight cents per lb.

From this it will be seen that manufacturers have reduced prices on at least seventy-nine different lines of biscuits, the reductions ranging from one to eight cents per lb.—very substantial reductions. This just goes to show what a good effect in reducing the high cost of living could be achieved if it were possible for the Government to abolish the sales tax altogether on everything that people eat. At all events, biscut manufacturers have shown a commendable public spirit in at once passing on to the general public the advantage of the sales tax reduction as affecting their products.

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THE KEEPER.

By Arthur Stringer

Wide is the world and wide its open seas,
Yet I who fare from pole to pole remain
A prisoned Hope that paces ill at ease,
A captive Fear that fumbles with its chain.

I once for Freedom madly did aspire,
And stormed His bars in many a burst of rage:
But see, my Keeper with his brands of fire
Has cowed me quite . . . and bade me love my cage!

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Leaves from a Paris Note Book

Memories of Pre-War Paris

By Miss Montizambert

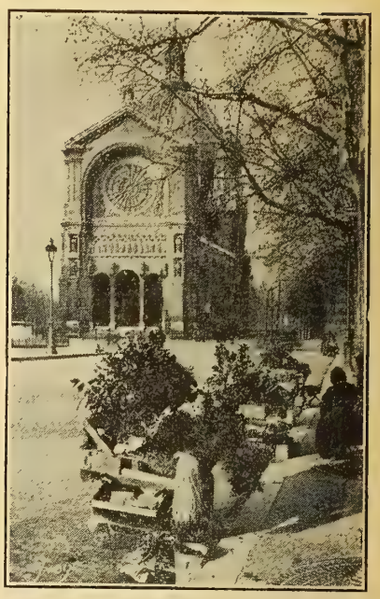
THE last festivity of the year was in abeyance during the war. Unusual crowds gathered on Christmas Eve for the midnight masses that were sung in all the big churches, but no one had the heart for the Réveillon parties, even if the authorities had permitted more than one occasional "pâtisserie" to remain open and dispense hot "brioches" at 1 a.m. But since the long nightmare is over, those who have not mourning always in their hearts have begun again the revelries of Christmas Eve. Tables are engaged ahead at all the big hotels and the Montmartre restaurants are filled with the cosmopolitan crowd who fling coloured celluloid balls at each other, listen to the jazz band, look at the Spanish dancers and firmly believe they are seeing Paris life.

Besides these Parisian phases of fixed date, there are many merry and odd little things that strike us when we first come to this delectable city,—"one of the most gallant cittyes in the world"—John Evelyn thought it. Perhaps one of the first things you will notice is the little white placard with a saint's name stuck rakishly among the flowers on the barrows of the "marchands des quarte saisons," as the French poetically call the costermongers. It is not piety, as one might suppose, but strict attention to business on the part of the "marchands des quatre saisons" that creates those placards. I believe the French owe to Napoleon, among other more useful things like beet sugar, the habit of christening their children after some saint. No child was ever known to object to this plan because it has the jovial result of giving them two birthdays: the natal day and the day dedicated to the patron saint. When one is small, with any luck one gets presents from one's godparents on the saint's day and, when the golden age has passed, the friends' good wishes come with flowers if the little placard on the barrow has done its work as a reminder.

I hear that the "marchands des quatre saisons," whose ubiquity in the Paris streets is another pleasant novelty, have formed a syndicate to defend their rights. More power to their elbow, for I confess I love them. They may suspect it, the rogues, for one of them once asked me in very friendly fashion if I would look after her flower-barrow while she dashed out into the street traffic to say a "bonjour" to her father-in-law, a rubicund old "cocher" in the traditional red waistcoat, driving a fiacre whose occupant, it was genially taken for granted, would mind the interruption no more than I did.

They must surely be costermongers by preference, for they show signs of aptitude in so many other walks of life. Their sometimes embarassing skill in repartee is worthy of the front parliamentary benches—in the Chambre of Deputiés, bien entendu—the way they hypnotize you into chatting with them and distract your attention as they deftly wrap up the bad fruit they have taken when you were not looking, from underneath the glorious facade of good specimens that has tempted you, would make any conjurer engage them for the asking,—and then the artistic ability they show in the exquisite colour schemes, not only with flowers but fruit and vegetables, is worthy of a skilled florist's assistant.

I think they must be kept ruthlessly in their places by the severity of the Parisian policeman. It is so very disheartening to be invited to move on, just when you have let down the hind leg of your push-cart in a corner that promises good business. For no apparent reason the "agents," those courteous friends of the foreigner, are adamant towards the little merchants of the four seasons. Well, the syndicate may alter that and I wish them good luck, for they certainly add to the picturesqueness of the Paris streets.



The French policeman has his limitations; I think he longs for peace and a quiet life and is apt to look on from afar if you have a difference of opinion with a taxi driver, and only arrives to ask what is the matter out of friendly curiosity when your enemy is well out of sight. He has not yet learned to regulate traffic as well as his confrere across the channel, but as a rule, when you can find him, he is very courteous and patient with foreigners, to the comfort of whose stay in Paris he contributes in no small degree. He has many names, from the pompous "sergents de ville" or "gardiens de la paix" to the slang "flic" of the hooligan, but you will get the most kindly attention if you preface your inquiries with a little bow and the words "Pardon, Monsieur l'agent . . ."

SERIES IV.—PHASES OF PARIS LIFE

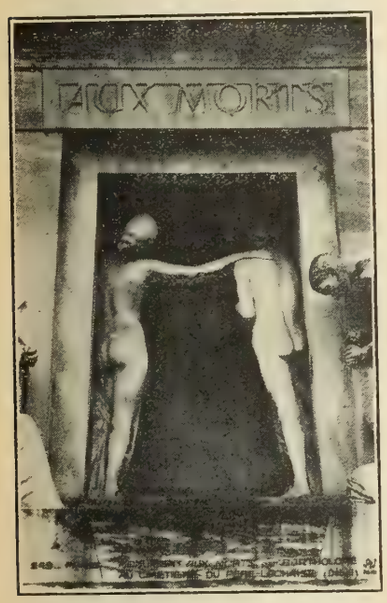
THE next date of importance to Parisians is the 1st of November, the "Toussaint," the day on which they go to pray for the souls of their dead, and "Le Jour des Morts," the day following, when they go to decorate their tombs. Even before the war, it was a day of poignant solemnity, and that, of course, is now intensified when France mourns, like Rachel, for so many of her children. In Paris, in addition to the large military cemeteries, there are English and American plots in most of the big God's acres. Lafayette is buried in the now closed Picpus cemetery and a pious pilgrimage is made there by the American societies every "Jour des Morts," while the English go to Pantin and Bagneux. The Canadian Commissioner decorates the graves of the Canadian soldiers buried at Versailles in the little hillside graveyard that once owed its beauty to the generous care of a young French girl, Mademoiselle Renée Lefevre.

But, though there is little beauty in the Paris cemeteries, the traveller is often drawn to see the restingplace of the mortal remains of famous people, so I add a list of where they may be found. The most important burial ground occupies the site of the gardens that used to belong to the confessor of Louis XIV, and still bears his name,—Pere Lachaise. It lies to the extreme east of the city and may be reached by Mètro to the station of the same name, by the tramway Opera-Montreuil from the Place de l'Opéra, or by the autobus P. from the Gare St. Lazare. Here may be found Bartholome's great sculptured gateway "Aux Morts," and the

graves of Marshal Ney, Racine, La Fontaine, Balzac, Moliere, de Musset, Chopin, Ingres, Rachel, Thiers, Corot, Daudet, Lefebvre, (the husband of Madame Sans-Gene), Rosa Bonheur, Georges Bizet, the composer of Carmen, Lesurques of the Lyons Mail fame. The tomb of Abelard and Héloise attracts many visitors, but it is not authentic.

The Montmartre cemetery I have always found more interesting than Pere Lachaise, but perhaps that comes from the impression made by Matthew Arnold's poem, long before I had ever seen "trim Montmartre." There may be found the graves of Heine the German Jew, who lived and died in Paris, and of ola, Théophile Gautier, Renan, Dumas fils, and the de Goncourts.

In little Passy cemetery, that is now no longer used for burials, is the resting-place of Marie Bashkirtseff. The Montparnasse cemetery, with its principal entrance on the boulevard Edgar Quintet, reached by the Raspail Métro or by a few minutes' walk from the Gare Montparnasse, contains the graves of Pierre Larousse the editor, in whose most useful dictionary may be found the story of all the famous people buried in these cemeteries, of Gérard, Baudelaire, Leconte de Lisle, Guy de Maupassant, Sainte Beuve and César Franck.



Another noteworthy cemetery in Paris is of especial interest to Americans as the burial place of General de Lafayette, No. 35, due de Picpus (XII), and more than 1,340 victims of the French revolution are buried here.

Later on in November a sudden swarm of pretty midinettes emerges from the dressmakers in the Rue de la Paix and the Place Vendome, wearing on their mischevious heads all sorts of fantastic caps and bonnets, because on the 25th of the month, St. Catherine's Day, all the unmarried girls over twenty-five must "coiffer Sainte Catherine." I sometimes wonder if that pious lady, who was of Alexandria, not Siena, you remember, ever suspected that her refusal to marry the Roman Emperor ungallant enough to torture her for it, would be the "point de départ" for so much joking and merriment. The work-girls put on any sort of headgear that takes their fancy, but, if they really followed tradition, they would braid their hair in two plaits and cover it with a yellow bonnet trimmed with chrysanthemums and a pin for every year they are old maids. The flowers are worn in honour of the Saint by those who do not wish to follow her example.

These merry maids have their counterpart in the young men one sees sometimes, either piled seven or eight in a taxi, flying along the boulevards, or else rollicking arm-in-arm, singing songs and joking with the passers-by. Their hats, often ancient "toppers" borrowed for the occasion, are made more grosteque with broad tricoloured streamers, and they wear huge paper rosettes in their buttonholes. Bodley, apropos of Napoleon's undignified meeting with Marie Louise, says that her name was given to "an army of young conscripts torn from their homes to fight without training." The name still clings, and the boys in the youngest class of French infantry are still called "Marie Louise." In the last five war years their absurdities only made one's throat tighten, for these shambling lads were members of the recruit class notified in January of their enrolment in the French army or passed by a "Conseil de révision" at other times in the year. They were going to be moulded into the men who held Verdun, "Gauls unafraid of death," as Horace once called their like, and they were celebrating the fact in a sheepish though time-honoured fashion: "Morituri te salutant!"

Elizabeth Wentworth Marvin

FOOD VALUES

By Mrs. W. Garland Foster

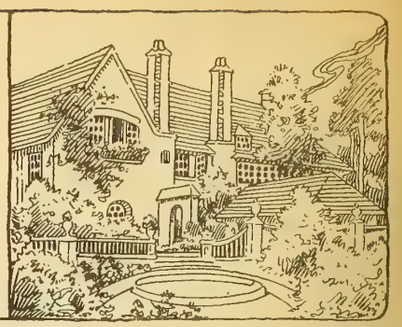
IN these enlightened days, when one speaks of Food Values, the initiated think at once of calories. But calories are only the beginning of the subject. Determining the caloric value of food, is merely expressing the value of food in terms of heat. The relation of heat to energy may be demonstrated mathematically. If 1 gramme of water (twenty drops) is heated so that the temperature goes up one degree, the amount of heat required is said to be a calorie. Based on this fact scientists invented what is known as the bomb calorimeter, in which food may be burned with the object of arriving at its caloric or heat producing value. That is the amount of food consumed to send the calorimeter up one degree is the equivalent of a calorie.

But is this the same thing as consuming that amount of food in the human body? Can human energy be estimated on such a basis? Assuredly not. It may be a guide, but it is not thus we value the condiments in Nature's cupboard. If we seek only high caloric value in foods, we may as well use gasoline as starch, or sugar, for its caloric value is higher. When the caloric theory of foods was new there was a fad to continually stoke the body with energy producing foods. The caloric requirement for an adult varies between 2,500 and 3,500 per day and is based on the height, weight and muscular activity. When it is seen that 1 lb. of white bread contains 1,200 calories, apples 190, lettuce 65, and clear soup none, the inference is plain and it is not surprising that people have not thrived on high value caloric foods.

Fortunately for the race, scientists discovered shortly after this that calories do not put red colouring matter into the blood, and have nothing to do with the oxydizing agent which keeps company with the iron in the blood, viz., manganese. No food can liberate its calories unless the organs of the body are actively performing their proper function, and they cannot per form their function unless the food contains certain accessory food substances associated with the minerals which are vital to proper nutrition. These substances are those mysterious substances known as vitamines. So far it is not known **what** they are, so much as **how** they act. They control the development of the body in early life, and maintain the vitality of adults, and strange to relate, the foods in which they occur have often no caloric value. Vitamine **A** so-called is found in the fat of food and promotes the growth of tissue, vitamine **B** is found in the juice of food and is a nerve tonic, and **C** vitamine is the one that prevents scurvey and allied diseases and is found in the juices of fruits. This fact was known empirically to the early Arctic explorers. Maud Radford Warren says that in her childhood—you know she is a Canadian—that the healthiest children in the school she attended were a family of old country children, who lived largely on vegetables; and the grandchildren of an old sea captain, who every morning before they went

(*Continued on page* 19)

The Home



Scotch Shortbread.

By Louise E. Julyan

If the reader is a maker of Scotch Shortbread, she has read our heading, sniffed, either actually or mentally, and she is reading the foundation for the heading with an—"she can't tell me anything **about** it, but still I'll see what she says"—air. She has no intention of learning from us. She merely intends to see how we do the job, and how our ideas differ from hers.

These being the unvarying symptoms of a good shortbread maker, and ingrained inextricably, we merely bow to **that** reader and address instead the one who is not a maker of shortbread, but who aspires to a place among such culinary stars.

To such a one we must explain at once that women who make good shortbread are superior creatures—in their own estimation, firstly, and in that of their acquaintances only a little less so. The good shortbread maker sees the shortbreads of other women at the church bazaar, or at their afternoon teas. She looks upon them critically. She hears someone say, "Try Mrs. Pratt's delicious shortbread," or someone else thrilling, "Mrs. Lee sent us **shortbread!**" And she thinks to herself and says later to her husband, "**Such** shortbread!"

We were, you see, brought up by and with a mother who excelled in this art.

Every autumn, for shortbread is a seasonal delicacy, like suet puddings and fruit cakes, we heard that "Mrs. J—— sent shortbread" (to our church bazaar and tea) "such hard, white, tasteless looking stuff, and of course she makes hers in little squares!"

(Would that there were punctuation marks to express disdain that we might use them to punctuate our mother's sentences!) She, being of the "farl" caste, we understood how Mrs. J.'s little squares have "done for" her, in our parent's estimation. No matter that Mrs. J——, on being told (tactfully, our parent **said** she did it!) that real Scotch shortbread was made in large cakes or farls and broken in small pieces, retorted with some spirit that she had learned to make hers in such a truly Scotch place as Edinburgh itself, and from an Edinburgh baker at that. This of course silenced our shortbread-vain parent, but also of course it failed to convince her, seeing that her knowledge is inherited and confirmed. By fall, and the next church bazaar, she was just as scornful of little white squares as though Mrs. J—— had never stood up for self, with the Edinburgh baker behind her.

Pope once queried, "In parts superior what advantage lies?" Had he ever known our shortbread-making parent, or ever made shortbread himself, he need not have written that line!

We give these details from our family life to show the reader who dares not make shortbread, nor knows in her community a woman who does, that to be able to do so is to become a sort of domestic superwoman among her associates. If anyone doubts this, let him set forth with his lantern and find for us if he can, one who, having once made good shortbread, is not vain of her accomplishment. The women who make it know these things. They have felt the way our mother felt—that is why they sniffed when they read our heading.

Though we were brought up, as we have said, by one who knew and made **real** Scotch shortbread, our ability to do likewise had never been proven. It was, we felt, a point in our education which was seriously neglected. Therefore, when we went west to visit a relative who for long had borne the reputation (and also first prizes without number) of being a maker of superfine shortbread, we determined to remedy the defect.

We scarcely dared to ask this High Priestess of the shortbread making rite for her recipe, but at last, feeling that the possible reward was worth venturing for, we made the request. We have never been on chummy terms with a King or Queen, but had we been, and asked them for a great favour, such as a "lend" of their crowns or something of that sort, we would have used the same manner.

To our great surprise, our request was granted. Not only that, under direction we might make some on the morrow! We were as thrilled and delighted as a flapper with a new style of coiffure!

Behold us, then, on the promised morrow! Here we are, keenly interested, even excited, in our aunt's comfortable kitchen—a tidy, but not **too** tidy place, one of those kitchens from which when you enter, comes a feeling of competence and homeiness and cleanliness and comfort, which closes round you like an embrace. See us waiting, as acolyte might on priest, upon the impressive person of our aunt as she sets forth, first, a deep yellow mixing bowl; second, a smooth creamy coloured bakeboard; and third, run a floury hand over a shining glass rolling pin.

I am ordered to the pantry for the pound of butter set forth there for our purposes. She takes the lump of gold which I bring, from its plate, and places it in the mixing bowl which in my absence has been treated to a douche of boiling water which thoroughly warms it, and makes the butter easier to "work." Then she hands me the bowl and a wooden spoon and I am instructed to "cream" the butter. I begin to break down its shapeliness and, to the accompaniment of a waxy sound that is very pleasant, it begins to grow pliable and pale under my spoon. In ten minutes it is quite unlike the solid and stolid brick I started with, but is a satin surfaced mass full of delicious curves and crevices.

While I accomplish this, our aunt has taken one cup of yellow sugar from a bin—this promises to be a symphony in yellows, truly—and it has gone through the needle's eye of a wire sieve not once but thrice, and now lies beside a pile of flour which has known the same experience, save that four passages were forced upon it. It is pastry flour, by the way, the kind on which the pressure of a hand makes no impression. Bread flour, you must know, is like a matrix for taking such an impression.

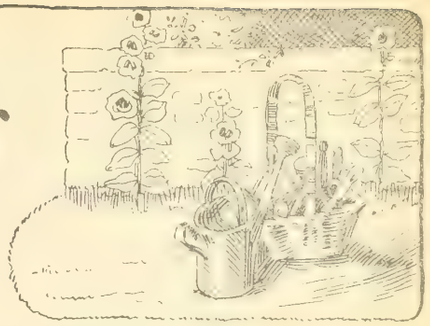
Flour-sugar-butter! These are all the ingredients of this simple mixture, for in shortbread as in gowns, simplicity is priceless and the result impressive. But materials must be of the best and they must be handled "just so."

Comes now the great moment of combination! Almost as a surgeon prepares for a major operation our aunt has prepared her hands, and her whole mind is intent on her task. No frivolous moment this, but a very momentous one.

Into the waxy mass in the bowl goes the sugar, slowly, slowly, slowly. When I could scarcely guess it was there had I not seen with my own eyes the transfusion, the flour follows it until there is a gradual stiffening of the whole. Here is where the Mrs. J——'s and others go wrong, according to our aunt. this much flour (four level cupsful) and no more shall there be, unless mayhaps the flour is very soft, when another small cupful may go in.

The wooden spoon pats the mass closer and closer. Suddenly there is a smooth, clean surface. Then the spoon is discarded and the High Priestess lifts the bowls in her two hands and

Gardening



With Adam and Eve in the Garden

THE amateur gardener who is impatiently waiting for warm weather should bear in mind that there is no arbitrary date for starting the garden. One can begin planting earlier in light soils than on heavy, unless the heavy ones are well underdrained.

May is the busiest month of the year, as the gardener who can only tend his beloved flowers in the evening or on half-holidays can well appreciate. Therefore it is good policy during the coming month to never put off till to-morrow the task that can be done to-day.

Sow seeds now for the first crop of all hardy vegetables, preferably selecting the early varieties and take care during this month to sow for succession.

Where they are to stand without transplanting such vegetables as Jerusalem or tuberous artichokes, beets, carrots, chicory, field corn, corn salad, cress, cucumber, melon, parsnip, parsley, spinach and squash may now be sown, but in districts where there is danger of late frost the young plants after appearing should be protected.

For radishes, sow every few days, as quick succulent growth is the secret of good radishes, they should not be sown on a dry hot soil. A "little and often" is a good rule to follow in the case of the radish, and this advice also applies to the lettuce.

There are many cultivated plants which become weeds when neglected, and there are also common weeds which make delightful culinary plants when cultivated, and in this connection there is probably no garden green more acceptable and tasty in the early spring than the leaves of the young dandelion.

Several of our Canadian Seedhouses can supply the seed of cultivated dandelions and from personal experience we can assure the garden lover that this is a crop which well repays cultivation. Sow in deep rich soil and after the plants appear hoe frequently. Place the patch where the plants will not be disturbed if it is desired to grow them for more than one season, but do not allow them to go to seed and scatter, and thereby become a nuisance. The leaves may be blanched by tying them together or by banking them with boards. Several crops may be taken off during the season, but when the mid-ribs of the leaves become "woody" the plants should be allowed to grow at will.

No doubt many small home gardeners have often felt the need for a hotbed but the cost of sash, the breakage of glass and the fact that if not carefully tended every day the baby plants are burned up has deterred many from going to the cost of building one.

To those living in districts where planting out time is delayed until the end of May or later we can heartily commend the following plan as we have tried it for years with unvarying success, and have nursed the most delicate of plants to a robust and useful life.

The size of the hotbed will, of course, be governed by the space at your disposal, and may be built of any good close-grained wood. Dig out to a depth of eighteen inches and make the frame twelve inches high at the back and eight at the front, sinking it three inches and banking the outside a little. The frames for the cover may be made of very light strips hinged to the back of the bed and covered with unbleached cotton cloth.

The hotbed should be composed of ten inches of fresh horse manure firmly tramped down, on top of which eight inches of good garden soil should be placed. When the heat in the bed falls to about 90 degrees the seed may be sown. Raise the covers when the weather is warm to give the plants an abundance of fresh air and place them snugly down at night and during cold winds and rains. In wet weather it will be found that the slope of the frame will drain off the water except for an inch or two in the front. With reasonable care the covers will last for several years.

The rotation of crops is a matter of great importance and should be given particular attention. So far as is possible a vegetable belonging to a family or Natural Order different from that of the first crop should be chosen to succeed it. For example, it is bad gardening to sow turnips on land previously occupied by broccoli or spring cabbage or other greens. Crops which need fairly good soil free from fresh manure ought to be grown on a piece of land that has been occupied by a crop for which manure was dug in freely. For instance carrots and beetroot may well follow leek or celery; these will be cleared in plenty of time to allow of the soil being dug over and broken down finely for the reception of the seeds of the root crops. Spring cabbage may well follow onions, and peas can be grown on land that was devoted to potatoes the previous year.

Every opportunity should be taken of sowing and planting such quick-growing crops as lettuce, spinach, radish and turnip between rows of vegetables which take longer to arrive at maturity, thus utilizing the ground to the full. It is an easy matter to maintain an unbroken succession of salads during summer and early autumn, providing the matter is thought out beforehand and that a little seed is sown every two or three weeks. It is far better to sow a short row of these catch crops where they are to remain, and to thin out the seedlings, than it is to make a large sowing at once and to transplant the seedlings; particularly is this essential from May onwards. One point to which amateurs rarely pay sufficient attention is the state of the soil when sowing and planting. They are too apt to work by the book, instead of choosing a day when the soil is just in the right condition for the seeds or plants. It does not matter whether you sow parsnips, for instance, during the first, second or third week in March; it matters much more that the soil be in such state that it can be brought down to a fine tilth before the seeds are put in. There is no advantage in sowing when the soil is unsuitable; the crop will not turn in any earlier, and it is almost certain to be less satisfactory. The time for working the soil in the spring can be ascertained by squeezing a handful; if it is sticky and forms a ball it is too wet, if it breaks hard, too dry, it should crumble easily and leave very little dirt on the hands. We know from experience that it is sometimes almost hopeless to wait for the ideal time, and in such circumstances we have adopted the plan, with fairly satisfactory results, of taking out a drill deeper than is usual, and filling it with fine dry soil in which the seeds are sown. This is, however,

(Continued on page 18)

The Children's Section

Boys and Girls Come Out to Play

Young Authors' Page

PRIZES FOR YOUNG WRITERS.

A Book Prize is offered every month to the boy or girl under 14 years of age sending in the best **original** short story.

Stories must **not** exceed 500 words. Read Rules below.

Announcement.

Leta Bovingdon, of Soo Ste. Marie, will receive a book for her letter which was printed in the April issue. We have awarded a prize to Leta because she has not tried to copy a story out of a book.

Will all boys and girls whose stories appear on this page write at once and answer the question asked in our April number? Hurry up if you wish to win a prize.

RULES.

Stories must be written on one side of the paper only.

Good writing will be taken into consideration.

BUT—above everything each story must be the **original work of the writer,** which means that no boy or girl may win a prize for a story that has been copied from a book, or a story they have heard. It must be a story made up, or it may be a true story of some one you know, a friend or a pet, but it must be your own unaided work.

Stories must be signed by Parent or Teacher like this:

"The above story is the unaided work of John Bailey."

(Signed) Mrs. E. Bailey.

THE MAGIC MOUSE.

By Dorothy Gomery, age 7½, 2020 McNichol Avenue, Vancouver, B.C.

ONCE there was a cat who lived in a big house in the city. She had often seen mice running around.

One night when every one was asleep she made up her mind to run after them and not give up. The next morning she tried and tried to catch them, sometimes she would run for hours, she did this for a whole week and didn't catch one. Her master noticed this and said, "If puss can't catch any mice as we bought her for she will have to be cast into the woods."

When puss heard this she began to mew and sigh. Then the little girl (who was the cat's little mistress) said, "Please Father, don't throw her into the woods. Give her one more week, and then if she doesn't catch any do whatever you want." Very well, said the Father, but I won't give her more than one week.

A week went by and puss only caught one mouse, a whole month went by and every week puss caught one more mouse.

At last she got so used to catching them that she could catch twenty mice a day. One day she caught the biggest mouse she had ever seen. And all of a sudden, it began to talk, it said, "If you will take me into your bed at night, share your food with me, you shall be very happy in a Royal Home some day.

Puss shared everything with this mouse for a month. At last puss and the mouse fell in love. They went out to all the mouse celebrations and played together beside the fire.

One night as they played beside the fire the mouse kissed puss and tapped him on the head, and then stamped his foot three times on the floor and turned around twice. Puss wondered at this. At first she thought he was going crazy. Then all at once the house began to get bigger, the master and the dame became King and Queen, puss and the mouse began to turn into Princes. And at last there was a Royal Family. So all that the mouse said was true and they all lived happily ever after.

LITTLE JOYCE CARR.

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl, who lived with her father and mother in a little village.

These people were very poor, and as it was in the winter time, and coal and wood was very scarce, they found it hard to live.

One day two or three weeks after, when Mr. Carr was out looking for coal, he met a man who was not feeling well. Mr. Carr, as he was a very kind man, helped the sick man to his home. The sick man gave Mr. Carr a dollar for his kindness towards him. Mr. Carr went home very happy as he would be able to buy a bag of coal for to keep his family warm and also get some things for to eat. After a day or two Mr. Carr became very sick. The doctor was there and he said it was a serious case of fever. He said that a Mr. Starr on the other street had also got it. He asked him if he had been near Mr. Starr. Mr. Carr told him that he had helped a sick man home and he described the place. That is the very man says the doctor.

Days passed and Mr. Starr was getting better while Mr. Carr was getting worse.

Then came the day when the sad news were spread over the village that Mr. Carr had passed away the night before and that Mrs. Carr and little Joyce were very sick. Mrs. Carr also had passed away and Joyce was left all alone.

Mr. Starr was very sorry and he could have given anything if he could take their life back again. But as he could not he adopted little Joyce and found out that he was her rich uncle. She was very happy at her new Home, but was very lonesome for her parents.

Mr. Starr felt so sorry that he did all that he could for her and gave her a good education and she has turned out to be a matron of a large hospital.

—Annie M. Proudfoot, Scotsburn Sta., Pictou, N.S. Aged 13 years.

HOW ROVER SAVED HIS MASTER'S LIFE.

ONCE upon a time there were three little children. Their names were Lucy, William and Robert Campbell. Robert had a large Newfoundland dog called Rover. His aunt had given it to him for his birthday.

One day the three children thought they would go out for a row on the lake. They went farther than they had ever been before. They had been out for about an hour when a wind sprang up.

William who was the oldest was getting tired of rowing. Robert said he would try. Their sister Lucy who always played that she was their mother, said she would row. They began to quarrel and very soon the boat tipped over.

Now Lucy and William could swim but poor Robert who was only six years old could not. Lucy and William began to swim ashore and it was not until they were safe on shore did they remember about their small brother.

Now their big dog Rover had been waiting on shore and as soon as he saw the boat tip over, he was in the water at once, swimming towards Robert. He caught hold of Robert's coat with his teeth and dragged the little boy to shore.

Don't you think their mother was very proud of Rover for saving their little boy?

—Florence White, 2 Prince Edward Ave., Valois, P.Q. Aged 11 years.

LITTLE ROBINSON CRUSOES.

LONG ago, when this country was nearly all forest, with Indians lurking in the shadows, there stood alone, a log cabin on a river bank in the depths of the forest. In this cabin there lived with their parents, a lad of fourteen named John Robinson and his thirteen-year-old sister, Betty.

One hot day, the father took a canoe to go down the river to obtain supplies. In the afternoon Betty asked John, "What shall we do?"

"I think I will go up the river to set a box-trap near a rabbit hole. I would like a live rabbit. Will you come?"

"Yes, I will ask Mother if we may."

Having their mother's permission, they got their canoe ready and with box and bait they started up the river.

"Oh! John!" screamed the delighted Betty for around a bend in the river she saw a waterfall.

"We will have to land and carry our canoe," said John. This was done without much difficulty.

"Please go on that nice little island," begged Betty.

"The current is pretty strong here but I'll try." However he managed to reach the island. "This is lovely" cried Betty, jumping ashore.

"Wait a minute," said John. "I must pull up the boat first."

After walking about John said "I think I will set my trap here."

So they returned to the boat for the box and bait. Then he set the trap by covering the bait by the box propped up by a stick, so that when the animal came to get the bait it would knock down the stick, making itself a prisoner.

"Now, let's go," said John when he had finished.

Betty was the first to reach the shore. "Didn't we leave the boat here?" she asked in surprise. "Yes," answered John, "but it's gone."

"We'll go around the island and see if we can see it."

When they were nearest the waterfall, John cried, "Look, it's floating down stream. We're left on the island without a boat."

At first Betty was frightened but John said, "We'll swim to the bank and walk home." "But I couldn't swim in the current." "Then I will go home and get a canoe and return for you."

"Oh! don't John, Father ought to be home and will come to find us."

"Alright, I will build a fire. Then if he sees the smoke he will come."

John managed to get a fish, which Betty fried for supper.

"This is like Robinson Crusoe," she remarksd.

John kept the fire going for now it was very dark. A stick cracked. Suddenly the stillness was broken by a cheerful cry of "Is that you John and Betty?"

Next minute they saw their father in a canoe. Very soon they were in their cabin once more and were given a hearty welcome.

—Margaret C. Scott, 19 Avenue Road, Toronto, Ont. Aged 11 years.

THE MIDNIGHT CHASE.

"TWOO - whoo - to - whit-twoo-oo."

Zambuck the Owl, was on the prowl. His cry awoke the sleepy dwellers of the forest and made them shiver.

The moon was rising over the hill and by its wierd hazy light Zambuck as he swung on a branch, saw an eye staring up at him from the darkness below. A loud "whooo" on his part announced this discovery. A frightened hawk announced it on the other hand and then a rustling of leaves and patter of small feet, a flutter of great wings—and the chase was on!—

Zambuck the owl hunted, Dongonk the meadow-mouse hid.

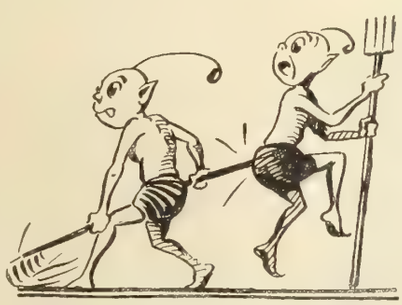
He had many hiding places safe to him from other midnight visitors, but Zambuck knew them all. None were safe now. Dongonk now this very night had to depend upon his wits to get himself out of this tight fix. The dried leaves betrayed him to the owl wherever he went.

Zambuck had been very hungry for the last two nights. His midnight hunting had not satisfied his hunger. A mouse just as this moment would be a dainty morsel.

"Whooo-ooo-oo" he screeched as he swooped after the fleeing mouse. His talons ready to grab, his beak ready to kill, his wings ready to carry him, he hunted.

Poor old Dongonk. His little life hung upon a very slender thread.

Zambuck could see better than he could. He dodged, he twisted, he turned and did everything possible to get out of the owl's



The Brownies Prepare for Spring.

way. He turned his little head, and looked up. There was Zambuck, his eyes flaming, coming down. Dongonk shut his eyes thinking that Zambuck would surely get him. But, however, the owl passed by and made ready again.

But suddenly a dark hole loomed up in front of him and Dongonk rushed in without a moment's thought.

Dongonk knew that he was safe from the owl for the time being. The hole into which he had darted was a small low tunnel and along this tunnel he ran. It was pitch black, he could not see. Suddenly a little grunt was heard, and Dongonk saw a small dark form ahead of him, completely blocking the passage way. It had no eyes, it was Shummuck the mole.

Outside Zambuck hunted everywhere for his lost prey. The mouse had suddenly disappeared. Zambuck came upon the hole and squatted down to watch, thus Dongonk was between two enemies.

The mole having no eyes could not see Dongonk but he kept slowly moving forward as the mouse kept moving backwards and every step he took backwards brought him nearer to Zambuck.

The mouse heard Zambuck scratching at the entry and fear clutched at his little heart.

He moved back and suddenly came upon a tunnel branching off. Along this he ran, came to daylight, and went home having earned his much needed sleep.

The mole moved on and came upon the owl, who did not see him. The mole gave a squeak, Zambuck turned and had his supper after all.

—Claude S. Cain, 13 years old.

THE MAGIC EGG.

ONCE upon a time there lived a little girl named Elsie. She was kind and everybody in the village loved her. One day she was crossing the meadows when she saw a very old man kneeling on the grass. He looked very poor and unhappy and was greatly troubled about something.

"Have you lost anything?" Elsie asked. "Yes, little maid," he replied, "I have lost the very last shilling I had.

"Don't you bother looking for it," said Elsie, "I shall find it."

Getting on her knees Elsie searched while the old man rested himself. Then suddenly she gave a cry.

"I've got it," she called to the old man. "It was hiding behind a large daisy."

The old man was very grateful to Elsie and as he said goodbye he pressed something into her hand, saying, "Here is a magic egg. Next time you are in trouble crack it and help will come."

When Elsie was alone, she was hurrying home when she came to a wide river. The ferry boat had gone and so she cracked the magic egg, and what do you think happened? Out of it came a beautiful silver boat with mother-o'-pearl oars, and sitting in the stern was the dearest little fairy dressed in silver cloth. He bowed low to Elsie and gave his hand to help her into the fairy craft. And in less than a twinkling they were on the opposite bank. Elsie jumped out on the grass but before she could thank the fairy he had vanished.

When Elsie got home her mother said that it must have been a real fairy adventure.

—Sydney Butterfill, 40 Brownville Ave., Mount Dennis, Ont. Age—8 years.

THE SQUEAKY SHOES.

There's Aunt Matilda's child'en,
And they're playin' hide-an'-seek,
But they sez I mustn't join them
'Cos I've got on shoes that squeak.

An' when you're playin' hidin'
You must never make a sound,
Or they'll creep along an' hear you,
And you're certain to be found.

They said, "Put on your slippers,
Come along, an' hide away."
But I said I'd keep my shoes on
Or I wouldn't go an' play.

So they've gone to play without me.
They can jus' do what they choose.
'Cos I had them new this morning
I shall sit an' wear my shoes.

By Marion St. John Webb.

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Keep Horlick's Always on Hand
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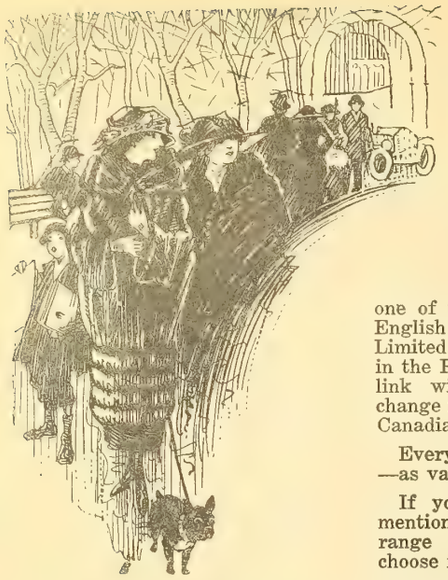
Scalp Blemishes, Birthmarks, Moles, etc., painlessly removed without the aid of electricity or radium—the process employed has been successfully demonstrated for nineteen years.



Good Garments

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ENGLAND with its close access to Paris naturally provides the latest in fashions.

Our Pattern Service is *exclusive*. Not only are these patterns made by one of the Best and Best Known of English Pattern Houses:—Weldon's, Limited:—(Gold and Silver Medalists in the Pattern World), but they are a link with the Home-Land, and a change from those generally sold over Canadian counters.

Every month we will offer you four —as varied as possible.

If you cannot obtain the fabrics mentioned, or you are beyond the range of the big shops, may we choose for you?

Just write to "Kathleen" say how much you want to spend, the colour you desire, etc., etc. She will advise, with samples and prices, and buy for you if you wish it.

There is no charge for this service, if you are a subscriber.

HOW TO ORDER.

All letters to this department should be addressed to

"Kathleen,"
Fashions and Fabrics,
"National Life",
208 King St. West,
Toronto, Ont.

Orders for patterns should be accompanied by

No. of pattern, and name: date of magazine from which it is chosen.

(To "mak' siccer" clip picture and enclose!)

Size of bust and waist.

All orders should be accompanied by 10 cts. in stamps, or coins in coin carriers. This includes postage of the pattern to you.

TO SUBSCRIBERS, the price of patterns is 10 cents each—quote your subscription number.

NON-SUBSCRIBERS, may purchase any pattern depicted in this magazine for 20 cents—this cost includes postage.

But every new subscription sent direct to this address (or renewal sent in the same way) entitles you to one Free Pattern, if you mention the one you want, at the same time you enclose your subscription fee of One Dollar.

No. 70697.

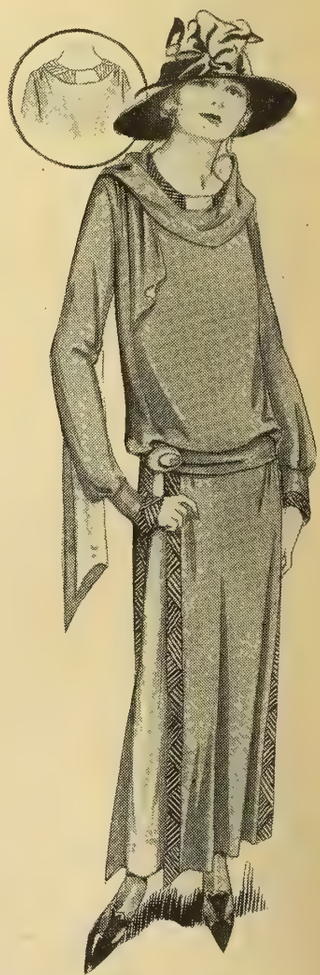
CORRINE

This becoming frock could be carried out most successfully by the woman who does her own dressmaking. The draped arrangement of the tiers would look well either in a soft satin or georgette. Should Milady need a fuller effect, chiffon taffeta would be a happy choice.

No. 70511.

JOYCE

This smart practical tunic frock with bloomers would appeal to the mother who wants something serviceable for her young daughter. It could be carried out in gabardine, serge, or wool jersey, and for the blouse top natural pongee or habitu.



No. 70683

ADELE

Long graceful lines and effective trimming combine to make this frock distinctive. It might be carried out in canton or one of those French crepes still so popular.

HOME

(*Continued from page* 12)

moves it backwards and forwards, backwards and forwards. She says this shapes the dough without handling it. (Privately, they look to us like hypnotic passes!) When she ceases, lo, there is a smooth cylinder in the bowl where before there was an irregular lump. It will be only after many trials that the acolyte will achieve this result.

Now a thin dust of flour is thrown over the centre of the board and the cylinder leaves the bowl. Here it is handled for the first time, very gently and lightly, for it must not be thumped and pressed and made hard. It was a short fat cylinder before, now it becomes an elongated sausage about 12 inches long. It is neatly severed in four pieces, as exact as though measured, I am sure. She is an excellent workman, this aunt of ours.

Each of the four pieces receives the same treatment. It is upended on the board, and very gently patted with the rolling pin, flat, flatter, and flattest until it is round and about one inch in thickness. Thereupon a spatula slides neatly beneath it and it is moved to a piece of thick brown paper which I have cut to fit a certain pan. Paper and all are deposited in the pan and when this has happened four times the decoration begins. The thumb of our aunt's right hand now becomes more than a balancing agent, generally only a secondary adjunct of the more creative fingers. It becomes a creative factor itself and swiftly makes its way around the outer circumference of each farl, leaving a monument to its passing in regular fluted hollows. Then an ancient two-pronged fork comes into play and little tunnels from surface to surface are made that the small farls may have breathing channels for the hot air which presently is going to fill their systems.

Now the oven is tested by an experienced hand on which it apparently blows neither too hot nor too cold—how hot, I cannot exactly tell you, though I could show you if I had you and an oven here.

In breathless silence the treasure laden pans are introduced to the oven. Then comes fifteen minutes of calm continuance of clearing up on the part of our aunt and nervous fretting on mine.

I fuss about until we may open the door, when,—oh, poet who has composed a masterpiece; sculptor who has modelled a stony marvel; all artists and workers who have created something you know is good, you know our feelings as we gaze at four pale brown, crumbly surfaced visions! A wave of sweet and buttery fragrance drifts out to us; we shut the door and patiently wait ten minutes while the process of drying out ensues. And then we have them on the table, and I have been inducted into the art of making real Scotch shortbread. Poor Mrs. J—— and her hard white cakes and her Edinburgh baker! Poor thing!

IDEAS CONTRIBUTED BY OUR READERS.

Recipe from Mrs. Chambers, 376 Edmonton Street, Winnipeg, Man.

Devil Cake.

½ cup butter,
½ cup brown sugar,
⅓ cup Cowan Cocoa,
1 cup hot water,
4 eggs (2 may be used by adding a little milk),
3 level teaspoons baking powder,
2 cups flour, a little salt.

Cream butter and sugar, add eggs, sift baking powder and cocoa in flour, lastly add hot water.

A prize was awarded to Mrs. Chambers by Messrs. Cowan Co. for this recipe.

A WRINKLE FOR IRONING CURTAINS WITHOUT WRINKLES.

Sent by Mrs. Clara Macdonald, 261 Calgary Street, Winnipeg, Man.

I send you a suggestion for hanging curtains. I used to have trouble in getting them to hang straight, one corner was always longer than the others as the edge would fall. Now I do them this way and have no more trouble.

Fold the curtains in four—that is place the corners all together, keep the edges all straight, now iron from the folded side straight across to the edge. Turn and iron the other side the same way. Now fold the inside out and iron, when it is all ironed, open out and iron out the crease.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. D. G. Whittle, Ottawa, Ont.

The packing of fruit and vegetables in glass, is done by Canadian firms, fruits in particular are packed in this way. Strangely enough your query has come jut at a time, when the packers have been experimenting with a view to putting up a greater variety of vegetables, etc., in glass, and this year will probably see more tomatoes, corn, and other products of Canadian canneries put out in glass.

Messrs. Goodwillies, of Welland County, were, I believe, the pioneers in tastefully packed fruits some years ago—I have seen jars of fruit put up by this firm, which, in my opinion, equalled in appearance and uniformity some of the best imported brands.

To-day, the leading canning industry packing all kinds of produce in glass, as well as tinned goods, is the Dominion Canners, Ltd.

This company represents an amalgamation of the majority of fruit and vegetable packers throughout the Dominion—the purpose of the amalgamation, as far as I understand it, being, to ensure uniform grading of goods, to assist and encourage all small producers to bring their produce up to a certain standard of excellence, to cut the cost of packing materials, such as tins, glass jars, etc., in a word, to be able by co-operative buying and marketing to put before the consumer, home grown produce at a price that would compare very favourably with the imported articles.

LAUNDRY HINTS.

Soak calico in salt brine to set colours.

Oil stains should be washed in cold water.

Soak red-bordered towels in borax water to prevent fading.

To remove ink or iron-rust stains, wet in milk and cover with salt.

Use chalk and soap on mildew stains and hang in sun.

Rub all fruit stains with camphor before washing.

Paint stains can be removed with benzine or turpentine after first softening with butter.

Rub tar stains with lard and plunge in boiling water.

Cover bloodstains with cold starch. When dry, brush with stiff brush.

Wet grass stains in buttermilk, and hang in sun.

To remove ink stains from linen, pour melted tallow on the marks. Then wash the article, and the ink and grease will both disappear.

"I wish I had $100"

EVERYBODY—grown-ups as well as children—say this over and over again when they want something very much, but have no money to buy it with.

You can have $100 and more besides—but not by wishing for it, of course, for money, like plants and flowers, grows from small beginnings and must be carefully attended to.

If you will ask the Manager of The Royal Bank of Canada, he will give you a little Memorandum Book which will show you how to make $1 grow to be $100 by saving a small sum every week or every month.

The Royal Bank of Canada

Bovril makes your food nourishing!

His Letter, A Story of Mother's Day

By Blanche Dewar

IT was very quiet in Mrs. Carrington's sitting-room, the lamp had not been lighted although the sun had long since gone to rest, but the fire in the old Franklin stove burned brightly as if to do its best to make the dim room cheerful for the lonely old lady who sat with folded hands in front of it gazing at the pictures of other days she seemed to see reflected in the glowing coals.

The first picture—a village lane in far away England, where a fair-haired, blue-eyed young girl stands pleading with her lover not to go to Canada without her; then it is the same girl stealing out of the house very early one morning while the family slept, and hurrying to the cross-roads to meet that lover, whose small brother, heavily bribed, drove them to the nearest seaport town, where a kind clergyman married them and gave them his blessing as they sailed away. She smiled at the recollection of that sea voyage of so many weeks (now they do it in so many days), but to them it was all too short. How often on the voyage she had wished that they two might sail on thus for ever. A coal drops down and the picture is changed—it is a strange country far from her old home, there are many disappointments and hardships, but the neighbours are kind, and nothing matters so long as they two are together. Then comes a day so glad it makes up for all the dark ones—it is the day that her first-born, such a bonny boy—is placed in her arms. She was not very strong in the months that followed, but David, her husband, was so kind and thoughtful, carrying her down stairs every day and out into the orchard, where from a comfortable armchair she watched him prune the apple trees from which they were to make their fortune. She had grown to love the beautiful Annapolis Valley and its kindly people and was glad her son was to be brought up a Canadian. The blaze dies down, the glow has gone taking with it the bright picture. Once again she is pleading with David not to leave her, but this time she knows it is in vain, and that he must answer that "one, clear, call," as we each must do when it comes to us. Tears blot out the pictures for a while, and when she looks again they have all the same subject—her boy. She is mending his kite; she is helping him sail his boat; he goes to school; his lessons are finished and school books are put away; he goes to work; he gets on. She wanted him to get on in life, of course, but getting on means going away from her. Letters come telling of his success. He is very busy but is coming home next summer (always next summer) his letters grow fewer; they cease. "No! No! it can't be true that he has forgotten the mother who bore him! Anything but that!"

"What's that you say, Norah? I've been talking in my sleep? You've been down to the post office and you have—you have—not a letter for me from my boy? Thank God! Thank God!

"Sure Oi have, an' a parcel too, an' its roses Oi'm afther thinkin' be th' smell av them. Open thim plase, Mrs. Carrington, fer its mesilf that can't kape me fingers from thim. They do be smellin' loike th' roses that do be growin' in Oireland, they do," but Mrs. Carrington never heard a word Norah was saying, for she was reading his letter.

Winnipeg, May 4th, 1924.

"My dearest Mother:—

"I hope this letter will reach you by Saturday, as well as the box of flowers I am ordering sent from Halifax. Some good Angel suggested that the second Sunday in May be kept as 'Mothers' Day'; on that day every one who had or has a good mother is to wear a carnation. I want you to know that I shall wear one with pride in honour of the best little mother in the whole world.

"I confess in my anxiety to keep up with the game I have allowed business to almost crowd out the human, but thanks to Mothers' Day it is not too late to turn over a new leaf. Of course, dear, I did not forget you, but just took it for granted you'd understand that I loved you just the same even if I did not write.

"I can't get away just now as this is our busy season, but I want you to come and pay me a visit. My landlady says she will fix you up a room next to mine, and when you get tired sightseeing you can have a grand time darning my socks. Do you know I haven't had a pair decently mended since I left home—and as for buttons—it is a long time since I have had the luxury of a full compliment on my underwear. Perhaps you had better bring Norah with you; she has been very faithful and deserves a treat. The enclosed money order will buy the tickets and leave something for finery."

"Your loving son,
"Dave."

"Och! Mrs. Carrington," cried Norah, "Oi jest knowed I was born lucky, and its yersilf that has the foine son! Wearin' a flower in yer honour is he? Same as we do be wearin' a shamrock fer Saint Patrick! Well yer a saint yersilf if iver there was one an' its mesilf that knows it. But d' ye think yer able for thim trains—though its crazy Oi am to see a big city, Oi am—an' Eaton's sthore where ye kits thim bargains." "Able, Norah! why I could walk there if needs be. Oh, child happiness is a great tonic, and the joy a mother feels when her boy tells her he loves her is better than great riches."

GARDENING

Continued from page 13

rarely necessary except upon heavy land in an abnormally wet spring, and when dealing with such crops as parsnip and spinach which it is important to get in the soil early in the year.

We believe many failures are due to sowing in loose soil. It is a mistake to sow seeds as soon as the soil has been dug over; it ought to be allowed a few days to settle, and as soon as it is reasonably dry it should be trodden down moderately before the drills are taken out. It is a wrong practice to attempt to dig soil when it is wet, unless perhaps in autumn, when rough digging may be done in order to expose the soil to the frost and rains of winter.

For those dark places — Use your Flashlight

HERE is more light for all the dark places in the house. There is no need to stumble and fumble when searching in a closet or dark corner of the cellar. Use an Eveready Flashlight with its broad beam of brilliant light. Eveready is safe in the hands of a child. Nothing to do but push the switch on and off. Keep an Eveready in a handy place. Take it outside when you have errands to do after dark. It lights the way and prevents accidents.

Eveready Unit Cells make all Flashlights better. They fit and improve all tubular flashlights. Know the Eveready unit cell that fits your flashlight and you can buy extra ones without taking the flashlight with you.

CANADIAN NATIONAL CARBON CO. LIMITED

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EVEREADY FLASHLIGHTS & BATTERIES

—they last longer

FOOD VALUES.

(*Continued from page* 11)

to school administered a teaspoonful of lemon juice to each!

Some foods contain all three vitamines and probably some others that scientists have not yet stumbled upon in the course of their researches. Animals have not the power of manufacturing vitamines, which are the duty strictly of plants. Even the cow, whose milk is rich in vitamines as well as other valuable food products, can only assimilate the material from plants and give it out in its original value to milk drinkers.

There appears to be a close relationship between vitamines and mineral salts, as the same foods contain both. Ordinary fertile soil contains 16 elements, which are taken up into the plant as it grows. These are: oxygen, nitrogen, hydrogen, carbon, flourine, chlorine, iron, phosphorus, calmium, potassium, magnesium, manganese, sodium, sulphur, silicon, iodine. All these elements are necessary to the physiological well being of the human body. But as someone has said, the calcium, iron and other minerals salts as they appear in the blood and internal secretions are present in such wonderfully complex forms that they cannot be reproduced in the drug store or laboratory. From which it will be seen that chemical feeding will not have much value, unless it is in conformity with natural products. For there is no doubt that the food minerals of the body operate in beautiful harmony, in accordance with fixed laws.

Calcium for instance combines with phosphorus, magnesium, silicon, and fluorine in the development of the bones and teeth. The protective enamel of the teeth requires fluorine, as do the bones of the spine and the pupils of the eye. We get our supply of fluorine and phosphorus from whole wheat and egg yolks. Phosphorus is part of every active cell and with calcium gives rigidity to the bones. Silicon has antiseptic properties and in some mysterious way influences the nervous system, while sulphur develops the health of the hair and nails. Calcium or lime is one of the great essential mineral foods, for it is necessary for the development of bones, teeth, muscles, tone of nerves, coagulation of the blood, without it we would die of hemorrhage, every time we got a cut, and for every pulsation of the heart, digestion of the food, functioning of the kidneys, etc. Potassium assists in keeping the tissues flexible and active, and with sodium helps to carry off the carbonic acid which is produced by the combustion of carbon. Manganese is the oxidizing agent associated with iron; while iodine helps to neutralize toxic substances found in the blood. Oxygen, which we also get from the air, is necessary for the combustion of carbohydrates and without it there would be no energy produced in the body.

Where then shall we obtain the balanced ration of 16 elements, without which all the calories in the world will avail us little? Roughly speaking the foods at our disposal are divided into:—

1. Fuel or Energy Foods, such as starches, sugars and fats, the so-called carbohydrates;
2. Building Foods, — proteins, vitamines and mineral, which we get from meat, fish, vegetables and fruits.
3. Regulating Foods, — water, fruits and vegetables, certain minerals, from fruits and vegetables, cellulose, from fruits, green vegetables, cereals and celery.

Certain foods contain in themselves many of the elementary food products. Milk is one of these, but for an adult to subsist upon milk he must use a very large quantity. Of the energy producing foods or those of high caloric value, the one which represents the most complete food for man, is wheat, but alas not in the form in which we get it. Recently someone complained that wheat passed through 57 hands between the farmer and the family, and that accounted for the fact that the farmer got a low price and the consumer paid a high price. It is, however, the miller with whom we have the quarrel when it comes to food values. Many of our troubles are traceable to the new process of milling which came in in 1879. The object of the process was to speed up the production of flour. The bolting of the flour, however, removed with the bran and the germ much of the mineral value of the wheat. In order to produce a whole wheat flour with the new process it is necessary to mix the bolted flour with a certain percentage of the bran products. This is the reason why the ordinary commercial whole wheat flour is not as good for bread as that ground by the old millstone method. Bolted flour is in reality starchy flour, in fact there is little in it but pure starch.

Starch is as we have seen high in caloric value, but what is its effect on the body when taken in greater quantities than required by Nature? Starch turns to sugar in the body, and when we consider how much starch and sugar we must consume with our modern bill of fare it would appear that we may easily get too much. Most cereals contain a great deal of starch, as do cornmeal, scoured rice, tapioca, and so on, and the worst of it is it is all refined that there is little or no cellulose to retain the moisture while the final digestive processes are going on in the intestines. Is it any wonder that we get disease conditions?

An excess of sugar above what is required by the body results in extra work being put upon the kidneys. The increase in heart disease runs parallel with the process of milling introduced in 1879. Malnutrition is another name for the mineral starvation brought about by poor food, and is chiefly due to absence of organic lime and phosphorus compounds in the diet. We hear much of acidosis, pellagra, edema, neuritis, in all of which the heart is involved. These diseases are all due to similar causes acting over longer or shorter periods. Once pellagra or beri-beri were considered contagious because they often occurred as epidemics, but it was discovered that most of these epidemics occurred on ship board or in institutions where the vicitims were fed on the refined flours produced by the American milling processes.

Some very outstanding cases of these epidemics have been investigated in the United States One was the crew of the Kronprinz Wilhelm, a German raider, which after a year on the high seas was forced to put into an American port with her entire crew ill with this mysterious disease. It was discovered that they had been subsisting on refined flour and red meats with practically no fruit or vegetables. Had they been wise enough to use the whole wheat which they destroyed instead of the refined flour, they might have escaped. The calcium and potassium salts of the wheat are essential to the health of the body. Where lime salts are lacking, there soon develops irritability and weakness of the muscles with neuralgic pains. If the deficiency is not corrected there is swelling of the joints. The United States Government in 1912 conducted a series of experiments with twenty-nine prisoners in Billipo prison in Philippines. These men were kept on a refined food diet, in six weeks men became anemic, later edema, involving thigh-muscular wasting and enlarged heart. "Food calcium is one of the mysteries of life and without this organic form of lime and its solubles we condemn mothers and their babes to death." Milk contains the most of the calcium supply, next to whole grain breadstuffs, the green vegetables and edible leaves. As these also contain vitamines and other organic salts the combination is of more value than the carbohydrates of high caloric value.

Packard says that refined and demineralized foodstuffs are directly responsible for cancer. Certainly our disregard of importance of natural proportions of food minerals is responsible for the abnormal growth of many organs and glands. It is said that the prevalence of goitre in some districts is due to a lack of organic iodine, but as cases occur in districts where the supply of lime is limited it may be that the calcium supply has also something to do with it, for all organs of the body require that the blood which nourishes them have this mineral as well as iron in solution. The tuberculous patient is dependent upon lime for his safety, for the tubercle scars are filled in with lime. For this reason he must take milk in quantities, and he should also take the whole grains. There is a certain absurdity in a T.B. sanitarium feeding its patients up and still giving them bread made from the commercial flour!

Other diseases due to demineralized foods are diabetes, Bright's disease, hardening of the arteries, pyorrhea. Barr says: "Rheumatoid arthritis is a mild chronic acidosis which extracts lime salts from the fibrous tissues, muscles, nerves, cartilages and bones." Phosphates and urates deposited in the urine giving it a pink sediment, shows that the body has had to steal from its own tissues to carry on.

Nor are the carbohydrates the only foods which give offence. It is pretty generally admitted that we eat too much meat as well as too much starch and sugar. Meat is of course a refined form of food, for the ox assimilates the vegetable foods, the value of which to some extent we get from his flesh. The chief content of meat beside fat is protein, which we also get from certain vegetables, such as mushrooms, and from milk, fish, eggs, cereal, which are complete protein; gelatine being an example of the incomplete. The human body requires about two ounces of protein daily for its use. This amount we are able to get from four ounces of red meat. An entirely meat diet is dangerous, animals fed on white meat die unless they have fresh vegetables. If the body gets more protein than it can utilize, the liver has the task of eliminating it. "Pavlov has showed that the liver has three times as much work to do on a meat as on a meatless diet." It may be recalled that the early history of the Jews is much involved with this question of foods and food values. It is interesting to find that living problems were just as important in those days as in

(*Continued on page* 24)

Greetings to Our New Citizens

A Page for All New Comers to Canadian Shores

Canada is a wonderful country with a wonderful future, but the streets of her cities are not paved with gold, nor does the land flow with milk and honey. Canada is, however, a land of promise where opportunity is ever knocking at the door of those whose ears are attuned to the summons, and where the key may be found that opens the door to the rights of all men—Health, Wealth and Happiness.

Intending settlers in Canada and also those who have recently come to us are cordially invited to write to us for any information they may desire in regard to climate, clothes, housing, wages, education, schools or other information, when we shall be very happy to send a personal letter giving reliable information gathered from Governmental and other trustworthy sources. This service is absolutely free.—(Editor.)

THIS heading may meet the eye of some of our numerous readers in the British Isles who are planning to come to Canada in the near future.

If so, we want to assure them of a personal welcome. We want each one to know that back of this particular page we stand ready to stretch out the hand of WELCOME, ready to do anything in our power to help.

What is there you would like to know about this new country —what hopes have you of the future here—is there any way in which we can help you the better to play that part, you dream of when you set sail for this New Land?

Chains of welcoming hostels and boarding places stretch across Canada—in every town and city the right friends await you if you care to find them. If you have not the exact information you desire if there is any point upon which you are not quite clear, any special introductions you would like, write us about it, and do not hesitate to use this service freely. By reason of the truly national circulation of this magazine we have friends in all parts of the Dominion among our readers, splendid women and men representing some of the best homes of the Nation. Many of them were once, as you are to-day, strangers in a strange land, and for this reason they, we know, are more than ready to welcome you and do all they can toward making you feel at home.

J. Obed Smith, who is personally responsible for the happiness and success of many hundred families now settled in all parts of Canada writes of its opportunities:—

"The immigrant gets in Canada protection of the Union Jack; a Government elected under a full free franchise; good laws and law-abiding people; good wages; excellent factory and working conditions; fresh air; healthy moral conditions; desirable fellow citizens; free education; good food in plenty; sane pleasure and recreation; churches of every denomination; freedom of speech and action; a share in the development of wonderful natural resources; a warm and comfortable home, and the **opportunity** he needs.

"The Earl of Dufferin, a former Governor-General of Canada, said on one occasion: 'Never has any people been endowed with a nobler birthright or blessed with prospects of a fairer future than the Canadians. Whatever good gift God has given to man is to be found within the borders of Canada's ample territory.' "

The following information regarding the various Provinces and their requirements is taken from the Emmigration handbook issued by the Royal Bank of Canada:—

QUEBEC

QUEBEC is the largest of the nine provinces of the Dominion, and for almost its entire length touches the banks of the St. Lawrence River.

The climate varies in the more settled portions. In the valley of the St. Lawrence, the summers are hot, while in the eastern and northern parts, the summers are short but temperate. The winters all over the province are cold but healthful with an abundant snowfall. The rigor of the climate is, however, no obstacle to the growth of crops.

Settlers Wanted

As in other provinces, the farmer with capital, the farm labourer and the domestic worker are the three classes of settlers most sought after. There is no free land offered, except to ex-soldiers of the late war, to whom it is granted under specified conditions. There are still large tracts of agricultural land awaiting development. Land controlled by the Provincial Government is sold to bona fide settlers. Those interested in settlement in the Province of Quebec should write to the Agent General, 17 Kingsway, London, W.C. 2, or to the Minister of Colonization, Quebec.

ONTARIO

ONTARIO is the second largest province in Canada and lies between Quebec on the east and Manitoba on the west; on the south it is bounded partly by the St. Lawrence River and partly by a portion of the United States, and on the north by Hudson Bay. Ontario is divided into two main divisions—old Ontario, settled with splendid farms, rich fruit lands and a variety of established industries, and Northern Ontario, forest clad, rich in mineral wealth and with rare agricultural prospects still in the pioneer stage. Toronto is the capital city and Ottawa in Ontario is the capital of Canada.

There is a wide variation in the climate. On the whole, the summers of Ontario, with the exception of occasional hot days, are perfect. The winters are dry and exhilarating with a fair snowfall.

Opportunities

Generally, old Ontario has a rich and rententive soil, good in natural drainage, plentifully supplied with spring water and an abundant rainfall. The soil yields a great diversity of the best products, pasture grasses, all kinds of cereals, a wide range of vegetables and many kinds of the finest marketable apples, small fruits, grapes and peaches. for variety and high-class agriculture, the natural conditions are ideal and prosperous and fertile farms are to be found everywhere.

The province offers great opportunities and the new-comer with farming experience will find a field of rich promise. Dairying, mixed farming, live stock raising, produciton of maple sugar products, the growing of tobacco, fruit farming and bee-keeping are among the most profitable forms of agriculture.

MANITOBA

MANITOBA is the first of the Prairie Provinces, and its numerous lakes and rivers account in no small measure for its fertility. The climate of the province is uniform. Spring and autumn are long and invigorating, while the summers are warm and the winters cold but dry and bright. Winnipeg is the capital city and the gateway to Canada's Great West.

Settlers Wanted

Farmers, farm helpers and domestics are the chief types of settlers required in Manitoba. The Soldier Settlement Board of Canada assists eligible and qualified ex-service men of the Canadian or Imperial forces who desire to settle on the land. Those interested in settlement in Manitoba should communicate with the Minister of Agriculture, Winnipeg.

SASKATCHEWAN

SASKATCHEWAN is the very centre of Canada's prairie land, covering an area larger than France. Regina is the capital city.

The atmosphere of Saskatchewan is clear and bracing. There is an abundance of sunshine and usually a sufficiency of moisture. Summer days are hot, nights are usually cool and pleasant, winters are decidedly cold but healthful and enjoyable. The province has an elevation of from 1,500 to 3,000 feet above the sea level and this insures a clear and dry atmosphere.

Settlers Wanted

Farmers, farm helpers and domestics are the chief types of settler required in Saskatchewan. The Soldier Settlement Board of Canada assists eligible and qualified ex-service men of the Canadian or Imperial forces who desire to settle on the land. Those interested in settlement in Saskatchewan should communicate with the Minister of Agriculture, Regina.

ALBERTA

ALBERTA is the most westerly of the three Prairie Provinces. The Rocky Mountains, whose scenery is unsurpassed in any part of the globe, forms more than half of the dividing line between it and British Columbia. The province contains three distinct territorial belts—southern, central and northern. Edmonton is the capital city.

Alberta is delightfully healthful throughout its length and breadth. There are few blizzards or violent storms of any character and the winters are for the most part of a very enjoyable temperature and the warmth of summer never becomes oppressive.

Settlers Wanted

Farmers, farm help and domestics are the chief types of settler required in Alberta. The Soldier Settlement Board of Canada assists eligible and qualified ex-service men of the Canadian or Imperial forces who desire to settle on the land. Those interested in settlement in Alberta should communicate with the Minister of Agriculture, Edmonton, Alta.

The Ever Useful Bag

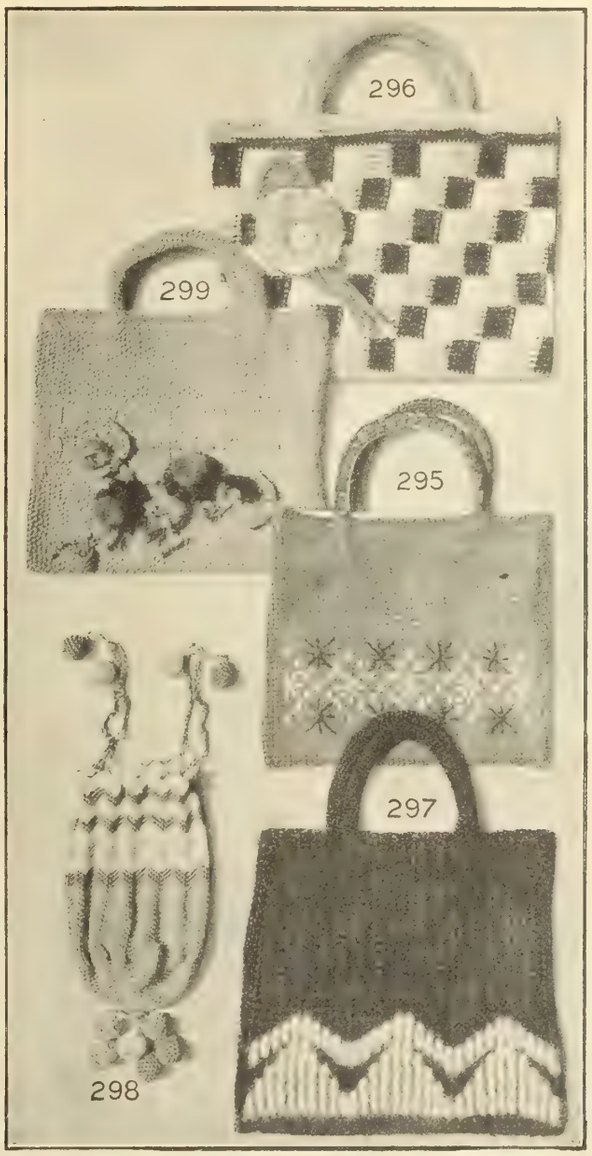
Key to Directions.
Knitting.

st.—means stitch.
ridge—means 2 rows.
decrease—means knit 2 sts. together.

Crocheting.

ch.—means chain.
sl. st.—means slip stitch.
s.c.—means single crochet.
d.c.—means double crochet.
tr. c.—means treble crochet.

An asterisk (*) means that the directions immediately following are to be repeated the given number of times in addition to the original, thus, "repeat from * twice" means to make pattern 3 times in all.



BAG 295

Monarch Butterfly
2 Balls Brown and Camel
XX Medium Crochet Hook
(10 inches long)

Make a chain of 12 inches. Work in Afghan st. as follows:—Draw a loop through each ch. keeping all loops on hook. Put wool over needle and draw through 1 loop. * Wool over needle and draw through 2 loops. Repeat from * through 2 loops till all loops have been worked off. In following row, draw a loop through each upright st. of previous row and continue as before till work measures 23 inches. Break off. Sew up seams neatly. Embroider with coloured wools in Cross Stitch as illustration.

Handles—Make a chain of 8 sts. Work in Afghan st. 12 inches. Then sew neatly over rope and Blanket stitch with colours to match embroidery. Line with factory cotton or sateen.

BAG 299

Monarch Down
3 Balls Mist Grey
1 Pair No. 7 Needles

Cast on 68 sts. Knit 4 ridges. Then knit 1, purl 1, 1 row, purl 1, knit 1, 1 row. Repeat these 2 rows for 3 inches. Knit 2 ridges. Then knit 8, purl 4, 1 row, purl 8, knit 4, 1 row. Repeat these 2 rows once more. Then purl 2, * knit 4, purl 8, repeat from * across row ending with knit 4, purl 2. Knit 2, * purl 4, knit 8, repeat from * across row ending with purl 4, knit 2. Repeat these 2 rows twice more. Now repeat these 12 rows once more. Then knit 2 ridges. Then knit 1, purl 1, 1 row, purl 1, knit 1, 1 row. Repeat these 2 rows 7 inches. Knit 2 ridges. Then repeat Basket pattern 24 rows. Knit 2 ridges, then knit 1, purl 1, 1 row, purl 1, knit 1, 1 row. Repeat these 2 rows 3 inches. Knit 4 ridges. Cast off. Sew up side seams neatly. Trim with flowers.

Handles—Cut two pieces of rope 12 inches long. Ch. 3, join in ring, 8 s.c. in ring, 1 s.c. into each st. round and round until long enough for handle. Slip rope inside. Sew handles inside of bag.

Line with factory cotton or sateen.

BAG 296

Monarch Down
2 Balls each of Black, White and Mist Grey
Medium Bone Crochet Hook

Make a chain of 73 sts. Skip 1 st., 1 s.c. in each of 71 sts., 2 s.c. in 72nd st., 1 s.c. in each of 71 sts. on other side of foundation chain. Now tie on * Black and White wool along with Grey, and take up both threads of st. throughout entire Bag. With Black, work 1 s.c. in each of 6 sts., Grey 1 s.c. in each of 6 sts., White 1 s.c. in each of 6 sts., repeat from * around row. Work 5 more rows same as above, always working over threads not in use. Now work 6 rows putting Grey above Black, White above Grey, Black above White. Then 6 more rows putting White above Grey, Black above White, Grey above Black. Repeat in this manner so that blocks will run diagonally till 7 rows blocks are made. Then work 2 rows 1 s.c. in each st. Black, 2 rows Grey, 2 rows White. Break off.

Handles—Cut two pieces of rope 12 inches long. Ch. 3, join in ring, 8 s.c., into ring, 1 s.c. into each st. round and round until long enough for handle. Slip rope inside. Sew handles neatly to inside of bag.

Line with unbleached cotton or sateeen. Finish with woollen flowers.

BAG 297

3 Skeins Black Monarch Crepe Art Silk
1 Ball White Monarch French Angora
XX Fine Bone Crochet Hook

Make a chain of 12 inches. Skip 3 sts., 1 d.c. into next st., * ch. 1, skip 1 st., 1 d.c. in next st., repeat from * across row. 2nd row—Ch. 4. Turn. 1 d.c. in 2nd d.c. of previous row, * ch. 1, skip 1 st., 1 d.c. on top of next d.c. st., repeat from * across row. Repeat this row till work measures 24 inches. Break off. With White Angora, weave design according to chart.

Handles—Cut two pieces of rope 12 inches long. Ch. 3, join in ring, 8 s.c. into ring, 1 s.c. into each st. round and round until long enough for handle. Slip rope inside and sew handles neatly to inside of bag.

Line with black sateen.

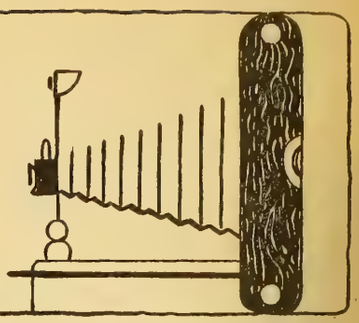
BAG 298

Monarch Crepe Art Silk
2 Skeins Maize
1 Skein White
1 Skein Tomato
1 Skein Lavender
XX Fine Bone Crochet Hook

With Maize silk, ch. 3, join in ring, 6 s.c. into ring. 2nd row—2 s.c. in each st. taking up both threads of st. throughout entire bag. 3rd row—2 s.c. in first st., 1 s.c. in next st., repeat around row. 4th row— 2 s.c. in first st., 1 s.c. in each of next 2 sts., repeat around row having 6 increasings in row. Continue in this manner having 1 more st. between each increasing every row until you have 18 sts. between each increasing. Then work as follows:—1 s.c. in 4 sts., 3 s.c. in next st., 1 s.c. in 4 sts. Skip 1 st., repeat around row. Now skip the last st. of row and first st. of 4 s.c. of row just done. * 1 s.c. in 4 sts., 3 s.c. in next st., 1 s.c. in 4 sts., skip 2 sts., repeat from * around row. Continue in this manner till work measures 3 inches from this shaping. Then with Tomato, work 4 rows, White 3 rows, Lavender 3 rows, White 3 rows, Maize 3 rows, White 3 rows, Tomato 3 rows and White 3 rows. Break off silk and sew bone rings to inside of points in bag. With Maize silk used double, make two pieces of chain. Thread through rings from each side of bag. Finish with balls.

Balls—Ch. 3, join in ring, 6 s.c. in ring, 2 s.c. in each st., 2 s.c. in every other st., 1 s.c. in each st. for 3 rows. Stuff with wool or cotton batting. Skip 1 st. and work 1 st. until ball is closed up. 6 ch. Break off.

Camera Club



WHILE, as we have before remarked, the interest of the amateur in this page is increasing every month, we are rather disappointed to find that the great majority of prints sent in are a long way from even approaching mediocrity. For this unhappy state of affairs the amateur has really no excuse as in the matter of his hobby there is at his command a bountiful supply of literature, a cheap and most efficient range of instruments and appliances which call for no experimentation but merely require to be used intelligently.

Judging by the mass of prints now before us we are inclined to think that most amateurs make little or no attempt to give an intelligent study to even the elementary points of the fascinating hobby they have taken up.

We have said there is a bountiful supply of literature on the subject and this is true, but not all of this literature is a safe guide. For instance, in a booklet issued by one of the leading firms of camera makers it is stated that "the photographic experience is inside the box with the result that about all the user has to do is to point the lens and press the release." Alas! this belief is the root of the whole trouble with the amateur.

The photographic experience should be inside the head of the photographer and this experience should be the result of an intelligent study of his art.

To make good pictures it is not alone sufficient to "point the lens and press the release." There are many things to be considered ere these two simple operations are executed. The first and not the least important point is that of composition. Suppose, for example, it is desired to secure a picture of one of those charming rural cottages which are occasionally met with. The amateur who has not troubled to acquire a knowledge of composition will merely take any old view-point and click the shutter. By chance he may happen to get a good picture but the odds are that he will not.

On the other hand, the photographer who has made a study of composition will carefully examine his subject from various angles seeking to eliminate all inharmonious details while at the same time introducing everything that will tend toward a well-balanced and artistic picture.

"SUNSET" on the River Clyde
BY JEAN MCMICHAEL
The only picture of any merit received in this month's competition. A sail would have been a great improvement to break the glitter on the water.

Unfortunately the all-important subject of composition cannot be adequately dealt with in the space at our disposal so we strongly advise all amateurs to purchase one of the many good books issued on the subject such as, for instance, "Pictorial Composition," by Henry R. Poore, A.N.A., costing about $4.00

The poor workman, as a rule, blames his tools, but this excuse on the part of the photographer will seldom hold good as the bulk of the photographic equipment on the market to-day is of excellent quality and workmanship. The trouble in nearly every case lies with the ignorance of the workman regarding the proper and intelligent use of his tools.

Competition and Offer of Free Service to Amateurs.

For the first prize we will give an enlargement 11x14 of the winning photograph, but in case the negative should prove unsuitable for enlargement we will give instead a cash prize of $3.00.

The second prize will be $2.00 and the third prize $1.00.

The winning photographs will be reproduced on this page each month, and in order to make the competition both interesting and instructive we would ask competitors to kindly state:—

The name of camera used.
Make of plate or film.
Time of day taken.
Stop used.
Exposure given.
Make of paper, (if known).

Competitors will also kindly observe the following rules:

Name and address of sender should be written in soft pencil on back of each print submitted for competition or criticism.

Photographs must of course be taken by the sender.

Prints sent in must not exceed 5x7.

While every care will be taken of prints sent in we cannot assume responsibility for lost or damaged prints.

For obvious reasons we cannot undertake to return prints unless they are accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes.

A coupon from the current issue of the magazine (which will be found at the foot of this page) must accompany all prints sent in for competition or criticism.

Pictures will be judged on their pictoral value and not for mere sharpness, crispness or definition, although of course, technique will be taken into consideration.

Acknowledgment of the photographer will be given all prints reproduced and as there may be cases in which the prints submitted, while not being prize winners, are interesting enough for reproduction, we reserve the right to reproduce such without fee.

When sending photographs through the mails it is advisable to place them between sheets of stout cardboard to protect them from possible damage.

This is the coupon which must accompany all prints sent in.

National Life Camera Competition.

Enclosed please find (No.)

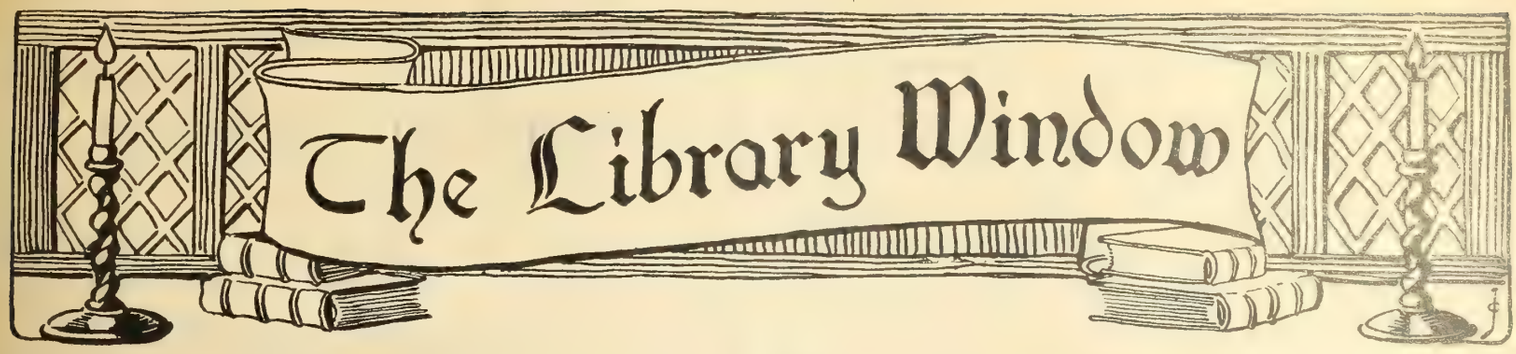
----------photographs for

COMPETITION
CRITICISM.

(Continued from page 7)

homes of well-to-do people, and will continue to increase in value. To secure the benefit of this advance the grower requires not only to furnish his plant with modern equipment, but he must exercise the utmost care, in every stage of the process of manufacture. In doing this let him remember that he is one of a body of more than fifty thousand Canadian sugar makers who are aiming at the same goal—the saving of a threatened industry, and he will accomplish much, not only for himself, but for succeeding generations.

Old Methods of Boiling still in Use in Unprogressive Sections.



THE annual crop of spring poetry is either very small or late in ripening because only three Canadian poets have sent us books so far this season. The volume that is assured the greatest measure of popularity is "The Land of the Northern Men," by Lillie A. Brooks (Ryerson Press, $1.50), which is distinguished by a light but extremely sure touch. Her little songs are rarely melodious and will be liked by everybody. As a new poet, she may be sure that her audience is waiting for her. Frank Oliver Call's "Blue Homespun" (Ryerson Press, $1.50), is made up of a collection of sonnet pictures of life in French Canada, illustrated by twelve effective drawings by Orsen S. Wheeler, a young artist, whose work shows immaturity of technique but a fine feeling for the simple motifs of the poems. Professor Call has done more delicate, fully as beautiful and much more consistently meritorious work than in his earlier collections. Mrs. A. C. Dalton, in "Flame and Adventure" (Macmillan, $1.25), is an artist of virility and warmth. From her fervent chants in praise of the evolutionary principle in life to her gay and tripping lyrics, she is delightful in her vivacity, sincerity and colorful charm.

TWO English anthologies, compiled with more than ordinary taste, and of much more than usual appeal for the ordinary reader, have just been issued. The Poet Laureate, Dr. Robert Bridges, has made an admirable selection of a little over two hundred poems representing the best traditions of the lyric in English, under the title of "The Chilswell Book of English Poetry (Longmans, $2 and $1.25). This is most highly recommended for general purposes. Walter de la Mare, whose own poetry is widely admired, has published a much larger collection, "Come Hither" (Macmillan, $6.25), which contains many old favourites and many less known poems of great merit. His volume is suited to the needs and tastes of students and confirmed poetry lovers.

ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE'S "Out of Silence" (Macmillan, $2), the eleventh collection of verse to be published by this American lawyer, is the most striking contribution any single poet has made to the spring lists.

THREE women are represented among the four leading novels of the season, Edna Ferber's "So Big" (Gundy, $2), and Dorothy Richardson's "The Book of Blanche" (Goodchild, $2), being the most remarkable of the lot. Booth Tarkington, in "The Midlander" (Gundy, $2), has done one of his finest pieces of work; and "A Cure of Souls," by May Sinclair (Macmillan, $2.50), is a work that makes a deep impression.

SELINA PEAKE, Miss Ferber's leading figure, emphasizes the value of character. For too long the trend of the novel has been towards the study of environments as determining, instead of modifying, factors in the development of human beings. What should have been backgrounds were made the whole picture, except for a puny man or woman who cowered somewhere under circumstances with which they could not cope, and with which they only grappled half-heartedly. This young woman of New England parentage, who went to teach school in a Dutch settlement ten miles west of Chicago, is a fine example of will, courage and aim. In spite of many handicaps, she becomes a good truck-farmer and is enabled to give her boy—the So-big of the story—the college education she desires for him. Interwoven with the main plot is the romance of the rapid growth of Chicago, a fine picture of university life there, and the tale of a Dutch farm-boy who became a great sculptor in Paris. The novel is full of interest, packed to capacity with telling incident and graphic, and often moving, description; but essentially it is a recital of solid achievement under difficulties, and as such proves truly inspiring. Its place as the strongest and most ambitious of the American novels of the year is assured. In it a great treat awaits any reader.

SECOND only to "So Big," and yet very different from it, is the exceptionally beautiful love story, "The Book of Blanche." Extreme delicacy, merging into spirituality, marks it off from the silly, sentimental tales of men and maids that are all alike and "signify nothing"—beyond, possibly, the primal mating instinct. Miss Richardson's story is of a great love between a little sick girl in a big New York hospital and the manly young surgeon who battles for her life. The emotional appeal made by Florence Barclay's "The Rosary" is here duplicated, but with this difference that Miss Richardson's book has finer qualities and exhibits at all points an artistry impossible to Mrs. Barclay. "The Book of Blanche" is first-class literature, and can be read many times—with increasing pleasure.

MAY SINCLAIR, in "A Cure of Souls," has done a strong and thoroughly characteristic piece of work. It is not her best, but it is good; and the lazy, selfish, ease-loving clergyman about whom it is written, is drawn relentlessly. The book is decidedly unpleasant, and we only wish to direct to it the attention of those who are already keen admirers of this brilliant English novelist.

THERE is not much to be said, either, about Mr. Tarkington's "The Midlander." It shows the writer at what is probably his most mature period, but the latter part suffers from defects which he seems unable to overcome. The tale concerns two brothers in a growing mid-western town of the United States, and resembles more or less "The Conquest of Canaan." It is a good story but we have read better.

A BRIGHT little book on Bridge, by H. T. Webster and William Johnston (Gundy, $1), deserves to be mentioned both because of its clever cartoons, which are as good as the best comic strips, and because it contains much pithy, sound advice for people who just play once in a while.

JANEY CANUCK is already well known to our subscribers through the article on her life and work that appeared in this magazine two years ago. It is a pleasure to be able to recommend for our youngest readers "Our Little Canadian Cousins of the Great Northwest" (Page, $1). In it the author makes clear to American children what life is like on the prairies, and she has much to tell that will be news to the boys and girls of Eastern Canada as well as their southern cousins.

DELIGHTFUL humour pervades C. E. Montague's "A Hind Let Loose" (Gundy, $2), in which a clever Irish journalist successfully holds editorial positions on two rival Manchester papers at the same time.

THE life of Percy Bysshe Shelley, without taking any liberties with the facts, is a romance more absorbing than most novels, and containing all the qualities that make novels popular. When Sayre made a novel out of the career of Tom Moore he had to introduce incidents in whose real existence there were often slight or no grounds for believing. When the French writer, André Maurois, attempted to do a similar service to the memory of Shelley, he did not need to resort to such aids. Other lives of Shelley have been written—many of them—but they nearly all centre on the poet rather than on the man. Several of them, like Mark Twain's "Defence of Harriet Shelley" and John Addington Symond's "Life of Shelley" are directly concerned with either some ethical problem, like Shelley's separation from his first wife, or with the development of his artistic talents. M. Maurois tells the story for the story's sake. With broad strokes, varied by nice etchings of individuals, and considerable humour, he makes us see the gifted and irresponsible boy as he was. It is a taking picture, and "Ariel" (Allen, $2), is well worth reading, even by those who neither know, nor care for, his poetry. Seldom can the biography of a genius be made as engrossing and as amusing, most surely it seldom is.

(Continued from page 19)

these. The manna of the wilderness is said to have been mushrooms. The fact that they were not allowed to keep it over night is a point in proof. Then there was Daniel and his friends, who would not eat the king's meat and who were healthier than the courtiers who followed the custom of the court. They subsisted on pulse, (or peas, beans and lentils).

The United States Government after the war made an attempt to standardize whole wheat flour, but was prevented by the millers. If, however, the millers had known that only the real thing would satisfy the women of the country this matter might have been righted. The trouble with us is that we no longer know the source of our food or the way it is prepared. Because it is easier to prepare, we buy package food forgetting to inquire whether we are getting food value or even the worth of our money. It is far better to buy food in bulk, especially is this true of cereals. The Dominion Government has examined all the package breakfast foods sold in Canada and issued a report. It was found that of all these only shredded wheat biscuit came anywhere near a pound or was at all uniform in weight. Truly we pay for the package. Then there is the bleaching of dried fruits, a practice that takes from the food value, and very often adds soda to the diet. About 95 per cent. of the housewives of the country think that dark peaches or fruit of this character is not good, never stopping to inquire how it is made light in colour.

Then taking for granted that the question of food value between us and the grocer is adjusted, what about the matter in the home? The large percentage of housekeepers peel their potatoes and throw away the water in which vegetables are cooked. This is wilful waste, for the skin of the potato is valuable for the salts which it contains, and the vitamines and mineral elements are thrown away with the vegetable juice. The latter can be used as the foundation of soups and gravies, and are perfectly wholesome if they are used at once. To return to meats. How many of us know that the cheaper cuts of meat contain more food value? A government commission on this subject determined the fact that boiled meat is more wholesome than broiled or roasted, and yet we still despise boiled dinners!

If we are still in doubt as to whether we are making the most of what Nature has provided for our food, let us compare the human plant with other growing things in spring time. Now spring is the season of high spirits in nature. Man alone complains of lassitude and exhaustion. His body clogged with the waste products of his foolish eating fails to respond. He may be fat but flabby, for his tissues are clogged with water like fleshy pork. His skin is colourless because he has failed to absorb his proper proportion of mineral salts. He probably has rheumatic pains, the result of too much starch and meat and not enough lime and iron in his diet. He is tired, he feels old, for age is a state of chronic fatigue. Naturally, for foods produce the same chemical changes in human tissues as are brought about by fatigue. All toxic products of fatigue are acid. Starches, sugars and meats in quantities too great to be neutralized by the bases of the blood are the acid producers which in time bring rheumatism in its various forms.

And what is the remedy? A better education along the lines which bear upon the welfare of man. Heretofore, the idea of an education has been largely the acquiring of a great deal of general knowledge that may or may not be of use in practical life. We should have a thorough study of the chemistry of food, the chemical changes which occur in digestion and metabolism, the requirement of energy for the body building, and food economics or the relative returns which foods make for their cost. The material things of life have always had to give way to the mental and spiritual side of life, and it is about time these were brought to bear upon the material side of human life, for we live always in a circle and what helps one helps the other. Women have it in their hands to revolutionize education and so produce a better race, mentally and physically.

It should have been done long ago, and perhaps would have been had we not thought our activities lay along the same lines as the men. The prenatal feeding of the infant and the food of its first two years determines what kind of an individual it will become. For what says Dr. Truby King? "The time par excellence for the growth of the brain and nervous system is during the prenatal period and the first two years of childhood." And as life goes on the composition of the food of man determines the character and development of himself and his children.

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Copies of the Regulations issued by the Department of Education may be obtained from the Deputy Minister of Education, Toronto.

Toronto, 1st April, 1924.

My Favorite Books

Our readers are invited to send to the Editor of "National Life" short articles (not exceeding 500 words) on the subject, "My Favorite Books." Such articles will form an instructive and interesting guide to other readers in search of good literature.

Each month, for the best article submitted, we will give book prizes of the best current fiction. Competitors are requested to submit manuscript before the fifteenth of the month.

MY favourite books of fiction are undoubtedly the works of W. J. Locke. In those I find intensely human characters, situations true to life as I realize it and themes which make the books deeply appealing to the mind as well as to the heart. The dramatized version of Mr. Locke's "Idols" (his masterpiece in my opinion) makes a very impressive play, beautiful, powerful and lifelike. All the works of this author are wholesome, vividly interesting and worthy of a place in the family library.

I enjoy H. A. Vachell's works but after reading "A Face of Clay," a remarkable story, I found his other books somewhat disappointing. Had I read "A Face of Clay" last instead of first, I should have felt perfectly satisfied.

I sometimes take from my bookcase "The Garden of Allah," by Robert Hichens, and read certain of its mysterious, powerful or passionate and ever-charming passages. I find in the characters of Domini Enfilden and Boris Androvsky something so refreshingly different from the usual merely handsome and youthful heroine and hero affection.

Beatrice Harraden's books are very enjoyable, especially "Interplay," which I consider her best work.

I like also the fictional writings of H. G. Wells. In them one senses the virility of their author. In Mr. Britling "Sees it Through," a story in connection with the Great War, Mr. Wells very truly and interestingly portrays the family life of the middle class English. "The New Machiavelli" shows the author in his deepest and strongest mood, and if one cannot always agree with this writer, one finds an admiration going out to him on account of the strength and evident sincerity of his convictions.

There are numerous other works of fiction I could mention which have specially appealed to me, and in not speaking of them, I feel I am neglecting to give honour where honour is due, but I have spoken of those which indicate the kind of story which most appeals to me, that is the dramatic, the vivid, the deep rooted, clean problem one that I leave with reluctance, yet with the satisfaction of time and mind having been well invested.

Of non-fictional favourites, I treasure extracts in a book to which I refer when the mood prompts me. These are recorded from "The Meditations of Marcus Aurelius" "If a man affronts you, do not accept his opinions or think just as he would have you do. No, look upon things as reality presents them." This is from "Education," by Sir James Yoxall, "The main thing that an elementary school ought to work for is to teach children how to live—to live in the spirit, to live in the soul, and to live in the intellect." Also from "Sociology," by Herbet Spencer, "Nothing like a high type of social life is possible without a type of human character in which the promptings of egotism are duly restrained by regard for others."

Word limit forbids further quotations from "Marriage and Heredity," by J. F. Nesbit, and "Aurora Leigh," by Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Mrs. A. L. P. Nichols,
Vimy P.O.,
Alberta.

THIS is rather a staggering subject for a bookworm, but out of hundreds read comparatively few are found that answer the description. So many afford a few hours amusement and are forgotten; the ones remembered vividly and re-read must be called the favourites.

As a child I loved (and love them still) "The Arabian Nights," "Little Women," "Alice in Wonderland," and "Through the Looking Glass," Stevenson's "Treasure Island," "Black Beauty," by Anna Sewell, and Kipling's "Jungle Books," "Rewards and Fairies," "Puck of Pook's Hill," and "Stalky & Co."

My grown-up favourites are more difficult to give. Among the novels are Charlotte Bronte's "Jane Eyre," Dicken's "Christmas Books," Scott's "Ivanhoe," Stanley Weyman's "Under the Red Robe," Dorothy Canfield's "Brimming Cup," Ernest Raymond's "Tell England," and Kipling's short stories of all kinds.

Of stories dealing with ancient times, I like "Ben-Hur," by Lew Wallace, "Quo Vadis," by H. Sienkiecwycz, "The Victor of Salamis," and "The Court of Belshazzar," both by Ibanez.

When one comes to poetry Keats, Tennyson and Kipling perhaps head the list, but there are many poets who stand out in my mind by reason of a few poems, or even a single one, such as George Meredith with his "Love in the Valley," and Swinburne with the choruses from "Atlanta in Claydon," however these hardly come under the head of books. I like Walter de la Mare for the fairy touch, and Bliss Carman is of course my favourite Canadian poet. I do often hear him praised for his book "Sappho," but I think it is one of his loveliest. Here is a sample:—

SPRING.

In the meadow ground the frogs
With their deafening flutes begin
The old madness of the world
In their golden throats again.

Travel books are a delight. I like all Beatrice Grimshaw's books and Fred O'Brien's "Mystic Isles of the South Seas." Rosita Forbes' "Secret of the Sahara." S. H. Leeder's "Desert Gateway," and C. N. and A. M. Williamson's "It Happened in Egypt" (travels in the guise of a novel), are also favourites.

Under the heading of miscellaneous there are Well's "Outline of History," Emerson's Essays, Stevenson's "Virginibus Puerisque," Oliver Wendell Holmes' "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," "Wild Flowers East of the Rockies," by Chester Kingsley, and "The Merchant of Venice," which though it happens to be placed last by no means occupies that place in my estimation.

Miss Phyllis Rowley,
72 Victoria Ave. South,
Hamilton, Ont.

I HAVE many favourite books but space forbids my listing any but the most outstanding ones. For convenience I have divided these into five classes; utilitarian, fiction, history, poetry and educational.

As a busy mother the utilitarian must needs be my first choice. "Foods and Household Management" by Kinne and Cooley, "Shelter and Clothing" by Kinne and Cooley, and as many reference books as I can find in the library on dietetics and food values, textiles and sewing, I find absolutely necessary to feed and clothe my family properly in these days of vitamines, carbohydrates, and bacteria. Emmet Holt's "Care and Feeding of Children" has been a liberal education in itself, as has "Tokology" by Alice B. Stockham. These two supplement the advice of the public health clinics and government pamphlets on this popular subject.

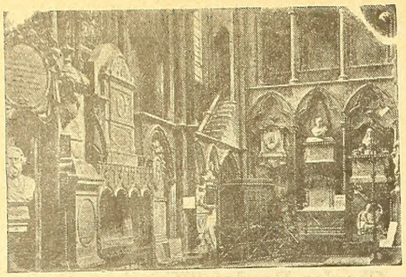
Next comes fiction, for what woman can resist a good novel? Here I have many favourites, a few of which I list: "The Cloister and the Hearth," by Charles Reade; "Kim," by Rudyard Kipling. I live and laugh with Kim in India every time I read this tale. "Ivanhoe," by Sir Walter Scott; "A Tale of Two Cities," by Charles Dickens; "Les Miserables," by Victor Hugo. I first read "Les Miserables" while attending high school, and have read it many times since then. "Cleopatra," by Rider Haggard. Haggard seems to have caught the spirit of ancient Egypt here, as in all his novels in that setting. "Quo Vadis," by Henry Sienkiecwycz. This is a powerful story of Nero's time and his persecutions of the early Christians. "Vanity Fair," by William Thackeray; "The Three Musketeers," by A. Dumas.

History was never a popular subject with me at school, but we did not have H. G. Wells' "Outline of History" to read then. Taine's "History of English Literature" contains a very comprehensive list of English authors and their works, with valuable criticisms of the latter. Autobiographies of famous men and women are in a sense the histories of their lives. They are the best tonic for my moments of depression in that they teach me that no worthwhile human achievement has ever been accomplished without a prelude of disappointment, hardships and untiring zeal. Carlyle's "Heroes and Hero-Worship" has given me food for thought for many a day.

Tennyson is my best-loved poet; I think he is the most musical. The "Idylls of the King," "Ulysses," and "Crossing the Bar" I especially like. I can read him when tired physically and come away refreshed. Not so with Shakespeare; I like his "Henry Fourth," "Merchant of Venice" and "Macbeth," but he is a hard taskmaster. One must go to him with fresh mind. Nor must I forget Scott's "Lady of the Lake," nor Robbie Burns.

To be well read nowadays presupposes a knowledge of psychology, philosophy, political economy, zoology and evolution as well as many others. Our older favourites are always getting out of date so I get the latest books available by recognized authorities on these subjects.

Mrs. Spray B. Mason,
10832-69 Avenue,
Edmonton, Alta.



The Poets' Corner

WHEN Chancellor Snowden recently introduced the first budget of the English Labour Government and drew attention to the huge debts owed to England by various countries we were reminded of Francis Bourne Upham's passionate verses which appeared in the "New York Times" some time ago.

NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

By Francis Bourne Upham.

So long as Honour holds its ancient hallowed place,
So long we stand as debtor, Europe, in thy place!

The stricken fields of France still bleed from open wounds,
The livid scars in Flanders have not healed,
In No Man's Land the pines still echo back the sounds
Of crashing waves 'gainst walls that never yield,
The smoldering ruins of humble homes,
The graves of heroes still unknown,
The skeleton cathedral domes,
The drooping weed on sculptured stone,
Still testify of priceless sacrifice for Right—
Still signalize the meanness of unrighteous might.

A hundred thousand sturdy sons of England's best,
With backs against a spattered wall faced Hell;
As many thousand crosses plead for them at rest,
Where yesterday they proudly fought so well,
And thousands more, yes, millions more,
From school and shop, from hut and hall,
From factories' forge, from village store,
Fast followed on, in turn to fall,
Till every blade of grass seems drenched in blood
And every placid stream a crimson flood.
Along the Somme, at Ypres, Amiens, Verdun,
On Alpine heights, in submerged wintry sea,
Fair youth kept tryst with death, tho God knows all too soon,
That justice might be sure, democracy be free,
They counted not their lives as dear,
They scorned to boast of what they did,
They never doubted triumph near,
They knew that right could not be hid,
For Belgium, Italy, fair England, sunny France,
Men leapt to die as maidens spring to dance!

And yet—great God, forgive!—men tell of what they owe—
Of billions due from Europe, even now—
As if deep lines of care and withering wo
Had not been stamped for us on her sad brow!
Great God forgive, great God forget,
If ever once we think of gold—
If in our selfishness we let
Some tale of petty greed be told.

So long as Honour holds its ancient hallowed place,
So long we stand as debtor, Europe, in thy place!

Now that spring is here, thousands of toilers in our towns and cities will echo the cry of May Stanley in the Winnipeg "Evening Tribune."

CALL O' THE NORTH WOODS.

By May Stanley.

I'm hungering in the city for the smell of rainwet timber,
For the valleys where the birchbark smoke goes curling through the trees.
For the lazy miles of lakeshore, where the blue waves kiss the pebbles,
In the land of skyblue water, up beyond the inland seas.

Where the wood things whisper magic, and old memories come to stir you,
When the twilight lowers her purple veil that city folks call night,
But, oh, the miles of weary streets that shut me from the northland,
From the leagues of solemn pine trees, in my woods of lost delight.

It's there my heart goes straying, to the peace of woods and river,
Where the pike leap in the shadows and you hear the partridge drum,
Where I'll vision all the folly, all the noise and pain and tumult,
As a fevered dream that's vanished, never more—please God—to come!

For the night winds murmur comfort to the hearts that know their music,
In the great, green, silent places where the quiet sets one free
From the gold-greed of the city, from its sin and strife and clamor,
And the pure wind of the northland washes clean the soul of me.

The night terrors of childhood are well portrayed in the following by Elizabeth Madox Roberts for which we are indebted to "The Atlantic Monthly":

IN THE NIGHT.

The light was burning very dim,
The little blaze was brown and red,
And I waked just in time to see
A panther going under the bed.

I saw him crowd his body down
To make it fit the little space.
I saw the streaks along his back,
And bloody bubbles on his face.

Long marks of light came out of my eyes
And went into the lamp—and there
Was Something waiting in the room—
I saw it sitting on a chair.

Its only eye was shining red,
Its face was very long and gray,
Its two bent teeth were sticking out,
And all its jaw was torn away.

Its legs were flat against the chair,
Its arms were hanging like a swing,
It made its eye look into me,
But did not move or say a thing.

I tried to call and tried to scream,
But all my throat was shut and dry.
My little heart was jumping fast,
I couldn't talk or cry.

And when I'd look outside the bed
I'd see the panther going in.
The streaks were moving on his back,
The bubbles on his chin.

I couldn't help it if they came,
I couldn't save myself at all,
And so I only waited there
And turned my face against the wall.

We are also indebted to "The Atlantic Monthly" for the following beautiful verses from the pen of Anne Goodwin Winslow:

THE SUPPLIANT.

I did not hear the footsteps stealing softly through the door,
I did not see the shadow falling darkly on the floor,
I did not heed his coming nor know when he had passed,
Nor dream that he could take you when I held your hand so fast.

Are you happy in the meadows where his tall, pale flowers grow?
Do you never miss the roses that you loved here long ago?
How they bloom and how they wither while you never come again,
In the garden where the morning still must look for you in vain!

But the night knows how to find you; in her mansions cool and deep
She has spells that lure and bind you, she has dreams that clasp and keep;
And I kneel before the portal where her marble moons are hung,
And I snatch the gift immortal to my mortal yearning flung.

"The Saturday Evening Post" yields our next.

PIERROT WAS MY FIRST LOVE.

By Mary Carolyn Davies.

Pierrot was my first love,
That due to him belongs.
He stood beneath my window
And sang old songs.

All the songs of battles
And knights that ride;
Songs about that love for which
Once men died.

Pierrot called me softly,
Beneath the hedge.
"Come with me," he whispered,
"To the world's edge!

"To the edge of the blue world
And the end of the sea!"
So, while all the house slept,
He spoke to me.

The moon was his comrade,
The night his friend.
"Come, my dear," he whispered,
"To the earth's end."

The stars were his servants
And his house the road.
His words were a spur to me,
A lure, a goad.

Pierrot was my first love!
Moonlight on his hair!
Oh, his eyes of laughter!
Oh, his gallant air!

But you should not be jealous,
Nor yet frown so;
I'll tell you, love, a secret
If you bend low:

Whether he came at eighteen
Or at twenty-five,
Pierrot was the first love
Of every girl alive!

Arthur S. Bourinot, Canadian Poet and Soldier, strikes a sympathetic chord in

A FLOWER IN THE CITY STREET.

I found a flower in the city street,
Crumpled and crushed it lay,
Trodden down by the careless feet
Of all who passed that way.

Its colour was not o' the fairy green,
Grey was its gypsy face,
But still it wore a wisp o' sheen
The world could not efface.

It fell like a gem from a woman's breast,
Loosed like a frightened thing,
And I recalled the haunting rest
Of meadows in the spring.

I found a flower in the city street,
With red heart crushed to grey,
And life to me seemed sweet, so sweet,
Bright as the break of day.

We will conclude with a sonnet from "The New Statesman" (London) in which Hilaire Belloc voices the sentiment of many who have to hunt the Muse for a living.

SONNET

By Hilaire Belloc.

Oh! that I had £300,000
Invested in some strong security;
A Midland Country House with formal grounds,
A Town House and a House beside the sea,
And one in Spain, and one in Normandy,
And Friends innumerable at my call,
And youth serene—but underneath it all
One steadfast, passionate flame to nurture me.

Then would I chuck for good my stinking trade
Of writing tosh at 1s. 6d. a quire!
And spring, like burning Theseus undismayed,
Right for the heavenly Peaks of my desire. . . .
But that's all over. Here's the world again.
Bring me the blotter. Fill my fountain-pen.

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